

# **SHAKESPEARENCE!**

## Twelfth Night

### Synopsis

Once upon a time, in a beautiful land called **Illyria** (ill-leer-ia), there was an oh-so-cool Duke named **Orsino** (or-see-no). He was desperately in love with a lovely lass named **Olivia**...but, alas, she wasn't interested; mainly because her brother had just died and she was quite depressed...but also, Duke Orsino just wasn't her cup of tea, you know?

#### Meanwhile...

Off the coast, out at sea, there was a terrible storm which gobbled up a ship. Now on this ship, 2 of the passengers were twin sister and brother, **Viola & Sebastian**. They were well off, well educated, and very loyal to one another. But alas! They were separated in the storm....when she washes up on the shore of Illyria, she assumes that Sebastian is drowned. Poor Vi.

So, what's a girl to do? She talks to a local sea captain about where she can work, and hears about Duke Orsino's love for Olivia. Perhaps she can work for Olivia? No, that won't work because Olivia isn't really talking to anyone right now. Perhaps Orsino? No, that won't work because she'd have to be a guy...wait...what if she disguises herself as a boy? BRILLIANT!!!

And off she goes to work for Orsino, as a guy called **Cesario**. The Duke immediately sends Viola, now Cesario, to "woo" Olivia on his behalf. And by golly, she/he does...One little teensy-tiny problem...Olivia instantly falls in love with Cesario.

And to make things worse, Viola is falling for her employer...yes, that would be Duke Orsino. So, Orsino loves Olivia who loves Cesario who loves Orsino.

#### Meanwhile...

At Olivia's house, she has a staff of people who work for her: there's **Mariah**, who sort of runs things & is wickedly clever, **Feste** who is Olivia's "clown" or entertainer & confidant & sees EVERYTHING, and **Malvolio** who is the steward or keeper of the grounds & is very uptight & cranky.

Also, her uncle **Sir Toby Belch** lives there, and is usually drunk. His friend **Sir Andrew Aguecheek** who seems to be going through a bit of a roughpatch, is visiting. Sir Andrew decides that he loves Olivia...They all are pretty rowdy and party a lot. Malvolio doesn't like it and is constantly tattling on them.

So, Mariah designs a practical joke to rattle him: she forges a letter in Olivia's handwriting which says that she (as Olivia) is in love with him. Malvolio finds the letter and is filled with dreams of marrying Olivia. He begins acting very strangely (following the directions in said letter) and Olivia thinks he's gone round the bend.

#### Meanwhile...

**Sebastian** turns up in Illyria too! He was found after the shipwreck and cared for by a guy called **Antonio**. However, Antonio and Orsino were old enemies and Antonio was a little sketchy about being back in Illyria.

Sebastian stumbles upon Olivia's house with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew preparing for a duel. Sir Andrew has challenged Cesario/Viola to win the heart of Olivia, or so he thinks.

Now, if you recall, Sebastian and Viola are TWINS. She's now dressed as a guy. So now, no one would ever know the difference between them.

Back to Olivia's...Toby & Andrew are threatening Sebastian when Olivia comes out and sees him. Sebastian sees Olivia and instantly falls in love with her. She is still in love with Cesario/Viola, and she thinks Sebastian is him/her. She asks him to marry her...& he says YES!

Right at this time, Antonio gets arrested by Orsino's officers. He sees Cesario and thinks she is his dearest friend Sebastian, and asks her to bail him out. Well, naturally she denies knowing him because, well, she's never seen him in her life. He gets dragged away screaming about his friend Sebastian betraying him.

**Meanwhile...**

Malvolio is tormented by Mariah, Toby, & Andrew...they keep playing more tricks on him and he really is going a little crazy. Now this is all to get back at him for spoiling their fun and being soooooo uptight. But perhaps they go too far?

**Meanwhile...**

Duke Orsino & Cesario (who are now the tightest of friends, Vi COMPLETELY in love with him) make their way to Olivia's. When they arrive, she welcomes her "new husband" ...Cesario, thinking she's Sebastian! Orsino is FURIOUS.

SUDDENLY Sebastian arrives...Viola and Sebastian are at last reunited!!! Orsino realizes that this new best friend of his is actually this very lovely lady, and he's actually very much in love with her. Olivia realizes that Cesario was a girl, not a boy, the whole time. Hmm. Well, whatever, she's got her man now.

Malvolio shows up, a very broken man. Olivia discovers the trickery of her uncle and the lot and is deeply upset, but...

In the end, the Duke has his Vi. Sebastian has his O. Toby has his Mariah. Andrew is disappointed. Malvolio has learned a terrible lesson. And Feste has of course seen it all and lives to tell...

*And the lovely and rather magical land of Illyria goes on being the perfect place to figure yourself out and perhaps-just perhaps- find a very special someone.*

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### Act I, scene 2: Viola, Captain

**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 practise,  
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**

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; 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**

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

**Captain**

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

**VIOLA**

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

I thank thee: lead me on.

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### Act I, scene 4: Viola, Orsino

**DUKE ORSINO**

Who saw Cesario, ho?

**VIOLA**

On your attendance, my lord; here.

**DUKE ORSINO**

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

**VIOLA**

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

**DUKE ORSINO**

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

**VIOLA**

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

**DUKE ORSINO**

O, then unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:  
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.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,

That say thou art a man: Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

**VIOLA**

I'll do my best  
To woo your lady:

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

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### Act I, scene 5: Viola, Olivia

**VIOLA**

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,--I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; 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. Speak your office.

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

We will hear this divinity. Now, sir, what is your text?

**VIOLA**

Most sweet lady,--

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

In Orsino's bosom.

**OLIVIA**

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

**VIOLA**

Good madam, let me see your face.

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

Excellently done, if God did all.

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

I see you what you are, you are too proud;  
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you: O, such love  
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd  
The nonpareil of beauty!

**OLIVIA**

How does he love me?

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;  
And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person: 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!' O, You should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!

**OLIVIA**

You might do much.  
What is your parentage?

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

Get you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

**VIOLA**

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse: My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervor, like my master's, be Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.  
*[Exit]*

**OLIVIA**

'What is your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:  
soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

# **SHAKESPEARENCE!**

## Twelfth Night

### Act I, scene 5: Olivia, Feste, Malvolio

**Clown**

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]*

God bless thee, lady!

**OLIVIA**

Take the fool away.

**Clown**

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

**OLIVIA**

Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you:  
besides, you grow dishonest.

**Clown**

Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel  
will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is  
the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend  
himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if  
he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing  
that's mended is but patched: virtue that  
transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that  
amends is but patched with virtue. If that this  
simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not,  
what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but  
calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take  
away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

**OLIVIA**

Sir, I bade them take away you.

**Clown**

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?

**Clown**

Dexterously, good madonna.

**OLIVIA**

Make your proof.

**Clown**

I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse  
of virtue, answer me.

**OLIVIA**

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

**Clown**

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

**OLIVIA**

Good fool, for my brother's death.

**Clown**

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

**OLIVIA**

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

**Clown**

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

**OLIVIA**

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? 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.

**Clown**

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 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.

**Clown**

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

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### Act I, scene 5: Olivia, Malvolio

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

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 cooling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

**OLIVIA**

Let him approach.

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### Act II, scene 1: Sebastian, Antonio

#### **ANTONIO**

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

#### **SEBASTIAN**

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

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

#### **SEBASTIAN**

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!

#### **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 ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness,  
and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that  
upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell  
tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

*Exit*

**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*



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## Twelfth Night

### Act II, scene 2: Viola, Malvolio

#### **MALVOLIO**

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

#### **VIOLA**

Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

#### **MALVOLIO**

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

#### **VIOLA**

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

#### **MALVOLIO**

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

*Exit*

#### **VIOLA**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd 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.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
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!--  
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!

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### Act III, scene 1: Viola, Feste

**VIOLA**

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

**Clown**

No, sir, I live by the church.

**VIOLA**

Art thou a churchman?

**Clown**

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 tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.

**Clown**

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.

**Clown**

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

**VIOLA**

Why, man?

**Clown**

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?

**Clown**

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.

**Clown**

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?

**Clown**

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.

**Clown**

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

**VIOLA**

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

**Clown**

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. Is thy lady within?

**Clown**

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

**VIOLA**

Yes, being kept together and put to use.

**Clown**

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

**VIOLA**

I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

**Clown**

The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.

*[Exit]*

**VIOLA**

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

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### Act III, scene 4: Olivia, Malvolio

**MALVOLIO**

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

**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**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**MARIA**

How do you, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

'Some are born great,'--

**OLIVIA**

Ha!

**MALVOLIO**

'Some achieve greatness,'--

**OLIVIA**

What sayest thou?

**MALVOLIO**

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

**OLIVIA**

Heaven restore thee!

**MALVOLIO**

'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'--

**OLIVIA**

Thy yellow stockings!

**MALVOLIO**

'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

**OLIVIA**

Cross-gartered!

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

Am I made?

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

Why, this is very midsummer madness.





# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Twelfth Night*

### *Ensemble Ring Speech*

**JOHN-**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

**ALLY-**

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.

**LIAM-**

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

**EDMUND-**

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.

**ANNE-**

How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

**NATALIE-**

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be.

**VICTOR-**

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.

**LILA-**

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!

**OLIVER-**

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

**ENSEMBLE-**

It is too hard a knot for me to untie!