Act 1, Scene 1

Enter ORSINO, CURIO, and other lords; Musicians playing

ORSINO
If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall.
Oh, it came o’er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more.
’Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO
Will you go hunt, my lord?

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

VALENTINE enters.

VALENTINE
How now! What news from her?

VALENTINE
So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years’ heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
But like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine—all this to season
A brother’s dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO
O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her, when liver, brain, and heart,

ORSINO
If it’s true that music makes people more in love,
keep playing. Give me too much of it, so I’ll get sick of it and stop loving. Play that part again! It sounded sad. Oh, it sounded like a sweet breeze blowing gently over a bank of violets, taking their scent with it. That’s enough. Stop. It doesn’t sound as sweet as it did before. Oh, love is so restless! It makes you want everything, but it makes you sick of things a minute later, no matter how good they are. Love is so vivid and fantastical that nothing compares to it.

CURIO
Do you want to go hunting, my lord?
ORSINO
Hunting what, Curio?
CURIO
The hart.
ORSINO
That’s what I’m doing—only it’s my heart that’s being hunted. Oh, when I first saw Olivia, it seemed like she made the air around her sweeter and purer. In that instant I was transformed into a hart, and my desire for her has hounded me like a pack of vicious dogs.

ORSINO
O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her, when liver, brain, and heart,
Act 1, Scene 2

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and sailors

VIOLA
What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN
This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA
And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown’d.—What think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN
It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA
O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN
True, madam. And, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea,
Where, like Arion on the dolphin’s back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA
(giving him money)
For saying so, there’s gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know’st thou this country?

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

VIOLA
Who governs here?

CAPTAIN
A noble duke, in nature
As in name.
VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late. For but a month ago I went from hence, And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know, What great ones do the less will prattle of— That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she?

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

Oh, that I served that lady And might not be delivered to the world, Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, What my estate is.

CAPTAIN

That were hard to compass, Because she will admit no kind of suit, No, not the duke's.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 3

VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain, And though that nature with a beauteous wall Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee I will believe thou hast a mind that suits With this thy fair and outward character. I prithee—and I'll pay thee bounteously— Conceal me what I am, and be my aid For such disguise as haply shall become The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke. Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him. It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing And speak to him in many sorts of music That will allow me very worth his service. What else may hap to time I will commit. Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be. When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

You seem to be a good person, captain, and although people who look beautiful are often corrupt inside, I believe that you have a beautiful mind to go with your good looks and manners. Please—and I'll pay you plenty for this—help me conceal my identity, and find me the right disguise so I can look the way I want. I want to be this Duke's servant. You'll introduce me to him as a eunuch. You won't be wasting your time, because I really can sing and talk to him about many different kinds of music, so he'll be happy to have me in his service. Only time will tell what will happen after that—just please keep quiet about what I'm trying to do.

CAPTAIN

I won't say a word. You can be a eunuch, but I'll be mute. I swear on my life I won't tell your
**Act 1, Scene 3**

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH
What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care’s an enemy to life.

MARIA
By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o’ nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA
Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Confine? I’ll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too. An they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA
That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA
Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH
He’s as tall a man as any ’s in Illyria.

MARIA
What’s that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA
Ay, but he’ll have but a year in all these ducats. He’s a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Fie, that you’ll say so! He plays o’ the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of secret.

**Act 1, Scene 3, Page 2**

MARIA
What does his height have to do with anything?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Why, he has an income of three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA
I bet he’ll spend his whole inheritance in a year. He’s a fool and a spendthrift.

SIR TOBY BELCH
You shouldn’t talk about him like that! He plays the violin and speaks three or four languages word for word without a dictionary. He has all of...
MARIA
He hath indeed, almost natural, for besides that he’s a fool, he’s a great quarreler, and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, ’tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY BELCH
30 By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
With drinking healths to my niece. I’ll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He’s a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o’ th’ toe like a parish top. What, wench! Castilian vulgo, for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW
Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH
40 Sweet Sir Andrew!

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 3

SIR ANDREW
(to MARIA) Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA
And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW
What’s that?

SIR TOBY BELCH
45 My niece’s chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW
Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA
My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW
Good Mistress Mary Accost—

SIR TOBY BELCH
You mistake, knight. “Accost” is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW
By my troth, I would not undertake her in this nature’s best gifts.

MARIA
Right—he’s a natural-born idiot. Besides being a fool, he’s argumentative. If he didn’t have the coward’s gift for backing down from a fight, they say he’d be dead by now.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Anyone who says that is a lying piece of garbage. Who said that?

MARIA
The same people who say he gets drunk with you every night.

SIR TOBY BELCH
We only drink toasts to my niece. I’ll drink to her as long as there’s a hole in my throat and booze in Illyria. Anyone who refuses to drink to my niece until his brain spins around like a merry-go-round is scum. But speak of the devil, here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

SIR ANDREW enters.

SIR ANDREW
Sir Toby Belch! How are you, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Sweet Sir Andrew!
company. Is that the meaning of “accost”?  

**MARIA**  
Fare you well, gentlemen. *(she starts to exit)*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

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

**MARIA**  
Sir, I have not you by the hand.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Marry, but you shall have, and here’s my hand. *(he offers her his hand)*

**MARIA**  
*(taking his hand)* Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Wherefore, sweetheart? What’s your metaphor?

**MARIA**  
It’s dry, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Why, I think so. I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what’s your jest?

**MARIA**  
A dry jest, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Are you full of them?

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

**SIR ANDREW**  
Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has. But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
Sir, you need a drink. When has anyone ever put you down like that.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Never. I’ve only been that far down when I’ve drunk myself under the table. Sometimes I think I’m no smarter than average. I eat a lot of red meat, and maybe that makes me stupid.
Act 1, Scene 3, Page 5

SIR ANDREW
An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW
What is “pourquoi”? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

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

SIR ANDREW
Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

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

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

SIR ANDREW
Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen. Or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

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

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 6

SIR ANDREW
I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

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

SIR ANDREW
As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters. And yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR ANDREW
All right, I'll stay another month. Ah, I'm an odd kind of guy. Sometimes all I want to do is see plays and go out dancing.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Are you good at those kinds of things?

SIR ANDREW
Yes, as good as any man in Illyria, except for the ones who are better at it than I am. I'm not as good as someone who's been dancing for years.
SIR TOBY BELCH
What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW
Faith, I can cut a caper.

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

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW
Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dun-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH
What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW
Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY BELCH
No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper. (SIR ANDREW dances) Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 4

VALENTINE enters with VIOLA, who is dressed as a young man named Cesario.

VALENTINE
If the Duke keeps treating you so well, Cesario, you'll go far. He's only known you for three days, but he's already treating you like a close friend.

VIOLA
You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?
VALENTINE
No, believe me.

VIOLA
I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter ORSINO, CURIO, and attendants

ORSINO
Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA
On your attendance, my lord, here.

ORSINO
(to VIOLA and attendants)
Stand you a while aloof. (to VIOLA) Cesario,
Thou know’st no less but all. I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
15 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

ORSINO
(to VIOLA and attendants)
We’ll need some
privacy for a little while. (to VIOLA) Cesario, I
want a word with you. You know everything about
me. I’ve told you all the secrets of my soul. So
please go to her house; if they don’t let you in,
plant yourself outside her door and tell them you
won’t leave until they let you see her.

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

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

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

ORSINO
O, then unfold the passion of my love,
25 Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio’s of more grave aspect.

VIOLA
I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO
Dear lad, believe it.
30 For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man. Diana’s lip
Is not more smooth and rubious. Thy small pipe
Is as the maiden’s organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman’s part.

ORSINO
(to CURIO and attendants)
Four or five of you go along with him,
or you can all go if you like. I’m most comfortable
when I’m alone. (to VIOLA) If you succeed at this
assignment, I’ll reward you well. My whole fortune
will be yours.

Act 1, Scene 4, Page 2

VIOLA
But my lord, I’m sure that if she’s as depressed
as people say, she’ll never let me in.

ORSINO
Be loud and obnoxious. Do whatever it takes, just
get the job done.

VIOLA
Well, all right, let’s say hypothetically that I do get
a chance to speak with her, my lord. What do I do
then?

ORSINO
Tell her how passionately I love her. Overwhelm
her with examples of how faithful I am. The best
thing would be to act out my feelings for her.
She’ll pay more attention to a young guy like you
than to an older, more serious man.

VIOLA
I don’t think so, my lord.

ORSINO
My boy, it’s true. Anyone who says you’re a man
must not notice how young you are. Your lips are
as smooth and red as the goddess Diana’s. Your
soft voice is like a young girl’s, high and clear,
and the rest of you is pretty feminine too. I know
you’re the right person for this job. (toCURIO and
attendants) Four or five of you go along with him,
or you can all go if you like. I’m most comfortable
when I’m alone. (to VIOLA) If you succeed at this
assignment, I’ll reward you well. My whole fortune
will be yours.
VIOLA
I’ll do my best
To woo your lady—(aside) Yet, a barful strife—
Whoe’er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 5

Enter MARIA and the FOOL

FOOL
10 Where, good Mistress Mary?
MARIA
In the wars. And that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

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

MARIA
Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent. Or to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

FOOL
Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA
You are resolute, then?
FOOL
Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.
MARIA

FOOL
Sometimes getting killed is a good way to avoid getting married. And as for being fired, it’s summer, so it won’t be that bad to be homeless.

MARIA
You’ve made up your mind, then?
FOOL
No, but I’ve made up my mind on two points.
MARIA
Original Text

That if one break, the other will hold. Or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

FOOL
Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve’s flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA
Peace, you rogue, no more o’ that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

FOOL (aside) Wit, an ’t be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools. And I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? “Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.”

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO with attendants
God bless thee, lady!

Modern Text

Ah yes, the two points where your suspenders are attached to your buttons. If one breaks, the other will hold, but if both points break, your pants will fall down.

FOOL
Clever, very clever. Well, go along now. You’d be the funniest person in Illyria… if Sir Toby ever stopped drinking.

MARIA
Shut up, you troublemaker, no more of that. Here comes my lady. If you know what’s good for you, you’ll think up some good excuse for being away so long.

OLIVIA
Take the fool away.

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

OLIVIA
Go to, you’re a dry fool. I’ll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

FOOL
Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend. For give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself. If he mend, he is no longer dishonest. If he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that’s mended is but patched. Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so. If it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty’s a flower. The lady bade take away the fool. Therefore, I say again, take her away.
Original Text

OLIVIA
Sir, I bade them take away you.

FOOL
Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, Cucullus non facit monachum—that’s as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA
Can you do it?

FOOL
Dexterously, good madonna.

Modern Text

OLIVIA
I told them to take you away.

FOOL
Oh, what a big mistake! Madam, you can’t judge a book by its cover. I mean, I may look like a fool, but my mind’s sharp. Please let me prove you’re a fool.

OLIVIA
Can you do that?

FOOL
Easily, madam.

Act 1, Scene 5, Page 4

OLIVIA
Make your proof.

FOOL
I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLIVIA
Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I’ll bide your proof.

FOOL
Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA
Good fool, for my brother’s death.

FOOL
I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA
I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

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

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

FOOL
God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA
How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary
fool that

Act 1, Scene 5, Page 5

has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he’s out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools’ zanies.

OLIVIA
Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail. Nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

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

Enter MARIA

MARIA
Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA
From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA
I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA
Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA
Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA
Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him!

Act 1, Scene 5, Page 6

Exit MARIA

Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO

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

MARIA exits.

Go out and talk to this visitor, Malvolio. If he’s got a message from the count, tell him I’m sick, or not home. Tell him anything you want, as long as you make him go away.

MALVOLIO exits.

Now you see how your fooling gets boring, and people don’t like it.
FOOL
Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains, for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

OLIVIA
By mine honor, half-drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY BELCH
A gentleman.

OLIVIA
A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH
‘Tis a gentleman here—a plague o’ these pickle herring!

OLIVIA
How now, sot!

FOOL
Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA
Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Lechery! I defy lechery. There’s one at the gate.

OLIVIA
Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not. Give me faith, say I. Well, it’s all one.

OLIVIA
What’s a drunken man like, fool?

FOOL
Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA
Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o’ my coz. For he’s in the third degree of drink, he’s drowned. Go look after him.

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

Enter MALVOLIO

SIR TOBY BELCH
Brain-dead! Nonsense. I defy brain-death! I told you, someone’s at the gate.

OLIVIA
Yes, but who is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Let him be the devil if he wants to, I don’t care. God will protect me. What do I care who it is?

Exit SIR TOBY BELCH

OLIVIA
Tell me what a drunk is like, fool.

FOOL
He’s a fool, a madman, and a drowned man. The first drink makes him a fool, the second makes him crazy, and the third drowns him.

OLIVIA
Go find the coroner and tell him to perform an inquest on my uncle, because he’s in the third degree of drunkenness—he’s drowned. Go take care of him.

FOOL
He’s still only in the crazy phase. The fool will go take care of the madman.

The FOOL exits.

MALVOLIO enters.
MALVOLIO
Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick. He takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

MALVOLIO
Madam, that young man out there says he's got to speak to you. I told him you were sick. He claimed he knew that, and that's why he's come to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He claimed to know that already too, and said that's the reason he's come to speak with you. What can I say to him, lady? He's got an answer for everything.

**Act 1, Scene 5, Page 8**

OLIVIA
Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO
Has been told so, and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA
What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO
Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA
What manner of man?

MALVOLIO
Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA
Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO
Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy, as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA
Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO
Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

**Exit MALVOLIO**

**Enter MARIA**

OLIVIA
Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. (OLIVIA puts on a veil) We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

MALVOLIO
Maria, our lady wants you.

**MALVOLIO exits.**

**MARIA enters.**

OLIVIA
Give me my veil. Come, put it over my face. (OLIVIA puts on her veil) We're going to hear Orsino's pleas again.

**Enter VIOLA, with attendants**

**VIOLA enters, dressed as CESARIO, with attendants.**
VIOLA
The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

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

VIOLA
Which one of you is the lady of the house?

OLIVIA
You can speak to me. I represent her. What do you want?

VIOLA
What stunning, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—but please, tell me if you’re the lady of the house, because I’ve never seen her. I’d hate to waste my speech on the wrong person, because it’s very well written and I spent a lot of time and energy memorizing it. Beautiful ladies, please don’t treat me badly. I’m very sensitive, and even the smallest bit of rudeness hurts my feelings.

VIOLA
What stunning, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA
Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA
I can say little more than I have studied, and that question’s out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA
Are you a comedian?

VIOLA
No, my profound heart. And yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA
If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA
Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA
Come to what is important in ‘t. I forgive you the praise.

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

OLIVIA
It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. ‘Tis not that time of moon with me to make
one in so skipping a dialogue.

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

**VIOLA**
No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

**OLIVIA**
Tell me your mind.

**VIOLA**
I am a messenger.

**OLIVIA**
Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

**VIOLA**
It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

**OLIVIA**
Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

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

Exeunt **MARIA** and attendants

Now, sir, what is your text?

**VIOLA**
The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead. To your ears, divinity. To any other’s, profanation.

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

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

**VIOLA**
In Orsino’s bosom.

**OLIVIA**
In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

**VIOLA**
In Orsino’s heart.

**OLIVIA**
In his heart? In what chapter and verse of his heart?

**VIOLA**
If I seemed rude, it’s because of how badly I was treated when I got here. Who I am and what I want are a secret. You’re the only one I can share the secret with. It’s sacred, just for you. It’s not for anyone else to hear.

**OLIVIA**
Everyone, please leave us alone for a moment. I’ve got a “sacred” secret to hear.

**MARIA** and attendants exit

Now, sir, what’s this holy secret you wanted to tell me?

**VIOLA**
Most sweet lady—

**OLIVIA**
Oh, “sweet”! It sounds like a nice and gentle kind of faith. Where’s the passage of holy scripture that you’re basing your sermon on?

**VIOLA**
In Orsino’s heart.

**OLIVIA**
In his heart? In what chapter and verse of his heart?

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

OLIVIA  
205 Oh, I have read it. It is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA  
Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA  
Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is 't not well done?

OLIVIA  
Oh, I've read that. That's not holy, it's heresy. Do you have anything else to say?

VIOLA  
Madam, please let me see your face.

OLIVIA  
Has your lord given you any orders to negotiate with my face? I don't think so. You're overstepping your bounds now. But I'll open the curtain and let you see the picture. Look, sir, this is a portrait of me as I am at this particular moment. It's pretty well done, isn't it?

Act 1, Scene 5, Page 12

OLIVIA removes her veil  
OLIVIA takes off her veil.

VIOLA  
Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA  
'Tis in grain, sir. 'Twill endure wind and weather.

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

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA  
O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labeled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA  
I see you what you are, you are too proud.

OLIVIA  
Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.

VIOLA  
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

OLIVIA  
How does he love me?

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

OLIVIA  
Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.

OLIVIA  
Oh, I'd never be that cruel. I'll definitely do as you say and leave my beauty for the rest of the world to enjoy. I'll write out a detailed inventory of my beauty and label every part. For example—*item:* two lips, ordinary red. *Item:* two gray eyes, with lids on them. *Item:* one neck, one chin, and so on. Anyway, were you sent here just to tell me I'm beautiful?

VIOLA  
I see what you're like. You're proud. But you'd still be gorgeous even if you were as proud as the devil. My lord loves you. You should return a love as deep as his, even if you're the most beautiful woman in the world.

OLIVIA  
How does he love me?

VIOLA  
He adores you. He cries and groans and sighs.

OLIVIA  
Your lord knows what I think. I can't love him. I'm
Act 1, Scene 5, Page 13

In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA
If I did love you in my master’s flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA
Why, what would you?

VIOLA
Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house.
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night.
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out “Olivia!” Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

OLIVIA
You might do much.
What is your parentage?

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

OLIVIA
Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more—
Unless perchance you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

OLIVIA offers VIOLA money

Act 1, Scene 5, Page 14

VIOLA
I am no fee’d post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

OLIVIA
You might do much. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

VIOLA
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervor, like my master’s, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.

OLIVIA
I am no fee’d post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

VIOLA
The money you gave me was in vain.
I am a gentleman, and I cannot love him.

OLIVIA
You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA
I was born to a higher position than I’ve got now.
But I’m still fairly high-ranking. I’m a gentleman.

OLIVIA
Go back to your lord. I can’t love him. Tell him not to send any more messengers—unless you feel like coming back to tell me how he took the bad news. Goodbye. Thanks for your trouble. Here’s some money for you.

OLIVIA offers VIOLA money

VIOLA
I’m not a paid messenger, my lady. Keep your money. It’s my master who’s not getting the reward he deserves, not me. I hope you fall in love with a man whose heart is hard as a rock and who treats your love like a big joke, just like you’ve done. Goodbye, you beautiful, cruel woman.

Exit VIOLA
OLIVIA
“What is your parentage?”
“Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.

I am a gentleman.” I’ll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivfold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft! Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth’s perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO
Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA
Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county’s man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I or no. Tell him I’ll none of it.
OLIVIA hands him a ring
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.

If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I’ll give him reasons for ‘t. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Act 1, Scene 5, Page 15

MALVOLIO
Madam, I will.

Exit

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

Exit

Act 2, Scene 1

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO
Will you stay no longer, nor will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN
By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me.
The malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours. Therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO
Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

ANTONIO
You won’t stay any longer? And you don’t want me to come with you?

SEBASTIAN
No, I’d rather you stayed here. My luck is pretty bad right now, and it might rub off on you. So just let me say goodbye and face the bad stuff alone—otherwise I wouldn’t be thanking you very well for all you’ve done for me.

ANTONIO
At least tell me where you’re going.
SEBASTIAN
No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO
Alas the day!

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 2

SEBASTIAN
A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. But though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO
Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN
O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO
If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN
If you will not undo what you have done—that is, kill him whom you have recovered—desire it not. Fare you well at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino’s court. Farewell.

ANTONIO
The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino’s court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exit

SEBASTIAN
I wish you all the best. If I didn’t have so many enemies in Orsino’s court, I’d go join you there. But who cares. I’m so crazy about you that danger doesn’t bother me. I’ll go anyway.

Exit
Act 2, Scene 2

Enter VIOLA, MALVIOLO following.

MALVIOLO
Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA
Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVIOLO
She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my pains to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIOLA
She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

MALVIOLO
Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned. (he throws down the ring) If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye. If not, be it his that finds it.

VIOLA
I left no ring with her. What means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her! She made good view of me, indeed so much That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

MALVIOLO
You threw it at her rudely, and she wants you to take it back. (he throws down the ring) If it's worth bending over to pick up, there it is on the ground, where you can see it. If not, whoever finds it can have it.

VIOLA
I didn't give her any ring. What's she trying to say? I hope she doesn't have a crush on me! It's true she looked at me a lot, in fact, she looked at me so much that she seemed distracted, and couldn't really finish her sentences very well. Oh, I really think she loves me! She sent this rude messenger to tell me to come back, instead of coming herself, which would be indis-

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 2

None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none. I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly, And I, poor monster, fond as much on him, And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love. As I am woman, now, alas the day, creet. She doesn't want Orsino's ring! Orsino never sent her a ring. I'm the man she wants. If that's true, which it is, she might as well be in love with a dream, the poor lady. Now I understand why it's bad to wear disguises. Disguises help the devil do his work. It's so easy for a good-looking but deceitful man to make women fall in love with him. It's not our fault—we women are weak. We can't help what we're made of. Ah, how will this all turn out? My lord loves her, and, poor me, I love him just as much. And she's deluded enough to be in love with me. What can possibly fix this situation? I'm pretending to be a man, so my love for the Duke is hopeless. And since I'm a woman—too bad I'm a woman—Olivia's love for
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Exit

VIOLA exits.

Act 2, Scene 3

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH
Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and diluculo surgere, thou know'st, —

SIR ANDREW
Nay, my troth, I know not. But I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH
A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early, so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW
Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Thou'rt a scholar. Let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! A stoup of wine!

Enter FOOl

SIR ANDREW
Here comes the fool, i’ faith.

FOOL
How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of “We Three”?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Act 2, Scene 3, Page 2

SIR ANDREW
By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has.—(to the FOOL) In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very good, i’ faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

FOOL

SIR ANDREW
I swear, this fool has an excellent singing voice. I’d give forty shillings to have his nice legs and his beautiful voice. (to the FOOl) Fool, you were very funny last night talking that astrological nonsense about Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the equinox of Queubus. Very amusing. I sent you some money to spend on your girlfriend. Did you get it?

FOOL
I did impeticos thy gratillity, for Malvolio’s nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

**SIR ANDREW**
Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when all is done.
Now, a song.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
*(giving money to the FOOL)*

**30** Come on. There is sixpence for you. Let’s have a song.

**SIR ANDREW**
*(giving money to the FOOL)*

There’s a testril of me too. If one knight give a—

**FOOL**

Would you have a love song or a song of good life?

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

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

**FOOL**
*(sings)*

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
*O, stay and hear! Your true love’s coming,*
*That can sing both high and low:*
*Trip no further, pretty sweeting.*
*Journeys end in lovers meeting,*
*Every wise man’s son doth know.*

---

**SIR ANDREW**
Excellent good, i’ faith.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
Good, good.

**FOOL**
*(sings)*

*What is love? ’Tis not hereafter.*
*Present mirth hath present laughter.*
*What’s to come is still unsure.*
*In delay there lies no plenty.*

**40** Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.
Youth’s a stuff will not endure.

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
A contagious breath.

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

**SIR ANDREW**
That was excellent, really excellent.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
Good, very good.

**FOOL**
*(singing)*

*What is love? It isn’t in the future. When you’re having fun now, you’re laughing right now. The future’s unsure, and there’s no reason to waste time. Come kiss me while you’re twenty. You won’t be young forever.*

**SIR ANDREW**
A beautiful voice, I swear.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
His breath stinks.

**SIR ANDREW**
Yes, it stinks very sweetly.
Act 2, Scene 3, Page 4

**SIR ANDREW**
'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me "knave." Begin, Fool. It begins "Hold thy peace."

**FOOL**
I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

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

_Sir Toby Belch enters._

**SIR ANDREW**
It won't be the first time someone was forced to call me that. You start, Fool. It starts, "Shut up."

**FOOL**
I'll never be able to start if I shut up.

**SIR ANDREW**
That's true. But come on, start.

**Catch sung**

_Enter Maria._

**MARIA**
You're making a terrible racket out here! Lady Olivia told her servant Malvolio to kick you out of the house. I swear it's true.

**SIR ANDREW**
My lady's a Cataian. We are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and (sings) _Three merry men be we._—Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tillyvally! "Lady"! (sings) _There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!_—

**FOOL**
Gosh, the knight's very good at acting like a fool.

**SIR ANDREW**
Yes, he's good at it when he's in the mood, and so am I. He's practiced more, but it comes more naturally to me.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
(sings) _O' the twelfth day of December—_

**MARIA**
On the twelfth day of December—
For the love o’ God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady’s house, that you squeak out your coziers’ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she’s nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house. If not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(sings) Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

FOOL

(sings) His eyes do show his days are almost done.

MALVOLIO

Is ‘t even so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(sings) But I will never die.

FOOL

(sings) Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(sings) Shall I bid him go?

FOOL

(sings) What an if you do?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(sings) Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

FOOL

(singing) Should I tell him to go?

FOOL

(singing) What if you do?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(singing) Should I tell him to go, and be harsh with him?

FOOL
(sings) O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Out o’ tune, sir. You lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

FOOL
Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i’ the mouth too.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Thou’rt i’ the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO
Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady’s favor at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Do ’t, knight. I’ll write thee a challenge. Or I’ll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARY
Go shake your ears!

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
Do ’t, knight. I’ll write thee a challenge. Or I’ll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MALVOLIO
Miss Mary, if you cared what Lady Olivia thinks about you at all, you wouldn’t contribute to this rude behavior. I assure you, she’ll find out about this.

MARY
Go and wiggle your ears!

SIR ANDREW
There’s nothing I’d love more than to make a fool out of that guy somehow. I could challenge him to a duel and then not show up. That would do the trick.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Do that. I’ll write a letter challenging him to a duel on your behalf. Or I’ll deliver your insults to his face.

MARY
Dear Sir Toby, don’t do anything rash tonight. Ever since the Duke’s messenger visited Olivia, she’s been upset. As for Monsieur Malvolio, let me take care of him. I’ll make a big fool out of him, just trust me. I’ll make him famous for his stupidity. Everyone will laugh at him. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Tell us something about him. Come on, tell us something.

MARY
Well, sometimes he acts like a goody two shoes.

SIR ANDREW
Oh, I’ll beat him up for that!

SIR TOBY BELCH
You’re going to beat him up for being good? And what’s your brilliant reason for that, please?

SIR ANDREW
I don’t have any “brilliant” reason for it, but I have
good enough.

MARIA

130 The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY BELCH
What wilt thou do?

MARIA
I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Excellent! I smell a device.

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

MARIA
My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

SIR ANDREW
And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA
Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW
Oh, ’twill be admirable!

MARIA
Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH
Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW
Before me, she’s a good wench.

Act 2, Scene 3, Page 8

I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW
I have ’t in my nose too.

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

MARIA
My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

SIR ANDREW
And your horse now would make him an ass.

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Ass, I doubt not.

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SIR TOBY BELCH
Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW
Before me, she’s a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH
What wilt thou do?

MARIA
I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

SIR TOBY BELCH
What are you going to do?

MARIA
I’ll drop some mysterious love letters in his path. He’ll think they’re addressed to him, because they’ll describe the color of his beard, the shape of his legs, the way he walks, and the expression on his face. I can make my handwriting look just like Lady Olivia’s: she and I can’t tell the difference between each other’s handwriting.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Excellent! Sounds like you’ve got a good trick in mind.

SIR ANDREW
I like it too.

SIR TOBY BELCH
He’ll think these letters are from Olivia and that she’s in love with him.

MARIA
Yes, that’s the idea.

SIR ANDREW
He’s going to look like a total idiot.

MARIA
Absolutely, you idiot.

SIR ANDREW
This is going to be great!

MARIA
It’s going to be fun, I promise. I know my medicine will work on him. I’ll have you two hide—and the fool too—right where he’ll find the letter. Watch his reaction. Meanwhile, let’s go to bed and dream about this. Good night.

MARIA
exits.
Act 2, Scene 3, Page 9

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

**SIR ANDREW**
If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me “Cut.”

**SIR ANDREW**
If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**
Come, come, I'll go burn some sack. ’Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight. Come, knight.

*Exeunt* 
They exit.

Act 2, Scene 4

Enter **ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO,** and others

**ORSINO**
Give me some music. (*music plays*)
Now, good morrow, friends.—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night.
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

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

**ORSINO**
Who was it?

**CURIO**
Feste, the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

**ORSINO**
Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

*(to VIOLA)* Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are,

*Exit CURIO.* *Music plays*

**ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO,** and others enter.

**ORSINO**
Play me some music. (*music plays*) Good morning, my friends.—Have them sing me that song again, Cesario, that old-fashioned song someone sang last night. It made me feel better and took my mind off my troubles much better than the silly songs they sing nowadays. Please, have them sing just one verse.

**CURIO**
Sir, the person who should sing that song isn’t here.

**ORSINO**
Who was it?

**CURIO**
Feste, the jester, my lord. Olivia’s father used to like him. He’s somewhere else in the house.

**ORSINO**
Then go find him. Meanwhile, play the tune.

*(to VIOLA)* Come here, boy. If you ever fall in love and feel the bittersweet pain it brings, think of me. Because the way I am now, moody and unable to
Act 2, Scene 4, Page 2

ORSINO
Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves.
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA
A little, by your favor.

ORSINO
What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA
Of your complexion.

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

VIOLA
About your years, my lord.

ORSINO
Too old by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself. So wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

VIOLA
I think it well, my lord.

ORSINO
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA
And so they are. Alas, that they are so,
40 To die even when they to perfection grow!

ORSINO
That's definitely too old. A woman should always
pick an older man. That way she'll adjust herself
to what her husband wants, and the husband will
be happy and faithful to her. Because however
much we like to brag, boy, the truth is that we
men change our minds a lot more than women
do, and our desires come and go a lot faster than
theirs.

VIOLA
I think you're right, sir.

ORSINO
So find someone younger to love, or you won't be
able to maintain your feelings. Women are like
roses: the moment their beauty is in full bloom,
it’s about to decay.

VIOLA
That's true. It’s too bad their beauty fades right
when it reaches perfection!

Enter CURIO and FOOL

CURIO and the FOOL enter.

Act 2, Scene 4, Page 3

ORSINO
O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun

ORSINO
My friend, sing us the song you sang last night.—
Listen to it carefully, Cesario, it's a simple old
song. Spinners and knitters used to sing it while
**Original Text**

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dailies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

**FOOL**

Are you ready, sir?

**ORSINO**

Ay; prithee, sing.

**FOOL**

(sings)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

**ORSINO**

(giving money) There’s for thy pains.

**Modern Text**

they sewed, and maidens used to sing it over their weaving. It tells the simple truth about innocent love, as it was in the good old days.

**FOOL**

Are you ready, sir?

**ORSINO**

Yes. Please, sing.

**FOOL**

(he sings)

Come on, let me die now
And put my body in a dark coffin.
I feel my breath leaving me.
I’ve been killed by a beautiful girl.
Prepare my shroud of white,
Adorned with sprigs of yew-tree.
I’m the most faithful person
Who ever lived or died.
Don’t scatter sweet flowers
On my black coffin.
Don’t let my friends
See my poor corpse.
I don’t want to hear sad sighs,
So bury me where no sad lovers can find my grave to weep over it!

**ORSINO**

(giving the FOOL money) Here’s some money for your trouble.

**Act 2, Scene 4, Page 4**

**FOOL**

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

**ORSINO**

I’ll pay thy pleasure then.

**FOOL**

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

**ORSINO**

Give me now leave to leave thee.

**FOOL**

Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere, for that’s it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.
trips are always successful. Goodbye.

Exit

The FOOL exits.

ORSINO
All the rest of you can leave too.

CURIO and attendants retire.

Cesario, go visit that cruel Olivia one more time. Tell her my love is purer than anything else in the whole world, and has nothing to do with her property. The wealth she's inherited isn't what makes me value her. It's her rich, jewel-like beauty that attracts me.

VIOLA
But if she can't love you, sir?

ORSINO
I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA
Sooth, but you must. Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love a great a pang of heart As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.

You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

ORSINO
There is no woman's sides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart. No woman's heart So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.

Alas, their love may be called appetite, No motion of the liver, but the palate, That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much. Make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA
Ay, but I know—

ORSINO
What dost thou know?

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

My father had a daughter loved a man As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

ORSINO
And what's her history?

Act 2, Scene 4, Page 6
VIOLA
A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO
But did thy sister die of love, my boy?

VIOLA
I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO
Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
(he hands her a jewel)

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 5

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH
Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN
Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me
be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN
I would exult, man. You know, he brought me out o'
favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY BELCH
To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we will
fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW
An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India?

MARIA
How are you, my golden girl?
Get you all three into the boxtree. Malvolio’s coming down this walk. He has been yonder i’ the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!

Hide behind the boxwood hedge, all three of you. Malvolio’s coming down the path. He’s been over there practicing how to act for the past half hour. Watch him carefully if you want to have some fun, guys. This letter’s going to turn him into a starry-eyed idiot. Now hide, for God’s sake!

Act 2, Scene 5, Page 2

They hide

Now, you lie there on the path. (MARIA throws down a letter) Here comes the fish that’s going to gobble up our bait.

They all hide.

MALVOLIO

It’s all luck. Everything’s luck. Maria once told me Olivia was fond of me. I’ve almost heard Olivia say that herself. She said if she were interested in someone, it would be someone who looked like me. Besides, she treats me more respectfully than the other servants. What’s the obvious conclusion from that?

MALVOLIO

Just think, I could be Count Malvolio!

SIR ANDREW

‘Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN

Damn him, the arrogant fool!

FABIAN

To be Count Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Ah, rogue!

MALVOLIO

Ah, what a jerk!

MALVOLIO

Just think, I could be Count Malvolio!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shh, shh!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

After all, it wouldn’t be the first time that kind of thing has happened. Lady Strachy married her wardrobe manager.

SIR ANDREW

Damn him, the arrogant fool!

FABIAN
(aside) O, peace! Now he’s deep in. Look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO
Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(aside) Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO
Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(aside) Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN
(aside) O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO
And then to have the humor of state, and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(aside) What? What?

FABIAN
(whispering) Oh, quiet, quiet! Please, please.

MALVOLIO
Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(aside) Shh! We’ve got him right where we want him. He’s on a big ego trip.

MALVOLIO
Just think of me, having been married to her for three months, sitting around majestically—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(whispering) If only I had a slingshot so I could hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO
Calling my servants together, wearing an embroidered robe, having just come from a couch where I’ve left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(whispering) That does it!

FABIAN
(whispering) Oh, be quiet, be quiet!

MALVOLIO
Then I’d put on a lofty and exalted expression. I’d look around the room calmly, then tell them that I know my place, and I’d like them to know theirs. Then I’d tell them to go find my cousin Toby—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(whispering) That really does it!

FABIAN
(whispering) Oh yeah, like what?

MALVOLIO
I’d send seven of my servants to go get him. While I waited, I’d frown impatiently, and perhaps wind my watch, or play with my—with some expensive piece of jewelry I happen to be wearing. Toby would approach me. He’d bow to me—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(whispering) Are we going to let this guy live?

FABIAN
(whispering) Yes, we have to be quiet, even if it’s torture.

MALVOLIO
I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

SIR TOBY BELCH
(aside) And does not Toby take you a blow o’ the lips then?

MALVOLIO
Saying, “Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech—”

SIR TOBY BELCH
(aside) What, what?

MALVOLIO
And I’d say to him, “Cousin Toby, since I’ve been lucky enough to marry your niece, I have the right to say a few things to you—”
MALVOLIO
65 “You must amend your drunkenness.”
SIR TOBY BELCH
(aside) Out, scab!
FABIAN
(aside) Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.
MALVOLIO
“Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—”
SIR ANDREW
(aside) That’s me, I warrant you.
MALVOLIO
“One Sir Andrew—”

Act 2, Scene 5, Page 5

SIR ANDREW
(aside) I knew ‘twas I, for many do call me fool.
MALVOLIO
(seeing the letter) What employment have we here?
FABIAN
(aside) Now is the woodcock near the gin.
SIR TOBY BELCH
75 (aside) O, peace! And the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!
MALVOLIO
(picking up the letter) By my life, this is my lady’s hand these be her very C’s, her U’s and her T’s and thus makes she her great P’s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW
80 (aside) Her C’s, her U’s and her T’s. Why that?
MALVOLIO
(reads) “To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes”—Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. ‘Tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN
85 (aside) This wins him, liver and all.
MALVOLIO
(reads)
“Jove knows I love,
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.”

MALVOLIO
(reading) God knows I love someone.
FABIAN
(whispering) This’ll get him.
MALVOLIO
(he reads)
“Jove knows I love,
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.”
Original Text | Modern Text
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**Act 2, Scene 5, Page 6**

MALVOLIO

“No man must know.” What follows? The numbers altered. “No man must know.” If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

(aside) I may command where I adore,
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.”

FABIAN

(aside) A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Excellent wenche, say I.

MALVOLIO

“M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.” Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN

(aside) What dish o’ poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO

“I may command where I adore.” Why, she may command me. I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me—Softly! M.O.A.I.—

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) O, ay, make up that.—He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN

(aside) Sowter will cry upon ’t for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

**Act 2, Scene 5, Page 7**

MALVOLIO

“M”—Malvolio. “M”—why, that begins my name.

FABIAN

(aside) Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO

“M.” But then there is no consonancy in the sequel

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Go hang yourself, you stinking badger!

MALVOLIO

(reading)

“I may order the one I love.
But silence, like a knife, cuts open my heart
With strokes that draw no blood.
M.O.A.I. rules my life.”

FABIAN

(whispering) What a pretentious riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) That Maria has outdone herself!

MALVOLIO

“M.O.A.I. rules my life.” Hmm, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN

(whispering) What a dish of poison she’s mixed for him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) And look how willingly he’s taking the bait.

MALVOLIO

“I may command the one I love.” Well, she commands me. I’m her servant. She’s my boss. Why, anyone can see what this means. There’s no ambiguity here. But the end, what do those letters mean? If only I could somehow relate them to me! Hmm. M.O.A.I.—

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Oh, bad dog.—He’s losing the scent!

FABIAN

(whispering) He’ll find it again, no matter how much it stinks.

MALVOLIO

“M”—Malvolio. “M”—why, that’s the first letter in my name.

FABIAN

(whispering) Didn’t I tell you he’d figure it out? This dog’s excellent at following false leads.

MALVOLIO

“M.” But then the next letter isn’t the same. “A”
that suffers under probation “A” should follow but “O” does.

FABIAN

(aside) And “O” shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Ay, or I’ll cudgel him and make him cry “O!”

MALVOLIO

And then “I” comes behind.

FABIAN

(aside) Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO

“M.O.A.I.” This simulation is not as the former, and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose.

(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. Thy Fates open their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants.

Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point- devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did

should be next, but instead “O” comes next.

FABIAN

(whispering) And an “O” like a noose will end this, I hope.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Yeah, or I’ll beat him up and make him yell “Oh!”

MALVOLIO

And then the “I” comes next.

FABIAN

(whispering) If you had an I in the back of your head, you’d see trouble behind you.

MALVOLIO

M.O.A.I. This code’s not as easy to crack as the other one. But if I shake it up a little it’ll work, because every one of those letters is in my name. But wait, there’s some prose after her poem.

(he reads)

“If this letter falls into your hands, think carefully about what it says. By my birth I rank above you, but don’t be afraid of my greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Your fate awaits you. Accept it in body and spirit. To get used to the life you’ll most likely be leading soon, get rid of your low-class trappings. Show some eagerness for the new upscale lifestyle that’s waiting for you. Argue with a relative like a nobleman, and be rude to servants. Talk about politics and affairs of state, and act free and independent. The woman who advises you to do this loves you. Remember the woman who complimented you on your yellow stockings, and said she always wanted to see you with crisscrossing laces going up your legs—remember her. Go ahead. A happy new life is there if you want it. If you don’t want it, just keep acting like a lowly servant who’s not brave enough to grab the happiness there before him. Goodbye. Signed, she who would be your servant,

The Fortunate Unhappy.”

145 This is as clear as sunlight in an open field. I’ll do it. I’ll be vain and proud, I’ll read up on politics, I’ll insult Sir Toby, I’ll get rid of my lower-class friends, and I’ll be the perfect man for her. I know I’m not fooling myself, or letting myself get carried away by my imagination, because every
commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

(reads)
“Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.”

Original Text

Modern Text

clue points to the fact that Lady Olivia loves me. She did compliment me on my yellow stockings recently, and she said she liked how the crisscross laces looked on my legs. That’s her way of saying she loves me. Oh, I thank my lucky stars, I’m so happy. For her I’ll be strange and condescending, and I’ll put on my yellow stockings and crisscross laces right away. Thank God and my horoscope! Here’s a postscript!

(reads)
“You must have figured out who I am. If you love me, let me know by smiling at me. You’re so attractive when you smile. Please smile whenever you’re near me, my dearest darling.”

Act 2, Scene 5, Page 9

Jove, I thank thee! I will smile. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit

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

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

SIR ANDREW
So could I too.

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

SIR ANDREW
Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA

FABIAN
Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Wilt thou set thy foot o’ my neck?

SIR ANDREW
Or a’ mine either?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

SIR ANDREW
I’ faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Act 2, Scene 5, Page 10

MARIA

FABIAN
Here she comes, the brilliant fool-catcher.

SIR TOBY BELCH
May I kiss your feet?

SIR ANDREW
And I too?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Shall I be your slave?

SIR ANDREW
Me too.

SIR TOBY BELCH
You’ve made him so delusional he’ll go crazy when he learns the truth.
Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Like aqua vitae with a midwife.

MARRIA

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests. And he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

Exeunt

They all exit.

**Act 3, Scene 1**

*Enter VIOLA, and the FOOL playing with a tabor*

VIOLA

Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabour?

FOOL

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

FOOL

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

VIOLA

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

FOOL

You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA

Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

FOOL

I would therefore my sister had no name, sir.

VIOLA

Why, man?
Act 3, Scene 1, Page 2

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

VIOLA
Thy reason, man?

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

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

FOOL
Not so, sir, I do care for something. But in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA
Art not thou the Lady Olivia’s fool?

FOOL
No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband’s the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA
I saw thee late at the Count Orsino’s.

FOOL
Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun. It shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA
Nay, an thou pass upon me, I’ll no more with thee. Hold, there’s expenses for thee.

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

VIOLA
By my troth, I’ll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, (aside) though I would not have it grow on my chin. (to fool) Is thy lady within?
FOOL
Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA
Yes, being kept together and put to use.

FOOL
If I had two of these coins, do you think they’d breed more coins?

VIOLA
Yes, if you kept them together and invested them.

FOOL
I’d like to be like that famous pimp, Lord Pandarus, and get a Cressida for my Troilus.

VIOLA
(giving him money) I get what you’re driving at, sir. You’re a very clever beggar.

FOOL
The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say “element,” but the word is overworn.

VIOLA
This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well craves a kind of wit. He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practise As full of labor as any wise man’s art, For folly that he wisely shows is fit. But wise men, folly-fall’n, quite taint their wit.

VIOLA
This guy’s wise enough to play the fool, and only clever people can do that. He pays attention to the mood and social rank of the person he’s joking with, and also to the time of day. And he doesn’t let go of his target when a distraction appears. His job requires as much effort and skill as any wise man’s occupation could. And he shows he’s very smart at playing the fool, while smart people look stupid when they play the fool.

SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH
Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA
And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW
Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA
Et vous aussi. Votre serviteur!

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

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

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
Hello, sir.

VIOLA
Hello to you too, sir.

SIR ANDREW
(speaking in French) May God protect you, sir.

VIOLA
(speaking in French) And you too, sir. I’m at your service.

SIR ANDREW
(stammering) Oh, good, I am too.

SIR TOBY BELCH
My niece would like you to come in to the house, if your business here has to do with her.

VIOLA
I’m headed for your niece, sir. She’s the reason I’m here.
SIR TOBY BELCH

Taste your legs, sir. Put them to motion.

Original Text

VIOLA

My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA

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

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

SIR ANDREW

(aside) That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odors." Well.

VIOLA

80 My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR ANDREW

(aside) "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed." I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

OLIVIA

What's your name?

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 6

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

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

VIOLA

Cesario is my name—your servant's name—fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant! The world's gone downhill since fake humility started passing for compliments. You're not my servant, young man. You're Count Orsino's servant.

VIOLA

But he's your servant, so everything that's his must be yours too. Your servant's servant is your
OLIVIA
For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill’d with me.

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

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

VIOLA
Dear lady—

OLIVIA
Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think?

OLIVIA
That’s a degree to love.

VIOLA
No, not a grize. For ’tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA
Why then methinks ’tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! (clock strikes)
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 7

Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving
Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA
I pity you.

OLIVIA
That’s a step in the direction of love.

VIOLA
I feel sorry for you.

OLIVIA
That’s a step in the direction of love.

VIOLA
No, not at all. It’s a perfectly ordinary experience
for us to feel sorry for our enemies.

OLIVIA
Well, enough of my whining then. That’s that! I
was getting carried away with fantasies I didn’t
deserve to have. But I should consider myself
lucky. It’s much better to be destroyed by a noble
enemy than by a cruel and heartless one. (a
clock strikes) Listen to that, the clock’s scolding
me for wasting my time loving you. Don’t worry,
young man, I won’t stalk you. And when you’re
older and wiser and ready for marriage, your
future wife will have a fine husband. There’s the
way back home for you, due west.
VIOLA
Then westward ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
OLIVIA
Stay, I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.
VIOLA
That you do think you are not what you are.
OLIVIA
If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIOLA
Then think you right: I am not what I am.
OLIVIA
I wish you were as I would have you be!

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 8

VIOLA
Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA
(aside) Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid. Love’s night is noon.
(to VIOLA) Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
But rather reason thus with reason fetter.
Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

VIOLA
By innocence I swear, and by my youth
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam. Nevermore
Will I my master’s tears to you deplore.
OLIVIA
Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

Act 3, Scene 2

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN enter.

SIR ANDREW

OLIVIA
Then come again for another reason. You might still be able to make yourself fall in love with me, the person he loves, even though you hate me now.

Exeunt

They exit.
Original Text

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN
You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW
Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the Count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw 't i' the orchard.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

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

SIR ANDREW
As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN
I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TOBY BELCH
And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

FABIAN
She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness.

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 2

This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

SIR ANDREW
An 't be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it, and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

FABIAN
That's what she was expecting, and you let her down. You wasted a golden opportunity, and now my lady thinks badly of you. You can only raise her opinion of you with some impressive act of courage or complicated intrigue.

SIR ANDREW
I'll have to do something courageous then, because I hate intrigue. I'd rather be a heretic than a schemer with fancy plots.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Well then, improve your situation with a show of courage. Challenge the count's young servant to a fight. Hurt him in eleven different places. My niece Olivia will notice, and let me tell you, no matchmaker in the world can get you a woman faster than a reputation for courage.

FABIAN
There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curt and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink. If thou “thou”-est him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set ’em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goosepen, no matter. About it.

SIR ANDREW
Where shall I find you?

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 3

SIR TOBY BELCH
We’ll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit SIR ANDREW

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

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

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
Never trust me, then. And by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I’ll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FABIAN
And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA
If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado. For there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He’s
in yellow stockings.

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 4

SIR TOBY BELCH

65 And cross-gartered?

MARI

Most villanously, like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favor.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 3

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

SEBASTIAN

I would not by my will have troubled you, But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you. My desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth. And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts, which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make but thanks,

And thanks, and ever thanks. And oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay. But were my worth as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night: I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame
Act 3, Scene 3, Page 2

ANTONIO
Would you’d pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once in a sea-fight ’gainst the Count his galleys
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta’en here it would scarce be answered.

SEBASTIAN
Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANTONIO
The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic’s sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN
Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO
It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here’s my purse.
(giving him money)

SEBASTIAN
Why I your purse?

ANTONIO
Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase, and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

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

Act 3, Scene 3, Page 3

ANTONIO
To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN
I do remember.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 4
Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

OLIVIA
I have sent after him. He says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrow'd.
5 I speak too loud.—
Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

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

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

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

OLIVIA
Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

I am as mad as he,

15 If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 2

OLIVIA
Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO
Sad, lady! I could be sad. This does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what
of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the
very true sonnet is, “Please one, and please all.”

OLIVIA
Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with
thee?

MALVOLIO
Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did
come to his hands, and commands shall be
executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA
Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Modern Text

OLIVIA
I've sent for him. He says he'll come. What kind
of food should I serve him? What presents should
I give him? It's easier to buy young people than to
beg or borrow them. Oh, I'm talking too loud.—
Where's Malvolio? He's very serious, which is
right for someone in mourning like me. Where is
Malvolio?

MARIA
He's coming, madam; but he's acting very
strangely. He must be possessed by the devil.

OLIVIA
Why, what's the matter with him? Is he talking
nonsense?

MARIA
No, he just smiles. You should have a guard
nearby if he comes in here, because he's clearly
disturbed.

OLIVIA
Ask him in here.

MARIA exits.

I'm as crazy as he is, if sad craziness and happy
craziness are equivalent.

MARIA enters with MALVOLIO.

What's going on, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
Hello, sweet lady.

OLIVIA
You're smiling? I sent for you about a sad
occasion.

MALVOLIO
Sad, my lady! I could be sad if I wanted to be.
These crisscrossing laces do cut off the
circulation in my legs a bit, but who cares? As the
sonnet says, “If you please one special person,
you please everyone who matters.”

OLIVIA
Why, what's going on? What's the matter with
you?

MALVOLIO
My legs may be yellow, but I don't feel blue. It
was addressed to him, and orders must be
obeyed. I think we know whose fancy handwriting
that was.

OLIVIA
Don't you think you should go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
Original Text

To bed? “Ay, sweetheart, and I’ll come to thee.”
OLIVIA
God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?
MARIA
How do you, Malvolio?
MALVOLIO
At your request! Yes, nightingales answer daws!

MARIA
Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
MALVOLIO
“Be not afraid of greatness.” Twas well writ.

OLIVIA
What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
MALVOLIO
“Some are born great—”

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 3

OLIVIA
Ha?
MALVOLIO
“And some have greatness thrust upon them.”
OLIVIA
Heaven restore thee!
MALVOLIO
“Remember who commended thy yellow stockings—”
OLIVIA
Thy yellow stockings?
MALVOLIO
“And wished to see thee cross-gartered.”

OLIVIA
Cross-gartered?
MALVOLIO
“Go to, thou art made, if thou desirwest to be so—”
OLIVIA
Am I made?
MALVOLIO
“If not, let me see thee a servant still.”

OLIVIA
50 Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Modern Text

To bed! “Yes, sweetheart, I’ll come to you.”
OLIVIA
For heaven’s sake, why are you smiling like that and kissing your hand so much?
MARIA
How are you feeling, Malvolio?
MALVOLIO
You’re asking me! Noble people don’t answer to peasants!
MARIA
Why are you acting so brazen toward my lady?
MALVOLIO
“Don’t be afraid of greatness.” That was well written.
OLIVIA
What do you mean by that, Malvolio?
MALVOLIO
“Some are born great—”

OLIVIA
What?
MALVOLIO
“Some achieve greatness—”
OLIVIA
What are you saying?
MALVOLIO
“And some have greatness thrust upon them.”
OLIVIA
Heaven help you!
MALVOLIO
“Remember who liked your yellow stockings—”
OLIVIA
Your yellow stockings?
MALVOLIO
“And wanted to see you with laces crisscrossed over your legs.”
OLIVIA
Crisscrossed?
MALVOLIO
“Go ahead. A happy new life is there if you want it—”
OLIVIA
Am I a new life?
MALVOLIO
“If you don’t want it, just keep acting like a lowly servant.”
OLIVIA
This is completely insane.
Act 3, Scene 4, Page 4

OLIVIA
I'll come to him.

Exit SERVANT

OLIVIA
I'll go to him.

SERVANT exits.

Maria, take care of this poor fellow here. Where's my cousin Toby? Have some of my servants take care of Malvolio. I'd give half my dowry to keep anything bad from happening to him.

OLIVIA and MARIA exit.

MALVOLIO
Oh, ho! Do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. “Cast thy humble slough,” says she. “Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang with arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity,” and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, “Let this fellow be looked to.” “Fellow!” Not “Malvolio,” nor after my degree, but “fellow.” Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 5

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

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

MALVOLIO

SIR TOBY BELCH
Where is he, for God’s sake? I don’t care if all the devils in hell crammed together to possess him, I still want to speak to him.

FABIAN
Here he is, here he is. How are you, sir?

MALVOLIO
Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA
(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO
Aha! Does she so?

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to FABIAN and MARIA) Go to, go to! Peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? How is 't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MARIA
(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Ooh, listen to the scary devil speaking from inside him! Didn't I tell you? Sir Toby, Lady Olivia wants you to take care of him.

MALVOLIO
Ah-ha! Does she?

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to FABIAN and MARIA) Come on, come on! Calm down, calm down. We need to treat him gently. Let me take care of this.—How are you, Malvolio? How are things? Come on, man, just say no to the devil! Think about it, he's the enemy of mankind.

MALVOLIO
Do you even know what you're talking about?

MARIA
(to SIR TOBY BELCH) La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

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

MALVOLIO
How now, mistress?

MALVOLIO
How now, mistress?

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to MARIA) Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN
Carry his water to the wisewoman.

MARIA
Sure thing, we'll do it tomorrow morning. My lady would never want to lose him.

MALVOLIO
What are you saying, mistress?

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 6

MARIA
O Lord!

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to MARIA) Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN
No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend is rough and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to MALVOLIO) Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO
Sir!

SIR TOBY BELCH
Ay, Biddy, come with me.—What, man! 'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him,
Original Text

foul collier!

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

MALVOLIO
My prayers, minx?

MARIA
(to SIR TOBY BELCH) No, I warrant you, he will not
hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO
Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow things.
I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

Modern Text

play games with Satan. Damn that dirty black
coalminer of a devil!

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

MALVOLIO
My prayers, you hussy?

MARIA
(to SIR TOBY BELCH) No, I’m telling you, he
refuses to hear anything about religion.

MALVOLIO
Go hang yourselves, all of you! You’re all lazy
and shallow. I’m not like you. I have a higher
future waiting for me. You’ll know more about it later.

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 7

SIR TOBY BELCH
Is ’t possible?

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

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

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

FABIAN
Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA
The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Come, we’ll have him in a dark room and bound. My
niece is already in the belief that he’s mad. We may
carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till
our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to
have mercy on him, at which time we will bring the
device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of
madmen. But see, but see!

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN
More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW
(presenting a paper) Here’s the challenge, read it.
Warrant there’s vinegar and pepper in ‘t.

FABIAN
Is ’t so saucy?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Is it possible?

FABIAN
If this were a play, I’d complain it was unrealistic.

SIR TOBY BELCH
He’s really taken this prank to heart. He’s playing
the role perfectly.

MARIA
No, follow him now, before he divulges the prank
and ruins everything.

FABIAN
Wow, we’re really going to drive him crazy.

MARIA
The house will be so much quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Come on, let’s put him in a dark room and tie him
up. My niece already thinks he’s insane. We can
go on like this, punishing him and having some
fun, until we’re tired of it. Then we can take
mercy on him and let him out, and talk about how
well the joke went. We’ll also worship you for
setting up this trick. Let’s do it, let’s do it!

SIR ANDREW enters.

FABIAN
Here’s more insanity for us.

SIR ANDREW
(presenting them a piece of paper) Here’s the
challenge, read it. It’s bursting with fighting
words.

FABIAN
Is it that aggressive?
Act 3, Scene 4, Page 8

SIR TOBY BELCH
Give me. *(reads)* “Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.”

FABIAN
Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH
*(reads)* “Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for ‘t.”

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
*(reads)* “Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat. That is not the matter I challenge thee for.”

FABIAN
Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TOBY BELCH
*(reads)* “I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me—”

FABIAN
Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH
*(reads)* “Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.”

FABIAN
Still you keep o’ the windy side of the law. Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH
*(reads)* “Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek”

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 9

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I’ll give ‘t him.

MARIA
You may have very fit occasion for ‘t. He is now in some commerce with my lady and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner the
orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest
him, draw, and as thou drawest, swear horrible, for it
comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a
swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives
manhood more approbation than ever proof itself
would have earned him. Away!

SIR ANDREW
Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH
Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behavior of the
young gentleman gives him out to be of good
capacity and breeding. His employment between his
lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this
letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no
terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a
clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word
of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of
valor, and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth
will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of
his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so
fright them both that they will kill one another by the
look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

OLIVIA
I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honor too unchary on ’t.
There’s something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That but mocks reproof.

VIOLA
With the same ’havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master’s grief.

OLIVIA
Here, wear this jewel for me. ’Tis my picture.
Refuse it not. It hath no tongue to vex you.
And I beseech you come again tomorrow.
What shall you ask of me that I’ll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

FABIAN
Here comes the messenger with your niece.
Leave them alone until he sets off home, and
then follow him.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Meanwhile, I’ll think of some horrible way to
phrase the challenge.

SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA exit.

OLIVIA
Here, take this piece of jewelry. There’s a picture
of me inside. Don’t refuse it. It won’t annoy you
like me, because it doesn’t have a voice. And I
beg you, please come here again tomorrow.
What could you possibly ask of me that I
wouldn’t give you, as long as it didn’t damage my
honor and self-respect?
VIOLA
Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA
How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA
I will acquit you.

OLIVIA
Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit

OLIVIA exits.

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 11

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH
Hello, sir.

VIOLA
Hello to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH
That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't. Of what
nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know
not, but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the
hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount
thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant
is quick, skillful and deadly.

VIOLA
You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any quarrel
to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from
any image of offense done to any man.

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

VIOLA
I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH
He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on
carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private
brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and
his incensement at this moment is so implacable that
satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and
sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word. “Give ‘t or take ‘t.”

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 12

VIOLA
I will return again into the house and desire some
conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of

VIOLA
I’ll go back inside and ask the lady for some kind
of escort. I’m not a fighter. I’ve heard of men who
some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on
others, to taste their valor. Belike this is a man of
that quirk.

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

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

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

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

FABIAN
I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a
mortal arbitrament, but nothing of the circumstance
more.

VIOLA
I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN
Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his
form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his
valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody, and
fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in
any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will
make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA
I shall be much bound to you for 't. I am one that had
rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who
knows so much of my mettle.

Entrée

SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH
Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such a
firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and
all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal
motion, that it is inevitable. And on the answer, he
pick fights with other people on purpose, just to
see how brave they are. This man is probably
like that.

SIR TOBY BELCH
No, sir. He's furious because you insulted him,
and he has a right to satisfaction. So go out there
and give him what he wants. You can't go back
into the house unless you want to fight with me—
and if you're willing to do that, you might as well
just go and fight with him. So go to the orchard,
or take out your sword right now. You're going to
have to fight one way or another, there's no
doubt about that, or else you'll have to stop
wearing a sword and claiming to be a gentleman.

VIOLA
This is as rude as it is strange. Please, do me
this one favor: find out what I've done to offend
this knight. It must be something I did
accidentally.

SIR TOBY BELCH
I will do so. Mr. Fabian, stay with this gentleman
until I come back.

VIOLA
Excuse me, sir, do you know anything about
this?

FABIAN
I know the knight is furious with you, so much
that he's willing to fight you to the death, but I
do n't know anything else about it.

VIOLA
What kind of man is he?

FABIAN
He's not much to look at, but he's very brave in
battle. He really is the most skillful, bloodthirsty,
and dangerous opponent you can find in Illyria.
Do you want to go see him? I'll try to calm him
down for you if I can.

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 13

VIOLA
I'd be very grateful to you if you did. I'm much
more of a religious type than a fighter, and I don't
care who knows it.

They exit.
Original Text

pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW
Pox on 't! I'll not meddle with him.

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

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on 't.
This shall end without the perdition of souls. (aside) Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN and VIOLA

Modern Text

he'll hit you as sure as you're standing there. They say he used to fence for the shah of Persia.

SIR ANDREW
That's it! I won't mess with him.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Yes, but now there's no way to calm him down. Fabian can hardly control him over there.

SIR ANDREW
Darn it, if I'd guessed he was so brave and such a good swordsman, I never would have challenged him. I'll give him my gray horse Capilet if he forgets the whole thing.

SIR TOBY BELCH
I'll give it a try. Stay right here and try to look good. This may end without anyone getting killed. (to himself) I'll ride your horse just like I ride you.

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 14

(to FABIAN) I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to VIOLA) There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore, draw for the suppartance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA
(aside) Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN
Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello avoid it. But he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to 't.

SIR ANDREW
Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA
(to FABIAN) He's given me his horse to try to avoid the fight—I've persuaded him that the young man is a fighting machine.

FABIAN
He's just as terrified of Sir Andrew. He's pale and hyperventilating, as if a bear were chasing him.

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to VIOLA) There's nothing you can do about it, sir. He insists on fighting with you because he swore he would. But he's thought over his reason for challenging you to fight, and he realizes it's so insignificant that it's not worth thinking about. So draw your sword so he can carry out his vow. He promises not to hurt you.

VIOLA
(to herself) God help me! If anything happens I'm going to have to tell them exactly how unmanly I am.

FABIAN
Back off if he seems really furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Come on, Sir Andrew, there's nothing you can do about it. The gentleman insists on fighting a round with you, for the sake of his honor. The rules of dueling say he has to. But as a gentleman and a soldier he's promised me he won't hurt you. Come on, get ready.

SIR ANDREW
I hope to God he keeps his promise!

VIOLA
I do assure you, 'tis against my will. I swear to you, I don’t want to be doing this.

They draw swords Enter ANTONIO

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.

ANTONIO
Put your sword away. If this young gentleman
has offended you, I’ll take the blame for it. If
you’ve offended him, I’ll fight you.

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 15

SIR TOBY BELCH
You, sir? Why, what are you?

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

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

They draw swords Enter OFFICERS

SIR TOBY BELCH
You, sir? Who are you?

ANTONIO
I’m just a good friend of his. In fact, I’d do even
more to him than what you’ve heard him promise
to do.

SIR TOBY BELCH
If you’re someone who gets into fights, I’ll fight
with you.

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

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to ANTONIO) I’ll be with you anon.

VIOLA
(to ANDREW) Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you
please.

SIR ANDREW
Marry, will I, sir. And for that I promised you, I’ll be as
good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins
well.

FIRST OFFICER
This is the man. Do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER
Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO
You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER
No, sir, no jot. I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away. He knows I know him well.

ANTONIO
I must obey. (to VIOLA) This comes with seeking
you:
But there’s no remedy. I shall answer it.

ANTONIO
You must be mistaking me for someone else, sir.

FIRST OFFICER
No, sir, not at all. I recognize your face perfectly,
even without a sailor’s cap on your head.—Take
him away. He knows I recognize him.

ANTONIO
I have to obey. (to VIOLA) This has happened
because I came looking for you, but there’s
nothing I can do about it now. I’ll take what’s
coming to me. But what’ll you do now that I have
to ask you for my purse back?

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 16

What will you do, now my necessity

I’m more upset about not being able to help you
Original Text

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,

But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER
Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO
(to VIOLA) I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA
What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.
I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer. (offering him money)

ANTONIO
Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

VIOLA
I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vanity, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood—

ANTONIO
O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER
Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO
Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER
What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!

ANTONIO
But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be called deformed but the unkind.

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erfurnished by the devil.

Modern Text

than I am about what’s going to happen to me.
You look so confused. Don’t worry about me.

SECOND OFFICER
Come on, sir, let’s go.

ANTONIO
Really, I must ask you for some of

VIOLA
What money, sir? I feel sorry for you in this

situation, and I want to thank you for the

kindness you’ve shown me here, so I’ll lend you

some of my money, though I don’t have much. I’ll
give you half of everything I have right now. Take
this. It’s half of all my money. (she offers him

money)

ANTONIO
Are you really going to pretend you don’t know

me now? After everything I’ve done for you,
you’re refusing to help me? Don’t make me more
miserable than I am. I might do something really

weak and unmanly, like listing the kind things I’ve
done for you.

VIOLA
I don’t know any kind things you’ve done for me,

and I don’t recognize your voice or your face. I
hate an ungrateful man more than I hate lying,

vanity, babbling, drunkenness, or any other vice

that we feeble human beings are susceptible
to.—

ANTONIO
Oh, my God!

SECOND OFFICER
Come on, sir, please. Let’s go.

ANTONIO
No, I’ve got something to say. I saved this young
man’s life when he was half-dead, and nursed
him back to health lovingly and tenderly. I
devoted myself to him, since he looked noble

and good.

FIRST OFFICER
Why should we care? Time’s passing. Let’s go!

ANTONIO
But oh, what a deceiver he turned out to be! You
don’t live up to your good looks, Sebastian. You
look good but you’re bad on the inside, where it
counts, since the only real flaws in nature are in
a person’s mind and soul. Only really cruel
people can be called deformed. Virtue is beauty,
FIRST OFFICER

ANTONIO
Lead me on.

Exit with OFFICERS

VIOLA
Methinks his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself. So do not I. Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

SIR TOBY BELCH
Come hither, knight. Come hither, Fabian. We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIOLA
He named Sebastian. I my brother know Yet living in my glass. Even such and so In favor was my brother, and he went with the same accessories. Oh, if it turns out to be true that he survived, then that storm was kind, and the ocean was full of love!

SIR TOBY BELCH
A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him. And for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN
A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

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

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

SIR ANDREW
An I do not—

FABIAN
Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY BELCH
I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

VIOLA exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH
He's a very dishonest, puny boy, and more cowardly than a rabbit. He abandoned his friend here in an emergency, and even pretended he didn't know him. That shows he's dishonest. As for his cowardliness, ask Fabian.

FABIAN
He's a coward, a total coward. He's religiously devoted to his cowardice.

SIR ANDREW
By God, I'll go after him again and beat him up.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Please do. Beat him up well, but don't draw your sword.

SIR ANDREW
I swear I will—

FABIAN
Come on, let's go see what happens.

SIR TOBY BELCH
I'll bet anything you like that nothing will happen, once again.

Exeunt

They all exit.
Act 4, Scene 1

Enter SEBASTIAN and FOOL

FOOL
Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN
Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

FOOL
Well held out, i’ faith. No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN
I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know’st not me.

FOOL
Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN
I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There’s for you. (giving money) If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

FOOL
By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years’ purchase.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 2

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW (to SEBASTIAN) Now, sir, have I met you again? There’s for you.

SEBASTIAN (returning the blow) Why, there’s for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

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

FOOL (aside) This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH
(seizing SEBASTIAN) Come on, sir, hold!

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

SEBASTIAN
(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed. Come on.

SEBASTIAN
I will be free from thee.  

SEBASTIAN pulls free and draws his sword

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

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

OLIVIA
Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY BELCH
Madam!

OLIVIA
Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!—  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—  
Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

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 botched up, that thou thereby  
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.  
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.
SEBASTIAN

55 (aside) What relish is in this? How runs the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.

SEBASTIAN (to himself) What does this mean? Where is this all going? Either I’m insane or this is a dream. I hope these delusions continue. If this is a dream, let me keep on sleeping!

OLIVIA Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou’dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN Madam, I will.

OLIVIA Oh, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 2

Enter MARIA and FOOL

MARIA Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly. I’ll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Exit

FOOL Well, I’ll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in ’t, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

The FOOL puts on gown and beard

I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FOOL Bonos dies, Sir Toby. For, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very Wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, “That that is is.” So I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson. For, what is “that” but “that,” and “is” but “is”?

SIR TOBY BELCH To him, Sir Topas.

SIR TOBY BELCH God bless you, Mr. Priest.

FOOL Bonos dies, Sir Toby. As the old hermit of Prague, who couldn’t read or write, said very Wittily to a niece of King Gorboduc, “Whatever is, is.” So since I’m Mr. Priest, I’m Mr. Priest. Because isn’t “that” “that,” and isn’t “is” “is”?

SIR TOBY BELCH Go to him, Sir Topas.

Act 4, Scene 2, Page 2

FOOL (disguising his voice) What ho, I say! Peace in this

FOOL (disguising his voice) Quiet down in this prison!
prison!

SIR TOBY BELCH
The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

MALVOLIO
(from within) Who calls there?

FOOL
Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady—

FOOL
Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

FOOL
Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO
As hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL
Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony. And yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO
I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is dark.

FOOL
Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MALVOLIO
I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell. And I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

FOOL
What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

SIR TOBY BELCH
The fool’s a good actor. A good fool.

MALVOLIO
(offstage) Who’s shouting?

FOOL
I’m Sir Topas the priest. I’ve come to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, please go find my lady Olivia—

FOOL
Get out, demon! Why are you bothering this poor man! Can’t you talk about anything besides ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH
(to himself) Well said, Mr. Priest.

MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, nobody’s ever been as badly treated as I’ve been. Good Sir Topas, don’t believe I’m insane, They’ve shut me up here in horrible darkness.

FOOL
You should be ashamed of yourself, Satan, you liar! I’m being gentle with you, because I’m one of those good-hearted people who are polite to the devil himself. You call this house dark?

MALVOLIO
Dark as hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL
But it has bay windows that are as transparent as stone walls, and the upper windows facing south-north are as clear as coal. But you’re still complaining of darkness and a bad view?

MALVOLIO
I’m not insane, Sir Topas. I’m telling you, this house is dark.

Act 4, Scene 2, Page 3

FOOL
You’re wrong, you madman. There’s no darkness except ignorance, and you’re more ignorant than the Egyptians during the plague of fog.

MALVOLIO
I tell you, this house is as dark as ignorance. And I tell you, no man has ever been treated worse than me. I’m no more insane than you are, and I’ll prove it. Ask me any commonsense question.

FOOL
What was the philosopher Pythagoras’s belief about wild birds?
MALVOLIO
That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

FOOL
What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO
I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

FOOL
Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH
My most exquisite Sir Topas!

FOOL
Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA
Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

Act 4, Scene 2, Page 4

SIR TOBY BELCH
To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

FOOL
(sings in his own voice)
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO
Fool!

FOOL
(sings) My lady is unkind, perdy.

MALVOLIO
Fool!

FOOL
(sings) Alas, why is she so?

MALVOLIO
70 Fool, I say!

FOOL
(sings) She loves another—Who calls, ha?
MALVOLIO

Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

FOOL
75 Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

Act 4, Scene 2, Page 5

FOOL

Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO

Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

FOOL

But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO

They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me—asses!—and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

FOOL

Advise you what you say. The minister is here. (in the voice of Sir Topas) Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FOOL

(as Sir Topas) Maintain no words with him, good fellow. (in his own voice) Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas. (as Sir Topas) Marry, amen. (in his own voice) I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

FOOL

95 Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO

Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FOOL

Well-a-day that you were, sir.
MALVOLIO
By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

FOOL
I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? Or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO
Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FOOL
Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

MALVOLIO
Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

FOOL
(sings)
I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain,
Who, with dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries “Aha,” to the devil,
Like a mad lad,
“Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.”

Exit

FOOL exits.

Act 4, Scene 3

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN
This is the air, that is the glorious sun. This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't, And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then? 5
I could not find him at the Elephant. Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service. For though my soul disputes well with my sense That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust but that I am mad— Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her

SEBASTIAN
This is the air, that's the glorious sun. I can feel and see this pearl she gave me. I may be dazed and confused, but I'm not insane. Where's Antonio, then? I didn't find him at the Elephant. But he'd been there before me, and they told me he'd gone out looking for me. I could really use his advice right now. I feel sure this situation is due to some mistake, and I don't think I'm crazy. But this sudden flood of good luck is so unbelievable that I'm ready to distrust my own eyes and my own rational mind when they tell me I'm not insane—maybe the lady's insane. But if that were the case, she wouldn't be able to run her house, command her servants, listen to reports, make decisions, and take care of business as smoothly as she does. There's something going on that's not what it seems. But
followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
20  With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There’s something in ’t
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST

OLIVIA and a PRIEST enter.

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 2

OLIVIA
(to SEBASTIAN)
Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
25  Into the chantry by. There, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
30  Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN
I’ll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA
35  Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so
shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 1

Enter FOOL and FABIAN

FOOL
Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN
Anything.

FOOL
Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN
5  This is, to give a dog and in recompense desire my
dog again.

Enter ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and lords

ORSINO
Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FOOL
Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

ORSINO
I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FOOL

FABIAN
If you’re my friend, you’ll let me see his letter.

FOOL
Dear Mr. Fabian, do me another favor first.

FABIAN
Anything.

FOOL
Don’t ask to see this letter.

FABIAN
That’s like giving someone a dog as a present,
and then asking for the dog back in return.

ORSINO
My friends, are you all Lady Olivia’s servants?

FOOL
Yes, sir, we’re part of her entourage.

ORSINO
I know you. How are you, my friend?

FOOL
Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

ORSINO
Just the contrary. The better for thy friends.

FOOL
No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO
How can that be?

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 2

Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me, now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass. So that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused. So that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

ORSINO
Why, this is excellent.

FOOL
By my troth, sir, no—though it please you to be one of my friends.

ORSINO
(giving a coin)
Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

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

ORSINO
O, you give me ill counsel.

FOOL
Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

ORSINO
Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer.

FOOL
Primo, secundo, tertio is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.
Original Text

ORSINO
You can fool no more money out of me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

FOOL
Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

VIOLA
Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

ORSINO
That face of his I do remember well. Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. A baubling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the tongue of loss Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER
Orsino, this is Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy, And this is he that did the Tiger board When your young nephew Titus lost his leg. Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 4

VIOLA
He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side, But in conclusion put strange speech upon me. I know not what 'twas but distraction.

ORSINO
Notable pirate! Thou saltwater thief, What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO
O, Orsino, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me. Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither. That most ingratiyous boy there by your side
From the rude sea’s enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him when he was beset,
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA
How can this be?
ORSINO
(to ANTONIO) When came he to this town?

Antonio, my lord, and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute’s vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and attendants

ORSINO
Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow. Fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. (to an officer) Take him aside.

OLIVIA
What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA
Madam?
ORSINO
Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA
What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord—

VIOLA
My lord would speak. My duty hushes me.

OLIVIA
If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.
ORSINO
Still so cruel?

ORSINO
Ah, the countess is coming! An angel is walking on earth. But as for you, mister, what you’re saying is insane. This young man has worked for me for three months; but more about that later. (to an officer) Take him away.

OLIVIA
What can I give you that you want, my lord, except the one thing you can’t have? Cesario, you missed your appointment with me.

VIOLA
Madam?
ORSINO
Dearest Olivia—

OLIVIA
What do you have to say for yourself, Cesario?—My lord, please—

VIOLA
My lord wants to speak. It’s my duty to be quiet.

OLIVIA
If what you have to say is anything like what you used to say, it’ll be as repulsive to my ears as wild screams after beautiful music.
ORSINO
Are you still so cruel?
Act 5, Scene 1, Page 6

**ORSINO**
What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithful'st off'rings have breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

**OLIVIA**
Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

**ORSINO**
Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—A savage jealousy
That sometimes savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

**VIOLA**
And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

**OLIVIA**
Where goes Cesario?

**VIOLA**
After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 7

**OLIVIA**
Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

**VIOLA**
Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

**OLIVIA**
Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father.

**OLIVIA**
Ah, how awful, I feel so used! I've been tricked!

**VIOLA**
Who tricked you? Who treated you badly?

**OLIVIA**
Have you completely forgotten? Has it been so long? Call the priest.

Exit an attendant

An attendant exits.
Original Text

ORSINO
(to VIOLA)
Come, away!

OLIVIA
Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO
Husband?

OLIVIA
Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

ORSINO
Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA
No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA
Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

ORSINO
Husband?

OLIVIA
Go where, my lord?—Cesario, my husband, stay here.

ORSINO
Yes, husband. Can he deny it?

ORSINO
Are you her husband, boy?

VIOLA
No, my lord, not me.

OLIVIA
You’re afraid, so you hide your identity. But don’t be afraid, Cesario. Accept the good luck that’s come your way. Be the person you know you are, and you’ll be as powerful as this person you fear.

Enter PRIEST

PRIEST
The PRIEST enters.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before ‘tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

ORSINO
O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

VIOLA
My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA
O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Modern Text

ORSINO
(to VIOLA) Come on, let’s go!

OLIVIA
Go where, my lord?—Cesario, my husband, stay here.

ORSINO
Husband?

OLIVIA
Yes, husband. Can he deny it?

ORSINO
Are you her husband, boy?

VIOLA
No, my lord, not me.

OLIVIA
You’re afraid, so you hide your identity. But don’t be afraid, Cesario. Accept the good luck that’s come your way. Be the person you know you are, and you’ll be as powerful as this person you fear.

PRIEST
They were joined in an eternal bond of love and matrimony, and it was confirmed by a holy kiss and an exchange of rings. I witnessed it all as priest. It took place just two hours ago.

ORSINO
(to VIOLA) Oh, you little liar! How much worse will you be when you’re older? Maybe you’ll get so good at deceit that your tricks will destroy you. Goodbye, and take her. Just never set foot in any place where you and I might happen to meet.

VIOLA
My lord, I swear to you—

OLIVIA
Oh, don’t swear! Keep a little bit of honesty, even if you’re afraid.
Enter SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA
What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW
He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA
Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW
The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

ORSINO
My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW
'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA
Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespoke you fair and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW
If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FOOL

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO
How now, gentleman? How is 't with you?

SIR TOBY BELCH
That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on 't. (to FOOL) Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FOOL
Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agoine. His eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.
Act 5, Scene 1, Page 10

OLIVIA
Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW
I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLIVIA
Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

SEBASTIAN
I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman, But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you. Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

ORSINO
One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons! A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN
Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours racked and tortured me Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO
Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN
Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO
How have you made division of yourself? An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA
Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN
(looking at VIOLA) Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and everywhere. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured. Of charity, what kin are you to me?

ACT 5, SCENE 1, PAGE 11

ANTONIO
How did you divide yourself in two? These two people are as identical as two halves of an apple. Which one is Sebastian?

OLIVIA
How unbelievable!

SEBASTIAN
(looking at VIOLA) Is that me standing over there? I never had a brother, and I'm certainly not a god who can be in two places at once. I had a sister who drowned. Please tell me, how am I related to you? Are you from my country? What's your name? Who are your parents?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA
Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb. If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN
A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek And say “Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola!”

VIOLA
My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN
And so had mine.

VIOLA
And died that day when Viola from her birth Had numbered thirteen years.

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SEBASTIAN
Oh, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA
If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurped attire, Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump That I am Viola. Which to confirm, I’ll bring you to a captain in this town, Where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help I was preserved to serve this noble count. All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN
(to OLIVIA) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook. But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid; Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived. You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

ORSINO
(to OLIVIA) Be not amazed. Right noble is his blood. If this so be, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

VIOLA
If the only thing keeping us from rejoicing is the fact that I’m wearing men’s clothes, then don’t hug me till I can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that I’m Viola. I’ll take you to a sea captain here in town who’s got my women’s clothing in storage. He saved my life so I could serve this noble count. Everything that’s happened to me since then has involved my relationship with this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN
(to OLIVIA) So you got it wrong, my lady. But nature fixed everything, turning your love for my sister into a love for me. If you hadn’t, you would’ve married a maiden. But that’s not completely wrong. I’m still a virgin, so in a sense I’m a maiden too.

ORSINO
(to OLIVIA) Don’t be shocked. His blood is noble. If this is all as true as it seems to be, then I’m going to have a share in that lucky shipwreck. (to VIOLA) Boy, you told me a thousand times you’d never love a woman as
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.  

**VIOLA**
And all those sayings will I overswear;  
And those swearings keep as true in soul  
As doth that orbèd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

**ORSINO**
Give me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

The captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some action,  
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

**OLIVIA**
He shall enlarge him.

Enter **FOOL** with a letter, and **FABIAN**

Fetch Malvolio hither:  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.  
A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banished his.  
(to **FOOL**)

**Fool**
Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the staves' end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you. I should have given 't you today morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

**OLIVIA**
Open 't, and read it.

**FOOL**
Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. **(reads)** “By the Lord, madam,”—

**OLIVIA**
How now? Art thou mad?

**FOOL**
No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

**OLIVIA**
Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

---

So I do, madonna. But to read his right wits is to

**FOOL**
I will, my lady, but a sane person reading this...
read thus.
Therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA
(giving the letter to FABIAN) Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN
(reads)
"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. The madly used Malvolio."

OLIVIA
Did he write this?

FOOL
Ay, madam.

ORSINO
This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA
See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

ORSINO
I accept that offer happily, madam. (to VIOLA) So you're free now. I'm offering you my hand in marriage because of your loyal service to me, which was far from what any woman should be expected to do, especially a noble woman. You've called me "master" for so long. And now you'll be your master's mistress.

OLIVIA
(to VIOLA) A sister! You are she.

ORSINO
Enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

ORSINO
Is this the madman?

OLIVIA
Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO
Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA
Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO
(handing a paper)
Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter. You must not now deny it is your hand. Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase; Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention: You can say none of this. Well, grant it then And tell me, in the modesty of honor, Why you have given me such clear lights of favor, Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frown Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people?

MALVOLIO
(he hands OLIVIA a paper) You did. Please have a look at this letter. You can't deny that it's your handwriting. Go ahead and try to write differently, and try to pretend that's not your seal with your design on it. You can't. So just admit it. And tell me honestly, why did you show me such fondness and asked me to smile at you, wear yellow stockings and crisscrossed laces for you, and be rude to Sir Toby and the servants?

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And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck and gull That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA
Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though, I confess, much like the character. But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand. And now I do bethink me, it was she First told me thou wast mad, then camest in smiling, And in such forms which here were presupposed Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content. This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee; But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

FABIAN
Good madam, hear me speak, And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess, myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and un courteous parts We had conceived against him. Maria writ The letter at Sir Toby's great importance, In recompense whereof he hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was followed, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge, If that the injuries be justly weighed That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA
I'm sorry, Malvolio, but this isn't my writing, though I admit it looks like mine. It's definitely Maria's handwriting. Now that I think about it, Maria was the one who first told me you were insane. That's when you came in smiling at me, dressed up like the letter said, and acting just like it told you to act. Someone has played a very mean trick on you, but when we find out who's responsible, you won't just be the victim, but the judge who sentences the culprit. I promise.

FABIAN
Madam, let me say something. Please don't let squabbles ruin this beautiful and miraculous moment. I confess that Toby and I were the ones who tricked Malvolio because we hated his strict and heavy-handed ways. Sir Toby had Maria wrote that letter, and he married her as a reward. We should just laugh about the whole thing rather than get upset about it, especially if we consider that each of the two parties offended the other equally.
(to MALVOLIO) Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

(to MALVOLIO) Oh, poor fool, they've really humiliated you!

**Act 5, Scene 1, Page 17**

**FOOL**

Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir, but that's all one. *(imitates MALVOLIO)* "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." — But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal; an you smile not, he's gagged?" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

He hath been most notoriously abused.

**ORSINO**

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.

He hath not told us of the captain yet.

When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come,
For so you shall be, while you are a man.

But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

He still hasn't told us about the captain. When that's been taken care of and the time is right, we'll all get married. Until then, we'll stay here, my dear sister-in-law. Cesario, come here. I'll keep calling you Cesario while you're still a man, but when we see you in women's clothes you'll be the queen of my dreams, Orsino's true love.

**Act 5, Scene 1, Page 18**

**FOOL** *(sings)*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

385 A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day,
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

390 For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

395 But when I came unto my beds,

**FOOL** *(he sings)*

When I was a tiny little boy,
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing didn't matter much,
Because the rain it rains every day.

385 But when I became a man,
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
People stopped talking to bad guys and thieves.
Because the rain it rains every day.

But when I got married, ah, too bad!
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
It did me no good to boast and show off,
Because the rain, it rains every day.

395 But when I had to go to bed
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Exit The FOOL exits.

With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With idiots drunk out of their minds,
Because the rain it rains every day.
The world began a long time ago,
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that doesn't matter, our play is done,
And we'll try to please you every day.

Exit The FOOL exits.