

**“WHAT COUNTRY FRIENDS IS THIS?”:
CREATING SHAKESPEARE’S *TWELFTH NIGHT* ONSTAGE
A DIRECTOR’S JOURNEY**

A Thesis Presented

by

DAWN MONIQUE WILLIAMS

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Department of Theater

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Approved as to style and content by:

Gilbert McCauley, Chair

Marcus Gardley, Member

Gina Kaufmann, Member

Penny Remsen, Department Head
Department of Theater

DEDICATION

*Just like the river,
Jordyn, the girl of my dreams,
Manifests my God.*

As with everything, this is for you. You make each moment more precious.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the cast of *Twelfth Night*, “I can no other answer make but thanks, / And thanks, and ever thanks.” So many days you were my reason.

I must thank Tommy Gomez, for introducing me to Shakespeare and along with Timothy Bond and Melissa Hillman taking time (away from running theater companies no-less) to discuss this project and their experiences with me. Now you should all hire me to direct.

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ABSTRACT

“WHAT COUNTRY FRIENDS IS THIS?”:
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A DIRECTOR’S JOURNEY

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DAWN MONIQUE WILLIAMS, B.A., CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY

HAYWARD

M.A., SAN FRANCISCO STATE UNIVERSITY

M.F.A., UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS AMHERST

Directed by: Professor Gilbert McCauley

This written portion of my thesis is aimed at documenting how I, the director, as both interpretive and generative artist, took William Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night* from the page to the stage through ongoing collaboration with a team of artists including designers, a composer, and actors. My documentation includes the generation of my theatrical production concept and staging of Shakespeare’s play. In order to place my production of *Twelfth Night* in cultural, historical, and artistic contexts, I open my discussion to theoretical considerations and artistic practices, address my specific artistic decisions in the creation of this production, examine the particular problems encountered in the making of this work, and reconstruct the creative process itself.

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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION: BENCHMARKS

Upon entering the graduate directing program at the University of Massachusetts Amherst, I was given an outline of *Directing Benchmarks*.¹ These benchmarks gave a clear statement of the goals of the directing program, “to prepare students to direct professionally and/or on the college level in an academic situation,” and that “the progress of each student will be measured against the [following] benchmarks”: action and storytelling, analysis and conceptualization, organization and preparation, working with collaborators, solicitation of support, expanding and sharing knowledge, and networking and marketing. How, in my role as director, the primary interpretive and generative artist adapting William Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night* from page to stage, I worked to meet the standards of these benchmarks provide the framework for this thesis.

One of my personal goals upon entering graduate school was to direct a Shakespeare play. I figured the only way to get hired to work on a versatile repertoire of plays was to prove that I had the experience and training in a wide range of dramas. With nearly thirty credits to my name, what my resume lacked and what I was most desperate to try was Shakespeare. I discussed this early in my UMass career with my advisor, Gilbert (Gil) McCauley, even using his Directing Studio course as an outlet for Shakespeare exploration in both my first and third semesters in the program. I was not always so excited by Shakespeare; there was a time when the challenge of decoding the language, finding contemporary relevance for the plays, and sharing the value of these works was of no interest to me.

In the eighth grade, Mrs. Scott, my English teacher, assigned Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. I think that was my first encounter with Shakespeare. What I remember most vividly was attempting to read the play and thinking, "I don't understand a single word." After much pleading, my mother drove me to the nearest Blockbuster Video store, and we promptly rented the only film version available on the shelf. This was, of course, before Baz Luhrmann's 1996 contemporary film adaptation. So there I was with a play I didn't understand, and a film produced when my mother was still a girl. I was unimpressed to say the least. I got through Franco Zeffirelli's 1968 film version well enough. With Cliff Notes to aide me in my reading of the text, I was able to make my way through class. After that experience, I genuinely thought this stuff was not for me, "I don't understand it, and it's boring."

Interestingly enough, from the time I developed literacy skills as a young child, I wrote poems and songs. The summer I turned ten, while stuck in the middle of a lake on a paddleboat with my mom and aunt, I told an improvised tale of our woe in rhymed verse to lighten the mood. In my sixth grade yearbook, I won the superlative "best female rapper" for the number of "rhymes" I wrote and performed on the schoolyard. Poetry has always been a huge part of my life and self-expression, but in my youth, I couldn't value Shakespeare's poetry; it wasn't poetic to me at all, it was the foreign language of some dead white guy.

In high school, I considered myself something of a rebel against the canon. I attended Berkeley High School, in Berkeley, California, which was at that time the only high school in the country to house an African American Studies Department. This offered alternatives to the blatantly Eurocentric literature and history classes offered, all

of which I took advantage of. I protested the idea that the *Henriad* should be required reading, and actually heckled the 1935 film version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* so bad in class that I was asked to leave. All of this was happening at the same time that I was heavily invested in the school's drama program. Even then, I knew I wanted a career in theater. The list of plays I worked on in high school includes: Douglas Turner Ward's *Day of Absence*; Charlie Smalls' all black cast adaptation of *The Wizard of Oz*, *The Wiz*; George C. Wolfe's *The Colored Museum*; and even Suzan-Lori Parks' dense *Imperceptible Mutabilities in the Third Kingdom*. My drama teacher, although white, was extremely concerned with diversity in her classes and productions, and felt that Shakespeare would not hold the interest of the student body, so we were not exposed to him in drama class. I graduated high school without any appreciation for Shakespeare; not as a literary figure or as a playwright whose material might offer performance opportunities. Now fifteen years later I am obsessed with Shakespeare. The work speaks to me so profoundly that it is seemingly inexplicable.

There was a very distinct time in my life when my attitude toward Shakespeare changed. Following my sophomore year of college, on the precipice of dropping out, I decided to focus only on my acting training and enrolled in the Summer Training Congress at the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco, California. In my first two years of college, I acted in a number of scenes, plays, and even films. In classes, my scene work ran the gamut from Truvy in Robert Harling's *Steel Magnolias*, to Emily in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, but outside of class I was only getting cast as black and Chicana/Latina characters: "homeless black woman" or "revolution girl" in films, or cast in plays titled *Mama its My Baby* and *Our Streets, Our Neighborhood*. I was unhappy

with the limited roles I was getting, unsatisfied with the caliber of plays I was working on, depressed about my lack of opportunities, and very confused about how to proceed. The Summer Training Congress offered me an intense micro course of the MFA conservatory training at ACT, including studio work in: voice, speech, movement, singing, dance, improv, combat, and acting. It was just the program I needed to put me on the right track.

My acting teacher in the program, Tommy Gomez, a Chicano, caused a seismic shift in my thinking. When I discussed my frustrations about an acting career with Tommy, he recommended that I consider classic plays. He explained that people of color were always getting cast in Greek dramas and Shakespeare and that his career was built almost exclusively on Shakespearean roles. From day one, Tommy was completely open with us about his love of Shakespeare and how few contemporary plays he worked on. Tommy, in fact, refused to play any Chicano roles that he found demeaning or degrading, especially a gangster or “chuco,” finding more value in playing English kings as a way to subvert stereotypes. As part of our training, Tommy had us all perform Shakespeare for our second scene assignments, and our final public showcase would be a medley of those scenes.

Not content with my insistence that Shakespeare was boring and elitist, Tommy worked diligently with me on my scene. I played Hermia in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; we performed the popular scene, act three scene two, in which the four lovers, lost in the woods, quarrel. He challenged me to see the magnificence in the play as performance text; he taught us scansion, and how using the meter and language reveal clues for the actor. I found analyzing the text challenging and exciting; exploring the

layered meanings and interpretations was particularly fun, and something I wasn't used to doing so intensely on other plays. I realized that I knew exactly what the characters in my scene were saying, that they were human just like me, with basic desires but in extraordinary circumstances. Performing scenes from that play, and watching my colleagues perform their scenes from a medley of Shakespeare plays did actually make the works come alive. Performing the scene was euphoric, and my work got a lot of praise from teachers who felt they hadn't seen me so engaged or physically invested in class before. Our showcase brought a new direction to my work.

Starting with the comedies (because I could actually understand them), I began a voracious reading campaign of Shakespeare. After reading a healthy combination of comedies and tragedies, I discovered I wanted to play great roles like Hermia, Beatrice, Lady Macbeth, and Cleopatra. I found Tommy's claims that actors of color could find work in the classics substantiated by the acting rosters at Oregon Shakespeare, California Shakespeare, and Alabama Shakespeare. My love for Shakespeare began the summer of 1998, I was twenty, two years into college, and rededicated to my acting pursuits. I discovered that Shakespeare is meant for performance, not for isolated reading off the page. Now the words were alive within me and filled me with a fire.

Many things happened between then and now. I dropped out of college, reenrolled at a new one, played a number of Shakespearean roles: Octavia, Mistress Overdone, Toby, Maria, Juliet's Nurse, Jaques. I played a number non-Shakespearean roles as well, (most ethnically specific): the Jamaican waiter in Craig Lucas' *Prelude to a Kiss* at Pleasanton Playhouse, and at California State University Hayward (where I eventually earned an undergraduate degree), I played Magdalena in *The Altarpiece of Yumbel* by

Isidora Aguirre, The Negro in Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley's *Roar of the Greasepaint Smell of the Crowd*, Teresita in *West Side Story* the famed musical (based on Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*) by Arthur Laurents, Leonard Bernstein, and Stephen Sondheim, Laura in Tennessee Williams' *Glass Menagerie*, and Rose in August Wilson's *Fences*. I had opportunities to tour and travel overseas, and with time, my focus in theater shifted from acting to directing. I began directing professionally and completed a Master of Art degree in Drama, and all the while, my passion for Shakespeare grew.

When the opportunity for production proposals arose in December of 2008, the middle of my first year as an MFA directing grad student, I submitted a number of Shakespeare's titles (*Twelfth Night* being one). As it turned out, I didn't direct *Twelfth Night* or any Shakespeare in the 2009-2010 season. I was instead assigned to direct *The Burial at Thebes*, Seamus Heaney's translation of Sophocles' *Antigone*, and the musical *Little Shop of Horrors* written by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken. Both of these productions a reflection of my personal aesthetic: strong ensemble work; stylized staging, movement and dance; music and song as characters in the play; bringing truthful acting to heightened language and/or heightened realism; handling poetically rich and sometimes dense material that I am passionate about whether of a historically classic period, modern, or contemporary. This aesthetic continued to develop in the work I was assigned for the 2010-2011 season.

Having handled a variety of directing challenges in the department from the ancient Greek tragedy to an American musical comedy, I imagine Gil and Gina Kaufman (the other member of the MFA directing faculty), assigned *Twelfth Night* for my thesis production not only for my emphatic desire, but because I was ripe for the challenge.

Prior to *Twelfth Night* being mounted in the final slot of the season, I directed *Unruly Mujeres*, a new production script by Megan McClain, and William Finn's *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee*. Again I was challenged to push the boundaries of my work by not only honoring the aforementioned markers of my aesthetic, but also working on a new script in a condensed amount of time for *Mujeres*, and not falling prey to the style trap of the high camp *Bee*. My production of *Twelfth Night* was the compilation of all the skills developed working on those previous shows, all the tools picked up in the classroom, and my passion for Shakespeare.

Shakespeare scholarship abounds, from biographies, to play critiques and analysis, conspiracy theories on the authorship of the plays, even speculation on if such a man really existed. This volume adds to the scholarship in the form of a case study. This work does not probe the existence of Shakespeare, and is only biographical in looking at the historical and cultural contexts that birthed the text of *Twelfth Night*. I do offer my own critique and analysis of the play supported by some of the more popular scholarship, but more than anything this thesis is aimed at exploring the ongoing collaboration with a team of artists comprised of designers, a composer, and actors.

My thesis is organized into seven chapters based on the UMass Department of Theater *Directing Benchmarks*. These chapters chronicle the phases and development of adapting *Twelfth Night* for stage production. This introduction serves as the first chapter. Chapter two, *Expanding Knowledge*, focuses on my research on the playwright, his source material, and historical and cultural context of the play. The focus of chapter three, *Analysis and Conceptualization*, is my analysis of the play text, examining the intersections of authorial intent and my point of view. For this I will, in part, follow the

methodologies introduced in my two semesters of Textual Analysis with Dr. Julian Olf, professor emeritus of UMass Amherst Department of Theater, and Professor Gina Kaufmann. Chapter four, *Organization and Preparation*, includes discussion of script treatment and covers auditions, callbacks, final casting, and development of rehearsal calendar. This chapter will also look at my role in the marketing of the production. Chapter five, *Working with Collaborators*, unfolds the preproduction phases of the process, looking specifically at design collaboration and decisions. This chapter is where I discuss the solicitation of support benchmark. Chapter six, *Action and Storytelling*, discusses the rehearsal process and performance outcomes, including my personal directing approach and aesthetic. This chapter will include brief description of the networking and outreach events I participated in as director. Chapter seven serves as the conclusion providing post-production reflection, and measures of success.

CHAPTER 2

EXPANDING KNOWLEDGE

While much is known about Shakespeare, just as much remains unknown, biographical speculations abound, and many of those are hotly debated. With *Twelfth Night* in mind, I want to consider some biographical data concerning William Shakespeare. William Shakespeare was born in April of 1564, baptized on the 26th of the month as recorded in the parish registry of Holy Trinity Church in Stratford-upon-Avon. Born under the rule of Queen Elizabeth I, William's mother Mary (nee Arden), was from a wealthy land holding family while his father John Shakespeare was a yeoman. John Shakespeare was a glove maker with a workshop in the family home (Shakespeare's birthplace) on Henley Street, which I have visited on four separate occasions, most recently in August of 2010, after being assigned to direct *Twelfth Night*.

Factors affecting a young William Shakespeare in Stratford-upon-Avon illuminate his path to a theatrical career. John Shakespeare held a number of key municipal positions, including the office of mayor when William was just a boy of four and five. It was the mayor's prerogative to give license to traveling acting troupes to perform in the town, it can be inferred from this, that a young William accompanied his father on occasion to watch these players.² These touring companies may be what whet William's appetite for the stage, but it wasn't his only exposure to the theater.

It was common for the boys attending grammar school (which as the son of John Shakespeare, William did until early adolescence), to read the Latin plays of Terence and Plautus, and the epic poems of Homer and Ovid. These lessons in Latin and the study of Roman playwrights provided William not only with his first performance opportunities,

but also with the plots and source material for many of his plays.³ One of Shakespeare's earliest comedies, *Comedy of Errors*, which like *Twelfth Night*, deals with the mistaken identity of twins, takes its plot most directly from Plautus' plays *Menaechmi* and *Amphitruo*.⁴

William's teen years and early adulthood remain shrouded in mystery. He left school in his early teens to work for his father, whose debt was rapidly depleting the family's holdings. At eighteen, William marries a pregnant farmer's daughter, Anne Hathaway, who is eight years his senior. The two have three children, the first, Susanna, born just six months after they wed. In 1585, the couple give birth to a set of fraternal twins, Judith and Hamnet. The rest of this period in Stratford-upon-Avon is dubbed "the lost years," because there are no other records accounting for William until his name appears on a London handbill in 1592.⁵

In the late 1580s, Shakespeare appears in London as an actor and playwright. He is the implied "upstart crow," who "supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke [*sic*] verse" in Robert Greene's pamphlet, *Groats-worth of Wit*, first published in 1592. Greene further surmises that Shakespeare borrows from the works of his university educated contemporaries.⁶ While the exact date that he left his wife and kids in Stratford for the theater in London is unknown, Shakespeare had been in London long enough to establish himself as rival to the popular playwright Christopher Marlowe by 1592. It is believed that Shakespeare wrote his earliest plays around 1589. *Twelfth Night*, written around 1601, is over a decade into Shakespeare's career as a successful London playwright.⁷

Oscar Brockett, noted theater historian, writes, “Shakespeare was by far the most comprehensive, sensitive, and dramatically effective playwright of his time.”⁸ While popular as both playwright and player, even a shareholder in the acting companies he worked for, Shakespeare experienced personal tragedy at home in Stratford. His only son Hamnet died in August of 1596 at age eleven. Whether Shakespeare heard of his son’s passing in time to make it home for the burial is unknown, and the degree to which Shakespeare mourned the loss of his son is often speculated. “Whether in the wake of Hamnet’s death Shakespeare was suicidal or serene, he threw himself into his work,” with a marked outpouring of some of his most popular works.⁹ Many scholars search for the autobiographical clues in Shakespeare’s plays and poems that hint at any feelings toward the loss of his son. I myself can’t help but wonder how this personal loss affects the world of *Twelfth Night*.

Death, loss, and sorrow is a motif in *Twelfth Night*, that I will discuss in the next chapter but it is worth questioning here if the author wasn’t somehow exorcising his own grief in the darkness that permeates this world that is somehow made right in the end. The world is one in which the children are fatherless quite deliberately, and both daughters (Viola and Olivia) have recently become brotherless as well. Viola mourns the loss of her twin in much the same way we imagine young Judith mourned the loss of her brother Hamnet. Do these fatherless daughters somehow reflect Shakespeare’s guilt over the girls he left at home? Has Shakespeare written apart of himself in the melancholy of Feste’s final moments onstage,

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

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
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.¹⁰

And does the depth he brings to his source material come from his own sense of loss?

Twelfth Night cites several narrative sources. *Gl' Ingannati*, the earliest of the source texts, was published in 1531 by the Academy of the Intronati at Siena. This Italian story spawned a number of translations and adaptations; Shakespeare most certainly calls upon Barnaby Riche's English language "Apolonius and Silla" from his prose adaptation *Farewell to Militarie Profession*, and Matteo Bandello's *Novelle*.¹¹ The extent to which Shakespeare knew or could read the Italian original is unknown; Shakespeare's main plot follows several details of *Gl' Ingannati*, and yet "the tone of *Gl' Ingannati*, with its bawdy jokes about nuns and old men, its sly, sardonic servants, and its farcical intrigues, is far from *Twelfth Night*'s mingled melancholy and delight."¹² Shakespeare was irreverent with the source materials, bending them to suit his needs. Of particular note is his seeming advent of the Malvolio character and plot line.¹³ Perhaps this was Shakespeare's own dig at those Puritans in London advocating for the close of the theaters. And perhaps with a play titled more for the time of year it was performed than for any setting indicated in the script, Shakespeare was asking just such a critic, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"¹⁴

The first recorded performance of *Twelfth Night* took place on February 2, 1602 at Middle Temple Hall, one of the four Inns of Court of London.¹⁵ There is speculation the play was written for and first appeared at court on January 6, 1601 (*Twelfth Night*) before

the Queen and her guest, Duke Orsino of Bracciano, but there is little scholarship to support this. The Elizabethan audiences recognize Twelfth Night as the Feast of the Epiphany, the final night of the Christmas celebration, a time for sanctioned role-playing and drunken revelry.¹⁶ The play is not itself about these early winter festivities, but with our heroine dressed as a boy (a boy playing a girl playing a boy in the theater of Shakespeare's time), Malvolio aiming to be the master, and even a little role-playing on Maria's part, Shakespeare does give us a world in need of order restoration.

With Shakespeare's clever reinvention of this tale, I feel he invites adaptation. In reframing this story, Shakespeare had little concern for historicity. Illyria, though a real place, was a mystery to his audience; a fantastical place that played upon the imagination. There was no thought of recreating Illyria onstage in Middle Temple, at court, or at the Globe Theater; costumes were contemporary Elizabethan dress and stage craft spare.¹⁷ In serving the playwright and his intention, fidelity to Elizabethan England is of no concern.

CHAPTER 3

ANALYSIS AND CONCEPTUALIZATION

Having read *Twelfth Night* several times before and having performed the roles of Maria and Toby, I was quite familiar with the text when I began my analysis. My work began with a cursory read to refresh the story details and see what stuck. In order to get free of my previous experiences of the play in production, I was interested in excavating more detail from the text through a number of rereads, noting my responses. I quickly identified the central conflict of the play as self-effacement, sacrifice, and compassion versus self-indulgence, greed, and narcissism. I felt a strong connection to Viola, positing her as the central character, and found myself heavily invested in her journey, finding resonance in her tale of loss, love, loneliness, duty, and sacrifice. I was drawn to her and how her actions affect the world of the play.

Following Dr. Olf's method for textual analysis, one of the early steps is to identify the essential circumstances of the play in three sentences. Following Olf's methodology, I came up with the following sentences: *Arriving on the coast of Illyria with the belief her twin brother Sebastian has drowned, a ship wrecked and orphaned Viola decides to disguise herself as a boy and work for the love-sick Duke Orsino. Wooing the mourning Countess Olivia on Orsino's behalf, Viola discovers that she is herself in love with the Duke and that Olivia has fallen for the boy Cesario, whom Viola has disguised herself as. Sirs Toby and Andrew along with Maria, Fabian, and Feste play a cruel prank on the puritan Malvolio, all-the-while unbeknownst to Viola, Sebastian, believing his sister also to be drown, and his rescuer Antonio, arrive in Illyria furthering confusions until Toby's instigating catches up to him and it is revealed that Olivia has*

actually married Sebastian believing him to be Cesario, and Cesario, who has won the affections of the Duke, is truly Viola.

Professor Gina Kaufmann's text analysis course offered a different approach to distilling the story. In Gina's class, we were asked to tell the story in one sentence. This method has become central to the way I work now, as it allows for directorial point of view and provides my collaborators with insight on what elements of the story I value most. My single sentence version is: *Twelfth Night is the story of Viola, a young woman who cracks apart a world of self-deceivers, and by inserting herself in their community inevitably mends it.* This is the sentence I provided my production team in the preproduction and design phases of our work.

A popular system of text analysis, like the one offered in David Rush's *A Student Guide to Play Analysis*, involves use of the Freytag Pyramid for graphing the time line of a standard well-made play. Using this system asks the reader to identify the inciting incident, the moment that disrupts the state of equilibrium in a play's sequence of events.¹⁸ Olf's methodology defines this moment as the point of attack and asks that the moment be identified as occurring early or late in the narrative material. Olf explains that this moment begins the dramatic action. *Twelfth Night* has an early point of attack, with the action starting when Viola arrives in Illyria in act one scene two. The narrative prior to Viola's entrance is all motivated exposition. While this feels like a very clinical approach to the text, David Ball presents terminology that resonates with me more viscerally.

Ball, in his text *Backwards and Forwards*, provides yet another way of discussing this point of attack. He describes this event as the intrusion, writing, "stasis is the status

quo that has existed in the play's world up through its beginning. Intrusion is something that upsets the status quo, causing or releasing forces that compose the play's conflict and progress. When the forces no longer conflict, new stasis is achieved and the play ends."¹⁹ Thinking of Viola's entrance as the intrusion was key in my understanding of the world of the play, and as I will discuss in later chapters the notion of stasis and intrusion was a guiding principle in a number of key decisions.

The text presents several aural patterns. The play is written in a combination of 40% blank verse, and 60% heightened rhetorical prose.²⁰ The verse provides a definitive rhythm and some solid clues to authorial intent. Certain characters are only allowed one type of speech. Malvolio, Maria, Toby, and Andrew only ever speak in prose. Viola seamlessly moves between prose and verse in much the same way she moves between Orsino and Olivia's courts. In several scenes we see an escalation from prose to verse as the emotional stakes are raised. Act two scene one, in which we learn that Sebastian has survived as we are introduced to him and Antonio, is entirely prose until the last five lines. Antonio, left alone onstage, proclaims "But come what may, I do adore thee so / That danger shall seem sport, and I will go,"²¹ ending the scene in not just verse, but with a rhymed couplet that is a clear indication of his heightened emotional state and justifies to me a romantic inclination on his part toward Sebastian whom he has only known three days. This is a direct parallel to Viola's rhymed couplet ending act one scene four. Left alone onstage after Orsino has asked her to woo Olivia for him by proxy she claims, "I'll do my best / Too woo your lady – yet a barful strife – / Whoe'er I woo myself would be his wife."²² These aural patterns require constant probing, and are ripe for decoding and interpretation.

The other distinct aural pattern is the music. I am very drawn to this element. On the page, Feste's lyrics follow a unique meter unlike the iambic verse but much stricter than prose. There are scholars with the goal of recovering, recreating, and recording the original music. I used *Shakespeare's Songbook* as a resource to get the sense of what the music would have sounded like under original production conditions, and while the music and instrumentation were not to my taste, the lyrics of Feste's songs were especially striking to me. When reading Feste's songs, my sensory response was the forlorn sound of blues being sung as Feste questions "what is love," reminds us "youth's a stuff will not endure," and sings of being "slain by a fair cruel maid."²³

It was the voices of Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, Billie Holiday, and Nina Simone that permeated every choice I made with *Twelfth Night*. Just like the popular blues motifs these women sing, *Twelfth Night* deals with the melancholy brought on by unrequited love, journey, separation, and loss. *Twelfth Night's* blues were my true point of entry into this world of over indulgence and make believe. "If music be the food of love, play on,"²⁴ are the first words spoken in what becomes a romantic comedy darkened by its own sense of blue, concerned with appetites, pain, and redemption. It seems that love unrequited (sometimes unannounced) is what gives the play forward momentum. When we meet each of our principal characters (Orsino, Viola, and Olivia), they are lovesick; the ladies are in fits of bereavement, and Orsino is pining for the love of Olivia.

Love is the strongest ideational motif in the play. The word love appears more than any other in the text. There is of course the romantic love that Orsino feels for Olivia and that Viola develops for Orsino; Olivia falls for Cesario, Antonio loves Sebastian, and Sebastian ends up enamored of Olivia. There are the unrequited lovers Sir Andrew and

Malvolio; and Maria begins the play having greater affection for Toby than he has for her. There is the love of servant to master, love of child to parent, sister to brother, self-love, and the love of love itself. Shakespeare is using love to examine both narcissism and self-sacrifice; how being patient in love can restore, while ambitious love is punished.

Key to this exploration is the Elizabethan sense of bodily humours. The humours were thought to be blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile, and a person's "health supposedly depended upon a proper balance among them. [. . . H]umours were seen as determinants of basic temperaments, and [. . .] eccentricities of behavior are attributed to the imbalance of humours."²⁵ These humours are married to the ideas of loss, sorrow, and madness in the play. It is the imbalance that Feste sings of, and that creates the chaotic world that needs restoration. Olivia's grief, Orsino's love sickness, and Malvolio's madness are all attributed to an imbalance in the humours. Malvolio shares with Olivia that he is, "Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs,"²⁶ directly referencing his own humours and in effect declaring that he is not sad or choleric though he is wearing yellow stockings. Orsino admires Olivia's grief, but believes his love can restore her humours to proper balance and bring out her finer qualities; he inquires, "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, / These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled / Her sweet perfections with one self king!"²⁷ Of course, Orsino, himself, is suffering from an improper balance of humors, given over to his love melancholy. Shakespeare manipulates this understanding of humours by setting several characters at extremes, and allowing a selfless brand of love, like that of Viola, be what sets the world to right.

Viola's selflessness is achieved through the loss of self. She and Sebastian both are subject to death and resurrection. We are told quite literally in the second scene of the play when Viola arrives in Illyria without Sebastian, that he is dead, "And what should I do in Illyria? / My brother, he is in Elysium."²⁸ We do not know he is living until the sixth scene of the play, after we have already seen Viola dressed as the boy Cesario. Sebastian is in effect resurrected, first in Cesario's likeness to him, then in actuality when he comes on stage. Viola must die to be reborn as Cesario, and Cesario must then die for Viola to be reborn, "Cesario, come. / For so you shall be, while you are a man."²⁹ Shakespeare is playing with this transference motif to point to a collective memory. Viola/Cesario and Sebastian share a past, a history, and (it is implied) a system of thoughts, manners, behavior, and speech. This notion of identity transference between the twins also creates gender malleability.

Another recurring ideational motif is communion. We see this most in the homosocial bonds in the play: Orsino and his lords at court, Antonio and Sebastian, and the most pronounced of these, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, often joined by Fabian. Where Toby is concerned, these bonds are formed while passing the bottle. Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are constantly in drink. "Let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! A stoup of wine,"³⁰ Toby calls out in celebration, and later declares, "I'll go burn some sack."³¹ Drink truly becomes the sacrament that elevates these friendships to a level of communion. Even when Maria attempts to warn Sir Toby of the ill match Andrew is for Olivia because, "he's drunk nightly in your company," Toby replies, "With drinking healths to my niece."³² Just as drink is used for comfort, consolation, and camaraderie, tensions between Malvolio and Toby are tested with this device.

Three months of fictive time is telescoped into two hours of stellar time. In act one scene four, the first time we see Viola as Cesario after she has arrived at Orsino's court, Valentine says to her, "He hath known you but three days,"³³ giving me reason to believe that these three days are from the time Viola arrives in Illyria and the Captain agrees to bring her to the Duke. There is little sense of the momentum of time in acts two, three, and four, but in act five scene one, when everything comes to a head, I discovered that three months time had in fact been covered. Antonio, mistaking Cesario for Sebastian announces to Orsino, "for three months before, / No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy, / Both day and night did we keep company."³⁴ Orsino, taking Antonio's declaration for a lie replies, "Three months this youth hath tended upon me."³⁵ This is the moment I know for certain the duration of Orsino's wooing of Olivia by proxy, Viola's silent pining for Orsino, and the time Toby has convinced Andrew to stay in town without result, and the time it takes to plot against and gull Malvolio.

I'm very interested in the audience as confidant. In the absence of the fourth wall, many characters talk directly to the audience, revealing their most urgent secrets, and sharing major discoveries. When in act one scene four, Viola says, "yet a barful strife – / Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife,"³⁶ she is talking directly to the audience confessing her love for Orsino. In act two scene two, when Viola delivers the famous ring speech, she is not reporting to the audience but reading their response as they help her arrive at her discovery, "I am the man."³⁷

Before order is restored, we must follow these journeys of misdirected yearning and be reminded, "Nothing that is so, is so."³⁸ Gender and identity are malleable. Viola is thought to be the boy Cesario, and Cesario and Sebastian are mistaken for one another on

many counts; Viola and Olivia have parallel suits of woe, and Orsino and Olivia are able to seamlessly transfer their affections when all is revealed. This malleability reinforces the notion that it is the appetite seeking satiation rather than the qualities of individuals that force the characters to fall in love. We have no reason to think Malvolio is in love with Olivia until he is duped into thinking she loves him. And while Orsino develops a deep affection for Viola (as Cesario), he continues his pursuit of Olivia in an effort to suppress his sexual curiosities. Once it is revealed that Viola is a woman, he discards any longings for Olivia (along with the disdain he feels toward her for rejecting him), and is satisfied with Viola. Olivia and Sebastian have even less time for courtship, and it is Viola's qualities that attract Olivia to Cesario. Are we to believe that Viola and Sebastian are so similar in nature that their individual traits, language, carriage, and presence can in all cases be exchanged one for the other? I love how Viola cracks apart this world of self-deceivers; when this gender bent protagonist's self-effacement disrupts the status quo, how do we understand romantic love? *Twelfth Night* reveals how in serving our imperfect humors—"what I want" (liver), "what I need" (brain), or "what I feel" (heart)—we make the choice: mask our loneliness, give ourselves over to it, or strike a balance between the two.

CHAPTER 4

ORGANIZATION AND PREPARATION

Major aspects of my work were handled in the preproduction phase. I worked in concert with the dramaturg, Megan McClain, to clarify my point of view and create the production script. I prepared sides for, and held auditions and callbacks. I made final casting decisions along with my assistant director, Luke Reed, who also composed and taught all the live music, and set all fight choreography. I selected the poster art, submitted director's notes, and was interviewed for the press release. All these things set the tone for how I would proceed with my collaborators and in the rehearsal room.

One of my most fruitful collaborations was with Megan, the dramaturg. Aside from Luke, and stage management, Megan was the other member of the team to sit in on auditions, callbacks, and spend several hours a week in rehearsal. At our initial meeting in the fall, Megan just listened with avid interest to my ideas. We met twice more to discuss and share ideas before ever meeting with the full group; she brought in a wealth of information for me to review in the protocol book she prepared. Megan's protocol was extensive and included her own "Mapping Existential Codes of Characters," along with a plot bead, historical and cultural information, criticism from scholars such as: James P. Driscoll, Karen Grief, Jean Howard, Valerie Traub, Yu Jin Ko, and James W. Stone. She also included inspirational and pictorial research, a snap shot of production history, and her suggestions for script cuts and edits.

I spent January break reading over Megan's protocol. This was a great tool for using the dramaturg as filter; Megan's casebook reflected back to me the materials she selected based on her understanding of the thoughts I shared. Her casebook helped me

know if I was being clear in articulating my vision. It was also over the break that I began preparing my “Director’s Statement” for Anna-Maria Goossens, the department’s Public Relations Director. This statement was made available online with a study guide prepared by Megan for our student matinee audience. Anna-Maria also allowed me to select the poster graphic, which is not something directors always have a say in. I looked through hundreds of photographs and couldn’t quite find the one that spoke to my production of *Twelfth Night*. During this time, Miguel Romero had been sharing his research images with me, and he was excited about using a number of steamer trunks as scenic elements. This inspired my thoughts on the poster art, and I found an image of a small chest washed ashore and thought it was a great photo to use (figure 1). I also took advantage of the time over break to prepare the casting breakdown and submit it to our production manager, Julie Fife, as auditions were scheduled for the week following our return to campus.



Figure 1: Poster graphic for *Twelfth Night*

Megan was charged with the assignment, by her advisor from the dramaturgy faculty, Chris Baker, to prepare a chart of potential script edits. My goal for cutting the script was to streamline the narrative, distilling the subplot and really focusing on the main plot: the relationships between Viola, Orsino, and Olivia. Megan and I were both

concerned with limiting the antiquated jokes, puns and wordplay that have fallen out of use and may not land on a contemporary audience. Also, it was honestly important to me that the run time of the show came pretty close to two hours. With these factors in mind, and her chart of suggestions, Megan and I met to cut and develop the production script. The result of this cut created a shift in the prose to verse ratio, creating a more deliberate 50/50. It also gave Viola the most lines in the play (when the play remains uncut, Sir Toby has the most).

Casting is 90% of the director's job, at least that's how the adage goes, and by closing night of a show, I always believe it's true. I had to make some difficult casting choices with *Twelfth Night*, but firmly stand behind each one. While every casting choice was important, for me casting Viola was the key to all other casting decisions. Viola is the most pivotal character in this world, she has the most agency and must be cast with care; I would need a strong and sensitive actor in the role. I was certainly going to cast Viola before casting Sebastian, meaning the actor to play this twin would be defined by choice of Viola. The musical element was critical for me, and I knew I needed singers and live musicians. The music is the play is only as strong as the cast that gives it life. I knew going into auditions that I wanted a strong musical duo to play Feste and Fabian. I was certain this should be a female/male team. I had concerns about young actors playing Sir Toby and Malvolio, and knew I would need fearless physical actors to pull these roles off. I auditioned over 70 actors on January 24 and 25, 2011, and asked to see 31 of them at callbacks.

As a director, I like it best when an actor makes bold choices that announce she is simply the right choice for a particular role. For *Twelfth Night* callbacks, I prepared nine

sides, excerpts from the following: act one scenes three and five, act two scenes one, three, and four, act three scene four, and act four scenes one and two. I had several options for most roles, and was relieved to find that I had a number of vocalist and acoustic musicians to choose from. I began to get nervous because, though highly organized, callbacks were running over the allotted time. I wanted to be sure I read everyone for the roles I called them back for, and I was interested in seeing particular combinations of people read together. A number of the actors were needed at other rehearsals, which meant I had others waiting while I saw those with conflicts read first. Moving as quickly as we could, Luke and I tried to give each actor at least one adjustment to see how responses to specific direction. As the night went on, I saw Brittany Costa and Andrew Ferlo read act two scene four together as Viola and Orsino. Their chemistry, choices, and interpretations convinced me that I found my Viola and Orsino. Among other key roles to be cast were Feste and Fabian because they had to be a singing duo. Once that happened, the rest fell into place.

Knowing how I would cast Orsino and Viola allowed me to narrow down my finalist for other roles. With Brittany as Viola, I felt I only had one other option for a female Feste, Concetta Russo. From there it was like a domino effect; Troy Pepicelli's Fabian was the perfect compliment to Connie's Feste, Kate Hare was the stand out Olivia, Duncan Grossman's Toby made perfect sense, etc. At midnight, frightened that I would be kicked out of grad school for running so late, we ended callbacks having seen everyone. Luke, Megan, and I spent a little time discussing our impressions; they shared their ideal casts with me and I went home to prepare my ideal cast list. The final step was to have a casting meeting with Kara-Lynn Vaeni who was directing another show casting

from the same pool of actors. Our meeting was quick and painless, both walking away with casts that we were thrilled with (figure 2). With casting done, I had a month before rehearsals started to finalize the design and prepare for work in the rehearsal room.

**TWELFTH NIGHT
CAST LIST**

**ORSINO
ANDREW FERLO**

**VIOLA
BRITTANY COSTA**

**SEBASTIAN
CLAY LUOPA**

**FESTE
CONCETTA RUSSO**

**AGUECHEEK
DANIEL KADISH**

**TOBY
DUNCAN GROSSMAN**

**MALVOLIO
GREGORY BOOVER**

**LORD/SAILOR/SERVANT/PRIEST
JIMMY VIDAL**

**SEA CAPTAIN/FIRST OFFICER
JONATHAN REMMERS**

**MARIA
JULIA PIKER**

**OLIVIA
KATE HARE**

**VALENTINE/SECOND OFFICER
MATT BROOKS**

**CURIO
MONICA GIORDANO**

**ANTONIO
SAM PERRY**

**FABIAN
TROY PEPICELLI**

Figure 2: *Twelfth Night* final cast list

CHAPTER 5

WORKING WITH COLLABORATORS

The first thought after such in-depth analysis was how does any of this work in production? Does any of this translate to the stage, and if so, how? Will Feste sing the blues? How can the music work as a storytelling device? I was full of questions about how to bring *Twelfth Night*, a play that is well over four hundred years old and has received countless production treatments, to the stage in a way that was uniquely my own. Fortunately, I had a number of collaborators to discuss and find creative solutions with.

One of the first concerns that came up was historicity; when would we set the play. It is important to remember that historicity was not a concern of Shakespeare's. His entire canon is adaptation, and it seems, almost as an artistic mission, his concern was the accessibility of these older stories through contemporary staging. I was not concerned that doing a non-Elizabethan staging would violate authorial intent, and setting the play in any time period begs the question why. So I looked to the strongest of the motifs to help answer that question.

The idea of humours, especially that of melancholy was a strong guiding force, and as mentioned in the previous chapter, for me *Twelfth Night* was a blues song. My initial impulse was to set the play in the early twentieth century, the 1920s more specifically. As I tossed this idea around in my head, I came up with other supporting reasons for this setting. In May of 2010, I sent an email to my collaborators sharing some of these early impulses; this email, sparked many design conversations:

I am strongly considering setting the show in the early 1920s. Here is why:
1. The music of the period, "the jazz age," excites me. Music really is a

character in this play, especially if we are to believe it is "the food of love," and all of our characters have an appetite for it.

2. In this period we see a lot of social development for women. They win the right to vote, they make bold fashion choices, androgyny (which is an idea in the play) is very prevalent. We see a lot of progress, but would still recognize a need for a woman to disguise herself as a man to gain certain privileges and have access to certain persons.

3. Prohibition. The illegal manufacture and consumption of alcohol can add a richness to the sub-plot involving Toby Belch and company. Also heightening the tension between this crew and Malvolio.

4. Art Deco

5. An openness toward and about homosexuality and homoeroticism (which is another motif in the play)³⁹

Not all of my collaborators were immediately on board, but I could not get the idea of Ma Rainey or Bessie Smith's sound out of my head. Fortunately I found an ally in Erin Amelia White, the costume designer, who was beyond enthusiastic about this period and silhouette, and presented a very faithful 1920s design (figure 3). The production team and I parted ways for the summer, each with our own task of finding a way into *Twelfth Night*. While we stepped away from the conversation over the summer, I began to really question my own instincts.



Figure 3: An original pencil sketch of *Twelfth Night* costume, design by Erin Amelia White

Upon our return to campus in the fall, I announced that I was still interested in setting the production in the 1920s. Miguel Romero, the scenic designer, was not entirely on board. I am not sure that we ever won him over, but we did find a common ground. I decided that my reasons for wanting to set the play in the 1920s continued to excite me, and I would pursue them. Maybe if I had Gil in my ear back then telling me to “hold the vision,” I wouldn’t have second-guessed myself most of the summer. However, coming to it on my own, after much thought and self-reflection made my commitment to the production, my personal aesthetic, and my passion for the work much stronger. *Twelfth Night* is a musical play, a blues play, and even if it weren’t set in the 1920s, the sonic world of the play was going to be informed by my experience and taste. Once I had this realization (while sitting in a pub in Edinburgh, Scotland, having just seen a hip-hop adaptation of Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer’s Night Dream*, performed by black Londoners), I felt confident that an early jazz era would serve the blues motif.

Where Miguel and I agreed immediately was how the audience should be brought into the action. We know that *Twelfth Night* was written for a playing space with audience on three sides, and the play is full of moments when characters speak directly to the audience with no regard for a fourth wall. We agreed that we wanted to extend the apron right up to the front row of seats, creating a thrust stage, and whatever sense of intimacy we could in the large Rand Theater. My personal philosophy is that Shakespeare can be deadly on a proscenium stage. Specifically in this case, when a third or more of our expected audience is comprised of college students who may have an aversion to the language, I did not want to alienate them any further by recessing the action of the play.

Miguel and I also discussed Shakespeare's stagecraft and the conventions of staging and scenic design that he most likely employed. I felt that in keeping with the nimbleness of the text, I wasn't interested in furniture or a realistic interior. I was hoping for a neutral playing space that we could endow with location through action. I had divided the play into three locations, Olivia's court, Orsino's court, and the liminal space between the two. I knew I wasn't interested in set changes, and that for the most part, the settings could be exterior. I identified the action imperatives as multiple levels, places to sit, and multiple entrances and exits. It is my preference to use as few lateral entrances as possible and to make use of the house when ever possible. We discussed strategies that would enable these imperatives: steamer trunks for sitting, standing, prop storage and retrieval; an elevated platform deck, and ramps for entrances and exits through the vomitoria. Miguel provided me with at least five rough sketches of options for the production. He and I discussed which elements from each we were most drawn to, and together in the empty Rand Theater mapped out a rough rendering and ground plan of what excited us. Miguel and I presented this drawing at our next team meeting.

At our next meeting (which happened over the winter break), all the members of the team presented visual or aural research and shared scholarship on the play. Miguel became interested in the ways in which the set could support the ideas of self-deception. Miguel was also inspired by the paintings of Jean-Antoine Watteau, a seventeenth and eighteenth century French painter. He presented a white model (figure 4) based on Watteau paintings that reflected Illyria as a "sham." Miguel's idea was that Illyria is a blatant two-dimensional world and that its inhabitants are willing participants. We discussed how we could blend the 1920s with the settings in the paintings. We agreed

that the Watteau garden and pastoral settings were timeless, and could capture the garden and orchard indications in the text. With Erin using colors from the garments worn in the paintings to determine her color palette, we felt that these ideas actually spoke to each other very well.

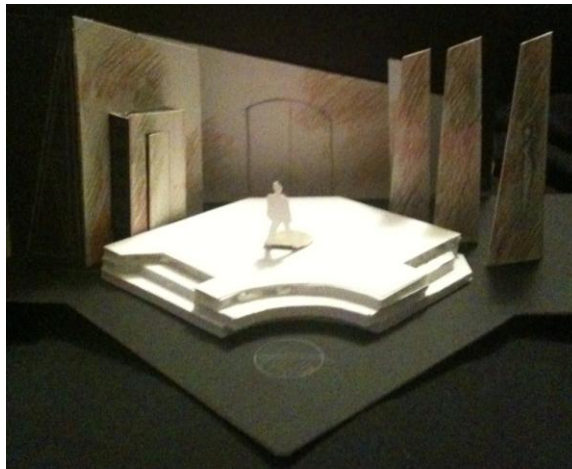


Figure 4: Miguel Romero's initial white model

Another striking feature of the set, maybe the most striking, was the ship wreckage upstage center. This was born out of conversations in which I insisted that Viola had to pierce the space. Her entrance into this world had to be marked and special; she is the intrusion in this world, and I want to visually literalize that metaphor. Miguel similarly felt that the one thing that “happens” in the play was the shipwreck, so though not a functional scenic element in terms of staging, its prominence was to remind us that Viola is (as with her interchangeable twin Sebastian) not of Illyria. There is a world beyond Illyria, the real world, and not the false self-constructed and self-gratifying Illyria. Viola's entrance from that world into Illyria was a defining moment in the play, and we wanted to support that in our design choices.

The architecture of the Rand Theater doesn't offer a lot of options for lighting positions when extending the apron. Jessica Greenberg, our lighting designer, expressed her concerns about these limitations but had a willingness to support this design choice. She presented strong lighting research to support our 1920s setting. We agreed on a gesture of strong backlight, and geometric alleys of light. With the set being static, Jess wanted to use lighting to set location as much as possible and create motifs for each general space (Orsino's, Olivia's, liminal). As the staging, scenic and sound designs of the show developed she found inspiration for additional looks so that we arrived at a lighting design that really added dimension and layers to the costumes and sets. We used lighting to establish time of day when appropriate, and to add some richness to the musical numbers. Jess' design was instrumental in setting the mood as well, and along with the sound design gave the production texture.

As I stated, my point of entry into this play was music; I saw music as a character in this play and a critical element to the story telling. Here is where I discuss the notion of solicitation of support. In April 2010, when I was first assigned this show, I immediately went to Julie Fife, production manager, and Penny Remsen, department chair, and stated that I wanted original music and would need a composer. At that time no other design decisions had been made, so I didn't know what kind or genre of music, I just knew that I wanted original music. Penny, knowing how strongly I felt about this aspect of the production, hired guest artist and department alum, Nick Keenan.

Nick is a Chicago based sound designer and would work remotely on *Twelfth Night*. Nick and I began our conversations in October of 2010 with a discussion of jazz and the blues. He helped me clarify my musical intentions by providing several examples

of different styles of blues and jazz. He provided both music from the 1920s, but also from outside the 1920s to help me really locate the quality I was going for. Nick created a podcast to share with the production team so we could all be on the same page with the sonic culture of the show. Nick and I discussed how live music would be incorporated into the show, especially how this would relate to casting actors who could double as musicians. Nick is an electronic composer who is extremely knowledgeable about music, but he is not a musician. To really capture the full musical experience I was going for, I needed someone who could compose instrumentation and teach it to the actors. Luke Reed, my assistant director, had just the skill set we needed, and he agreed to take on the roles of composer and music director.

Luke and I listened to Nick's research together and then Luke went off on his own to follow his own inspirations. Luke's compositions were a highlight of the production and truly supported my vision the production. The trajectory of the live music supported Feste's character arc, and punctuated the dark undercurrents of the play.

When Nick arrived on campus for tech, he worked quickly and efficiently to build a sonic world that supported the live music, and he provided ambient and incidental sound. He worked very closely with Jess and me in tech to build the transitions that were so key in achieving our goal of nimbleness. Having Nick and Luke on board seemed the biggest show of "buy in" I could imagine. Penny allocated department resources to hire a professional guest artist in support of my vision, and Luke agreed to promotion without any compensation.

We arrived at a production that in many ways was an abstraction of the 1920s. Nick and Erin's designs gave us the very broad stroke of period. Miguel's design and

Luke's compositions pushed the boundaries and explored what may be considered timeless, while Jess used lights as the glue to get everything working in concert. It was certainly an imperfect process with hurdles and hiccups, but the result was a reflection of thoughtful collaboration from a team of creative problem solvers that I was honored to be a part of.

CHAPTER 6

ACTION AND STORYTELLING

Twelfth Night began rehearsals on February 28, 2011. At our first rehearsal I discussed my vision for the show; Erin White presented her costume designs and I presented the scenic model. I always like to start this way, because it brings the world of the play into the room, enabling the actors to learn how I see the environment and their characters. I believed this also allowed them to visualize as we read the play aloud, so right away we are all on the same page about the show's container. I don't imagine this to be unique to my process, in fact every director I have assisted has begun this way.

Following the read through, the company was divided in to three groups of five and each group was asked to perform a five-minute *Twelfth Night*. The groups were given a half-hour to develop this and they were all extremely creative in their approaches to staging five-person, five-minute versions of the play. In these early rehearsals I like to create a balance between time spent at the table, and time on our feet. We ended the night with a rousing game of hand ninja,⁴⁰ and each actor was asked to develop two sentences over night to share at the next rehearsal. The first sentence is the same exercise I did for myself as part of my text analysis: a restatement of the story beginning, "this is the story of." The second sentence asks the actors to again restate the story beginning, "this is the story of," but this time the actors are to put their character at the center of the story. For example, *Twelfth Night* is the story of Fabian who is tired of singing backup to Feste and just wants to be one of the boys. I tried this same exercise for the first time with my cast for *The Tempest* (which I directed the Summer of 2010 after learning the method in Gina's text analysis class), and found it a great way to keep the given circumstances of

character at the forefront of the actors' mind, and a way to begin objective work with the actors. No director I have assisted or acted for has done this in the first week of rehearsals. I'd like to think this is unique to my approach, but since it is not often a director gets to observe another director's work, I don't know if other directors are using this technique.

The second rehearsal was spent sharing our sentences and reading the play aloud again. At this second read, we stopped numerous times to ensure that everyone understood what we were reading. This involved questions of meaning, pronunciation, and sentence level comprehension. We spent time reviewing the actor packet composed by Megan, dramaturg, and listening to the podcast created by Nick, sound designer. We talked through the show, covering themes, language, period, and other questions and concerns that aroused. These first two rehearsals set the tone for how we would proceed. My style is very collaborative and laid back; I have a way of paraphrasing and explaining the text that is rooted in my own slang, I crack a lot of jokes. My goal is to keep the room positive, and allow everyone to feel like they are creatively contributing to the process. I want everyone to feel heard.

I don't regularly pre-block a show, and in fact, I set staging as late as time allows. Although I had a very clear vision for the show, I did not come in with it choreographed. I am slow to rise in that regard, so I gave the actors freedom to explore and try lots of different things. I got a lot of inspiration from their work. Our first pass through the script on our feet was not about blocking or staging at all, it was about discovering the story kinesthetically. Working each scene by itself, I incorporated a number of different exercises; all the actors had to first paraphrase their scenes to ensure that they truly

understood what was happening and what they were saying. Each scene had its own needs, and I did not approach these early rehearsals with a formula, but rather gauged the room each night for what would be most effective. We improvised several scenes, for example, we rehearsed Viola's first entrance, act one scene two, with the sailor carrying her on although I already knew I wanted her to enter alone. We did several improvs with Orsino and his entourage because, though Valentine, Curio, and the other Lord have few lines in the text, these relationships, and the onstage dynamics of these characters together were important to develop. Improv seemed the best way to support the relationship building that needed to occur. With Sir Toby, Andrew, Maria, Fabian and Malvolio scenes, I knew the physical humor was critical. We spent time using songs from Nick's podcast to dance the scenes in several styles, including ballet. We did this without the text so that the story of the scene was told through movement alone.

As we began a second round through the play, I began laying out entrances and exits for the actors, still leaving them the freedom to explore within the scenes. We made our way through the play just in time for spring break to send us on our separate ways. Following our return from spring break, I felt under a lot of pressure to pull the show together for the first design run. No blocking was set, we hadn't begun working on the music or fight choreography, and all we had were entrances, exits, and a theoretical sense of the stage layout. I began to think I was in over my head, and that there simply was not enough time to focus on everything, but instead of allowing the feeling of being overwhelmed cause me to give up, be depressed, or hideout, every night I showed up to rehearsal ready to try anything. The challenge and life saving grace of the theater is that it requires me to be present in a room working with others no matter how discouraged I am

feeling. Theater has always forced me to show up, so that is what I did.

I had gotten a number of discouraging notes following the first run on April 1. The ones I valued I began tackling. The main note was that the action was not clear. This told me that it was time to get specific with the blocking and to revisit relationships and objectives with the actors. We continued our exploration of the space while setting specific blocking moments and all fights and stage violence. Two scenes in particular, act one scene one, and act one scene two, were of the utmost importance to me because they introduce the world of the play, provide all the narrative back-story, propel us forward into the action, and set up the conflict to come. If I didn't grab the audience within these first two scenes, it would be increasingly difficult to get their buy in later.

To remind you, stasis and intrusion was a huge concept for me. Because of my strong sense of Viola as the central character and the agent for change in this world, I wanted her entrance to be marked. Part of making Viola's entrance, the intrusion, clear and special, means equal clarity in the stasis. If you'll recall, I discussed the stasis as being a world of self-indulgent, self-deceivers. Act one scene one opens the play; the love sick Orsino calling for music, in this production nursing a brandy, and then his man enters with news of Olivia's seven years of mourning and refusal to entertain Orsino's romantic suit. While the exposition provides all the needed information about Olivia's condition, I felt it important to have the visual introduction of both Orsino and Olivia before meeting Viola. This juxtaposition frames Viola's conflict throughout the play. To achieve my desired intent, I added Olivia to the opening scene (figure 5).



Figure 5: Act I Scene 1, Valentine “But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk”
 Foreground L-R: Valentine (Matt Brooks), Orsino (Andrew Ferlo), Curio (Monica Giordano)
 Background: Maria (Julia Piker) and Olivia (Kate Hare)

The second moment in these opening scenes that required my immediate attention was Viola’s entrance. Her entrance at the top of act one scene two was a moment that I knew would require a lot of attention during our technical rehearsals. I wanted the actor on board with the weight of the moment so that she would be prepared when we added in the technical layers. Viola would be the only character to ever make an entrance from up center; she would pierce the space in a way that was unique to her character. Viola would also literally enter the world in a metatheatrical gesture by breaking the convention of the enclosed environment established by the scrim; Viola would enter from the shipwreck and sea (figure 6).

Another goal for me, and a particular challenge, was to try and avoid giving result oriented direction to the actors. Of course I had very specific results in mind, but I did not want to dictate behavior or emotional outcomes.



Figure 6: Act I Scene 2, Viola's entrance
Viola (Brittany Costa)

To use a specific example, I knew I wanted Olivia to make a drastic change from the stern lady in mourning who refused all access to her person, to a giddy and seductive woman after her first encounter with Cesario. With Kate Hare, who played Olivia, I incorporated some Laban movement work.⁴¹ I asked Kate to start the show with very heavy and direct qualities of movement and speech, and with each meeting with Cesario become progressively more light and indirect. In my effort to not direct behavior, I found this an excellent tool. I was able to avoid telling her to play giddy. A second example is with Andrew Ferlo who played Orsino. I felt that Orsino had bipolar tendencies brought on by his love melancholy. Bipolar was not a word that worked with Andy; he associated this with crazy and he didn't want to play the character as crazy. Using the Laban tools, I asked him to start the show more indirect, and with each encounter with Cesario become more direct. These ideas of the characters were intentionally reinforced by costumes. Olivia appears in lengthy black mourning robes prior to meeting Cesario, but after their meeting, she wears a short dress with hints of color; we see Orsino undone at the top of

the show, and as Cesario impacts his life, he becomes more put together.

Several company members were in Professor Julie Nelson's clowning class, and we brought those techniques into the room in the work of Sir Toby (Duncan Grossman), Sir Andrew (Daniel Kadish), Feste (Connie Russo), and Fabian (Troy Pepicelli). It became quite common for someone to yell out "look at us," reminding the actors that there was no fourth wall. Each time one of these characters looked out to the audience, it brought the scene to life. We worked on the direct address of a number of characters, and often rehearsed these moments in a call-and-response manner with me yelling from the house "mmm hmmm," or "for real?" This worked especially well with Viola's "I left no ring with her"⁴² speech, and in fact during one performance a black woman in the audience, quite audibly, said "mmm hmmm," and Brittany and I were thrilled. By the next design run, I experienced a complete one hundred eighty degree turn around. I felt we had a show, one with the potential to be really great.

There was a particular moment in the show that became of great importance to me. I decided that Orsino and Cesario should share a kiss in act two scene four when he sends Cesario off again to woo Olivia (figure 7); I knew that this was a spark for debate. I was concerned very early on (from the time I was assigned the play), with the ending and the notion of identity transference. Orsino doesn't get Olivia who he has been pursuing the entirety of the play, and Olivia is content that she has married Sebastian, whom she just met. The idea seems to be that Sebastian and Viola have all the same qualities and that, similarly, Viola is a suitable consolation prize once Olivia is lost. It was important to me that Viola not be the convenient choice; I wanted to explore the idea that Viola and Orsino were truly in love, that Orsino had fallen in love with Viola in the guise of

Cesario. This asked the question, what does gender have to do with romantic love? For me in this case, what kept Orsino in pursuit of Olivia though he was developing feelings for Cesario was a hetero-normative social construct. I got a lot of feedback about this moment, some solicited, and some volunteered. I was very married to keeping the kiss but I wanted to try and be objective about it. There was a point when I was going to cut it, but the actors (Andy and Brittany) and I agreed that it was important to show that Orsino and Viola already had a strong bond and romantic connection so that their union in the end has a greater impact. This is also why I wanted a second kiss in act five while Viola was still costumed as Cesario (figure 8), supporting that Orsino has fallen in love with her qualities rather than her gender when he says, “Cesario, com – / 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.”⁴³



Figure 7: Act II Scene 4 “
Orsino (Andrew Ferlo) and Cesario/Viola (Brittany Costa)



Figure 8: Act V Scene 1

L-R: Priest (Jimmy Vidal), Orsino (Andrew Ferlo), Viola (Brittany Costa), Curio (Monica Giordano), Officer (Matt Brooks), Fabian (Troy Pepicelli), Feste (Concetta Russo), Olivia (Kate Hare), Sebastian (Clayton Luopa), Officer (Johnathan Remmers), Toby (Duncan Grossman), Maria (Julia Piker), Andrew (Daniel Kadish)

The week before technical rehearsal began we had to move out of the space so the set load in could happen. It is a luxury at UMass that we are able to rehearse in the theater for several weeks before opening, and moving out of the theater after setting the show felt detrimental. I attempted working and running scenes, but it felt fruitless, so our time was best spent on going back to basics. I opted to use this time for additional character work. I revisited movement exercises, text work, and improv. Flocking, a technique used by Anne Bogart in her viewpoints work,⁴⁴ became a great tool for exploring movement and relationships. Essentially a large game of follow the leader with the actors in a cluster formation that allows for one person to remain at the point at all times, I asked the actors to align themselves with Orsino's court or Olivia's court and started by flocking in those two groups. I then distilled the groups down further, and reassigned groups, allowing different combinations of people to form kinesthetic relationships, often with multiple groupings flocking simultaneously. Sebastian and Viola flocked together, I had a group

called the lonely-hearts club comprised of the characters whose love goes unrequited; the actors flocked according to character status, fools, clowns, servants, lords, etc. Again we used music from Nick's podcast, but I also let the actors pick music according to their characters' taste. These series of flocking exercises helped actors to make decisions about their characters' identity, how their character might self identify; were they a lover, a fighter, lonely, a twin, a daughter, a son, in love, etc. I also used this time spent in the Upper Rand Studio to allow the actors to discuss their goals and needs.

My loose staging techniques made moving back into the theater for spacing an easy transition. We discovered what the set was concretely able to support and eliminated the theoretical ideas that could not be put into practice. No one was discouraged that they had to toss a moment or idea due to the limitations of the set, because I was constantly asking the actors to explore other choices. Following our final design run, we moved into technical rehearsals. *Twelfth Night* was my first UMass production for which I was not ready for tech. For each of my other productions I felt that we were ready to meet the technical elements of the show, and with *Twelfth Night*, I greedily wanted more rehearsal time, but I discovered over the course of those technical and dress rehearsals that the cast was ready to rise to the challenge. *Twelfth Night* tech was one of the smoothest, productive, and positive techs I experienced in my time at UMass.

Most of our time in tech was devoted to working the transitions. I directed the play to be extremely fluid with each scene yielding to the next, so we had to spend time looking at where we wanted to add breath or pause and buttons. Nick, Jess, and I developed a real short hand with another and were just about always on the same page with our intentions. The limited movement of the scenic elements, no moving set pieces

or changes other than a blackout drop that flew out once and the use of the elevator, we were able to devote substantial time to refining the cuing and looking closely at the tops and tails of scenes. By final dress I felt the show was ready for an audience.

In my role as director, I had to participate in several audience-centered events. I was invited to discuss my production of *Twelfth Night* in Chris Baker's Theater 100 course. In a question and answer session moderated by Megan, the production dramaturg, I spoke to a group of three hundred undergraduate students who were all required to read the play and see the production. The goal of this session was to prepare them for their experience in the theater. This course typically provides one third of our audience base. Many of them are not regular theatergoers and the course is designed to broaden their thinking, cultivate an appreciation for theater, and above all develop their critical thinking and writing skills. I was nervous, because I assumed they would be uninterested in what I had to say. While this was true of many in the group, there were a concentrated few that asked insightful questions about the play and what they could expect to see in my production.

Similar to my Theater 100 course visit, I participated in two post-show question and answer sessions, also moderated by Megan. The first was following our student matinee and the second on closing night. The difference here was that the questioners had seen the show and could speak of their immediate responses. The high school group had particular questions for the actors about learning lines and how the fights were developed, while the closing night audience was interested in the treatment of Malvolio, the development of the live music, and the female Feste. All three of these events provided the opportunity for me to articulate my vision for the show. Especially in responding to

questions of those who had seen the production, I learned about what moments audiences were really responding to, and which moments were less clear. I am one who prefers to not discuss my work, so these opportunities are a welcome challenge for me, allowing me to develop skills necessary to articulate my process.

The fourth event was dinner with the College of Humanities and Fine Arts advisory board. Jess, the lighting designer, and I were encouraged to go as the guests of honor by Penny Remsen, department chair. Again as someone who is modest in discussing my work, I felt a little on display. Another fine challenge for a director; I was the ambassador not just for the production, but for the department, and these are the types of functions I want to learn to be comfortable at so that I can be active in raising the funds to get my work produced. Our hosts were gracious and had insightful questions about the production they were to see that evening. We talked about jazz and the 1920s, as I tried once again to articulate my vision for the show.

Following the opening night performance, Gil offered a toast reminding us all that theater is miraculous. As I was congratulated in the lobby by friends and strangers alike, Gil's parabolic wit stayed with me. He referred to theater as a "common miracle," one that we had performed in the theater that night. *Twelfth Night* had brought a community together; but long before opening, *Twelfth Night* had created a community. My collaborators and I from the very being were forming a community, a show family, dedicated to the goal of telling a good story. That a playwright who's been dead for nearly four hundred years, me, wealthy friends of the university, and a Theater 100 student experiencing her first live play can come together on one night to share a story is a welcome miracle.

CHAPTER 7

CONCLUSION: MEASUREMENT

Measurement is the last component of the *Directing Benchmarks*, a protocol for evaluating if “reasonable progress toward the goal of the program is being made.” While this thesis is specifically presented as the measurement of my work on *Twelfth Night*, it also represents the accumulation of my training in pursuit of mastery. There is a theory that it takes ten thousand hours of intentional practice to master anything.⁴⁵ Graduate school certainly brought me further on the journey, and *Twelfth Night* reflects that.

When *Twelfth Night* opened on April 21, 2011, I was immensely proud. I had been feeling under a lot of pressure working on *Twelfth Night*, self imposed I’ll admit, but I wanted so desperately to show that I could handle Shakespeare. It seems that everyone comes to Shakespeare with some baggage; maybe someone had an experience like me in middle or high school and never developed and appreciation for it, or someone has seen a number of great or even really bad productions that have shaped the ability to receive the play anew, or maybe someone in the audience was in a production and has a bias in that regard. I had feelings of fear and doubt, concerned about how the production would be received by my faculty, peers, and the theater community at UMass Amherst. Not even my prior success with shows like *Little Shop* and *Spelling Bee* gave me confidence. But we, the actors and I, designers, and crew, had done the hard work of bringing the show together for an audience, and those feelings of doubt could not negate my strong sense of accomplishment and pride.

I watched each performance, studying my own directing. Criticizing that which to me felt elementary, making mental notes of what I would change, what was not working,

and of course, celebrating the moments I loved. I continued to give notes to the actors following the first two performances but after that point felt it was important for them to own the show, find the rhythm that worked, and let it grow with an audience. I often find it difficult to sit with an audience and watch my work; the coughing fits, glow from cell phones, yawns, and fidgets make me anxious, but I could not tear myself away from even one performance. I am obsessed with understanding what makes classic plays work (or not work), and I am still learning how to direct comedy.

Overall, the responses I got to the show were favorable. Most of the faculty and graduate students gathered on May 5, 2011 for a post-production review of *Twelfth Night*. Gil moderated the review following Liz Lerman's critical response process. Lerman's methodology has four components, statements of meaning, artists' questions, neutral questions from responders, and statements of opinion. I found this session very informative in assessing how close the production team and I came to bringing our ideas to fruition and manifesting them on the stage.

In distilling the statements of meaning I found remarkable affirmation. Chris Baker, dramaturgy faculty, shared that he found Viola's initial entrance in act one scene two "evocative," and a memorable moment that he very much appreciated. As discussed before, this was a crucial moment for me in the play and was given a lot of thought and consideration by the design team and me. Gil and others also discussed the success of this particular moment of the play. Another moment that was discussed was the kiss between Duke Orsino and Cesario in act two scene four. As previously mentioned, this was a moment that I wrestled with the entire rehearsal process so to hear from Harley Erdman, graduate program director, and Chris Baker that they appreciated this moment and the

unambiguous choice to play the homosexual themes throughout, made me glad that I had the courage to not shy away from the controversial choice.

Gil, who was admittedly skeptical of my vision for the show, conceded to being moved and emotionally affected by the production. For Gil this came from the “accumulative value and meaning” that I brought to the show. Others shared their emotional journeys as well. Gina found joy in the music and its progression, and she experienced a great deal of clarity in relationships. Harley found the final moment as Feste exits the stage very moving. Penny spoke to the quality of performances and shared that she felt the actors really understood what they were saying. Harley concluded the statements of meaning by reminding us that it was a tribute to the production that on the second Friday, thirty or so audience members stayed after a two and a half hour production for the post-show discussion with Shakespeare Scholar and English Professor, Adam Zucker. While Zucker is a charismatic speaker, Harley says that people cared enough about the production to stay and hear Zucker’s response.

These statements of meaning were very helpful in learning what worked in production, and even more was gained by learning what didn’t work or was unclear in the neutral questions and statements of opinion segments of the review. There was a general concern about setting; Emily Dennison, MFA dramaturgy candidate, stated that she didn’t get a real sense of region or setting, while Harley’s question was about what the dark ominous world beyond the flats was. This helped me understand that maybe our concept of Illyria as a two dimensional sham was not clear enough, and that maybe we could have done something more to push the idea further. Positive comments were made about the use of the elevator cell for Malvolio in act four scene two.

As discussed, the act two scene four kiss between Orsino and Cesario was a point of contention. June Gaeke, costume design faculty, said the kiss shocked and confused her, leaving her feeling that Orsion was either a child molester or already suspicious that Cesario was in disguise; neither of which were the intended effect of the kiss. Megan responded that she felt the kiss allowed us to explore some themes more fully. Another debatable choice was Feste as a woman. Harley called it very intriguing and Gil said that he was not convinced it would work. For Jessica the problem with Feste wasn't gender, but that her vocal quality didn't scream the jazz and blues that I based my concept on. Gil resolved that the concept was brilliantly arrived at, but would need a different cast to have the full impact. Obviously, this is not something that I could have done anything about. The talent pool was what it was, and I honestly felt like I made professional casting decisions based on the level of talent in the department. A different cast would ultimately mean a different show.

The most encouraging and heartbreaking lesson that came from the post-production review was hearing from Gil and Harley that I need to have the courage to go deeper in my work. I felt encouraged by Harley's assessment of my concept as intriguing and original. He was interested in my exploration of the darker tones of the play, and the sense of blues, saying he loved the moments that followed through on that seriousness. Gil felt similarly that, while the show was successful, it could have been more powerful and poignant had I found the dark side of the music. It was heartbreaking to hear Harley say he wanted fewer cheap laughs, because I hate camp and feel like I never play for laughs. His comment was the only thing that I was taken aback by because it wasn't something I experienced watching the show. There were very few criticisms, but the ones

we did get I was prepared for because the production team and I had made a thoughtful choice with consideration for the counter position.

When given the opportunity to ask my own questions of the responders, I declined. I felt very strongly that for me to pose questions was an egocentric academic exercise. This may be something I need to work on or reconsider, but as of this writing, I have not changed my position on the matter. I would like to respond to questions without feeling the need to defend my choices, and I don't want to couch defenses or explain away the art inside of veiled questions. I truly believe that the locus of meaning is with the reader; the audience gives the show meaning. If I've done my job perhaps the audience's interpretation will come close to my intention, perhaps not. I am happy to answer questions, and discuss the work, but any questions I have to ask are in the fabric of the work I generate.

Gregory Boover, the actor playing Malvolio, shared that his mother said it was the best Shakespeare she had ever seen. I assumed she was a little biased, but I appreciated the compliment none-the-less. The show got plenty of laughs, a few tears, and even stirred up a bit of controversy. I think this is what a good production does. I am proud of these things. The success of the production, and I do consider it a remarkable success, is the result of fear, risk, and conviction. I walk away from *Twelfth Night* with the simplest of goals for my next show: in the face of fear take the risk and with the courage of my convictions, direct the damn play.

APPENDIX

PRODUCTION SCRIPT

Twelfth Night

By William Shakespeare

Directed by Dawn Monique Williams

1.1 DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO. CURIO, FESTE, FABIAN and Lord attending

DUKE 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.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. 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, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Exit FESTE, FABIAN and Lord

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

DUKE ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE

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.

DUKE ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her. When liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers.
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exeunt

1.2 The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailor

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

Sailor

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

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?

Sailor

A noble duke, in nature
As in name.

VIOLA

What is the name?

Sailor

Orsino.

Exits

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 shalt 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.

Exeunt

1.3 OLIVIA'S house.

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

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

MARIA

They that add. Moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY 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.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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 company. Is that the meaning of “accost”?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

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.

MARIA

Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW

Wherefore, sweet-heart? 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.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

O knight thou lack'st 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.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

SIR ANDREW

I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

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.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW

Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let me see the caper. Ha, higher! Ha, ha! excellent!

Exeunt

1.4 DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire

VALENTINE

If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

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 favours?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Lord

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 unclasped
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.

Exeunt

1.5 OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and FESTE

MARIA

Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle
may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

FESTE

Let her hang me.

MARIA

Make that good.

FESTE

Those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA

You are resolute, then? Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.
Exit

FESTE

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

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO. FABIAN follows.

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

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

FESTE

Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FESTE

Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

FESTE

Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in Hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in Heaven, fool.

FESTE

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in Heaven. Take 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.

FESTE

God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly!

OLIVIA

How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw her put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, she's out of her guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to her, she 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.

FESTE

Thou speakest well of fools!

Re-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!

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 how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Tis a gentle man here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot!

FESTE

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.

Exit

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, fool?

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

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

FESTE

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

FESTE and FABIAN exit. Re-enter 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 codling 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. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit. Re-enter MARIA

OLIVIA

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

Enter VIOLA

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.

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. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. 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.

Exeunt MARIA

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?

Unveiling

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 suff'ring, 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.
—What ho, Malvolio!

Re-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 not. Tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

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

2.1 The sea-coast.

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.

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

2.2 *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

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't untie!
Exit

2.3 OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes.

SIR ANDREW

I know not, but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Enter FESTE and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

FESTE

How now, my hearts!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. Excellent! Now, a song.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on. There is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

FESTE

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.

FESTE/FABIAN

[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.

FESTE/FABIAN

[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.

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 TOBY BELCH

Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch? Shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

Catch sung. Enter MARIA

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings]

FABIAN

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings]

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

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.

FESTE

[Sings] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

MALVOLIO

Is't even so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings] But I will never die.

FESTE

[Sings] Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings] Shall I bid him go?

FABIAN

[Sings] What an if you do?

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

FABIAN

[Sings] O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Out o' tune, sir. Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

Exit

MARIA

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.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the Count's was today with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.

MARIA

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

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

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY 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. 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.

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW

O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let Fabian 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.

SIR ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

SIR ANDREW

I was adored once too.

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

2.4 DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO and Lord

DUKE ORSINO

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

CURIO

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

DUKE ORSINO

Who was it?

CURIO

Feste, the jester, my lord. A fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. She is about the house.

DUKE ORSINO

Seek her out, and play the tune the while.

Exit CURIO. Music plays

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me.
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

DUKE ORSINO

What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

Re-enter CURIO with FESTE, FABIAN, VALENTINE and Lord

DUKE ORSINO

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

FESTE

Are you ready, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

Ay, prithee, sing.

FESTE/FABIAN

[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!

DUKE ORSINO

There's for thy pains.

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

Give me now leave to leave thee.

FESTE

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

Exit FESTE and FABIAN

DUKE ORSINO

Let all the rest give place.

Exit CURIO, VALENTINE and Lord

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune.
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

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?

DUKE ORSINO

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

DUKE 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.

DUKE ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

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?

DUKE ORSINO

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

Exeunt

2.5 OLIVIA's garden.

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 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

Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practicing 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.

Throws down a letter. Exit. Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

'Tis but fortune. All is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN

O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

There is example for't, the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW

Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN

O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN

O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN

Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

What, what?

MALVOLIO

“You must amend your drunkenness.”

SIR TOBY BELCH

Out, scab!

FABIAN

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

That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO

“One Sir Andrew—”

SIR ANDREW

I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO

What employment have we here?

Taking up the letter

FABIAN

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY BELCH

O, peace! And the spirit of humour intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO

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

SIR ANDREW

Her C's, her U's and her T's. Why that?

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

This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

[Reads] “Jove knows I love. But who? Lips, do not move. No man must know.” “No man must know.” What follows? The numbers altered! “No man must know.” If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

[Reads] “I may command where I adore. But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.”

FABIAN

A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO

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

FABIAN

What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

And with what wing the staniel cheque 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

O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

“M”—Malvolio. “M”! Why, that begins my name.

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

“M.” But then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. “A” should follow, but “O” does.

FABIAN

And “O” shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MALVOLIO

And then “I” comes behind.

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

“M, O, A, I.” 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. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so, if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.” Daylight and champagne 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 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 entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.” Jove, I thank thee. I will smile. 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.

FABIAN

My noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a 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.

Exeunt

INTERMISSION

3.1 OLIVIA's garden.

Enter VIOLA and FESTE

VIOLA

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

FESTE

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

FESTE

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

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.

FESTE

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.

FESTE

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

VIOLA

Why?

FESTE

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

VIOLA

Thy reason?

FESTE

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.

FESTE

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?

FESTE

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

VIOLA

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

FESTE

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.

FESTE

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?

FESTE

My lady is within, sir. I will conster 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.

Exit

VIOLA

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

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

Taste your legs, sir. Put them to motion.

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA

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

That youth's a rare courtier. “Rain odors.” Well.

VIOLA

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

SIR ANDREW

“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?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant’s name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir? ’Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
You’re servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled 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?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.

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 were is alike to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, 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 think'st 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 would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and 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 may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
Exeunt

3.2 OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

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 favours 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.

SIR ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

An't be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge the count's youth to fight. 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

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 curst and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

SIR ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit SIR ANDREW

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.

Enter MARIA

MARIA

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, for there is no Christian can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villainously. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

3.3 A street.

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
That do renown this city.

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 lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO

It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

Exeunt

3.4 OLIVIA's garden.

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 borrowed.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

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

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

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

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—”

OLIVIA

Ha?

MALVOLIO

“Some achieve greatness—”

OLIVIA

What say’st 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 desir’st to be so—”

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

“If not, let me see thee a servant still.”

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant

Servant

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

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

Exit Servant

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO

O, ho! Do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. “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.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

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

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

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

Ah, ha! Does she so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

Look you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

MALVOLIO

How now, mistress!

MARIA

O Lord!

SIR TOBY BELCH

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.

MALVOLIO

Sir!

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx!

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

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

Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FABIAN

Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read.

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 kill'st 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." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him. Go, Sir Andrew. Away!

Exit SIR ANDREW

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.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

FABIAN

Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA

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 it 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?

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

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

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 interceptor, 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.

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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.

Exit

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.

Exeunt. Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH with SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable. And on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY 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, grey 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. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

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

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 supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA

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

FABIAN

Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY 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

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw. Enter ANTONIO

ANTONIO

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

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. Enter Officers

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

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. This comes with seeking you.
But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,
But be of comfort.

Second Officer

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much,
I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer.

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, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood—

ANTONIO

O heavens themselves!

Second Officer

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I 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 O how vile an idol proves this god.
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be called deformed but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.

First Officer

The man grows mad. Away with him!

Second Officer

Come, come, sir.

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, O, 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
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
Exit

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.

Exeunt

4.1 Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE

FESTE

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

SEBASTIAN

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

FESTE

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

SEBASTIAN

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

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you.

SEBASTIAN

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.

FESTE

This will I tell my lady straight.

Exit

FABIAN

I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, sir, hold.

~~**SIR ANDREW**~~

~~Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery against~~

~~him, if there be any law in Illyria. though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.~~

~~**SEBASTIAN**~~

~~Let go thy hand.~~

~~**SIR TOBY 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. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st 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.~~

Enter OLIVIA

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 preached! 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 thou 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

What relish is in this? How runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

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

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

4.2 OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA and FESTE

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

FESTE

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

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FESTE

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.

FESTE

What, ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

MALVOLIO

[Within] Who calls there?

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Out, 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.

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as Hell, and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are.

FESTE

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

FESTE

Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA

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

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 offence 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

FESTE

[Sings]

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

[Sings] My lady is unkind, perdy.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

[Sings] Alas, why is she so?

MALVOLIO

Fool, I say!

FESTE

[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.

FESTE

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Advise you what you say. The minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FESTE

Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God by you, good Sir Topas. Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

FESTE

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.

FESTE

Well-a-day that you were, sir.

MALVOLIO

By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

FESTE

[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, ah, ha! to the devil.
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, good man devil.
Exit

4.3 OLIVIA's garden.

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?
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 followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceiveable.

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine.

SEBASTIAN

But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest

OLIVIA

If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by. There, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith.
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
Exeunt

5.1 Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter FESTE and FABIAN

FABIAN

Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

FESTE

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN

Anything.

FESTE

Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN

This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, and CURIO

DUKE ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FESTE

Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

DUKE ORSINO

I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FESTE

Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

DUKE ORSINO

Just the contrary, the better for thy friends.

FESTE

No, sir, the worse.

DUKE ORSINO

How can that be?

FESTE

Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass, so that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused. So that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

DUKE ORSINO

Why, this is excellent.

FESTE

By my troth, sir, no. Though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE ORSINO

Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

Exit FESTE

VIOLA

Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers

DUKE 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 bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable.
With which such scatheful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

First Officer

Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy.

Second Officer

And this is he that did the Tiger board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets,

First Officer

Desperate of shame and state,

Second Officer

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

DUKE 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

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him when he was beset.
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord, and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA

DUKE ORSINO

Here comes the countess. Now Heaven walks on Earth.
But for thee, fellow-fellow, thy words are madness.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me.
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA
Madam?

DUKE 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.

DUKE ORSINO
Still so cruel?

OLIVIA
Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO
What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithful'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

OLIVIA
Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

DUKE 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 savours 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.
Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

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!

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.

DUKE ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband?

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

DUKE 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.
Fear not, Cesario. Take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest

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.

Priest

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings.
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony,
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have traveled but two hours.

DUKE 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?
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA

O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

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.

DUKE 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 FESTE

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.

DUKE ORSINO

How now, gentleman! How is't with you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

That's all one. H'as hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

FESTE

O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago. His eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because well 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.

Exeunt FESTE, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW. Enter SEBASTIAN

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.

DUKE 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

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?
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, drowned 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.

SEBASTIAN

O, 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

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.

DUKE ORSINO

Be not amazed. Right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overswear.
And those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE ORSINO

Give me thy hand
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA

He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter FESTE and FABIAN with a letter

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.
How does he, sirrah?

FESTE

Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do.
H'as here writ a letter to you. I should have given't you to-day morning, but as a
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA

Open't, and read it.

FESTE

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads] "By the Lord,
madam,"—

OLIVIA

How now? Art thou mad?

FESTE

No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow vox.

OLIVIA

Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

FESTE

So I do, madonna, but to read his right wits is to read thus. Therefore perpend, my
princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA

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?

FESTE

Ay, madam.

DUKE ORSINO

This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him delivered, Fabian. Bring him hither.

Exit FABIAN

My lord so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
Your master quits you, and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

DUKE ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase.

Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of 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?
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 cam'st 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 wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance.
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
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

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE

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. "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, she's gagged." And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE 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.

Exeunt all, except FESTE

FESTE

[Sings]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
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.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.
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

NOTES

¹ "Directing Benchmarks." *UMass Theater*. 2008. University of Massachusetts Amherst. 16 July 2011 <<http://www.umass.edu/theater/graduatedirect.php>>

² Stephen Greenblatt, *Will in the World* (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2004) 29-30.

³ *In Search of Shakespeare*, Narr. Michael Wood, DVD, PBS Direct, 2004.

⁴ G. Blakemore Evans and J.J.M. Tobin, "Chronology and Sources," *The Riverside Shakespeare*, eds. G. Blakemore Evans and J.J.M. Tobin (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997) 79.

⁵ *In Search of Shakespeare*

⁶ Robert Greene, *Greene's Groats-worth of Wit* (London: 1592) transcribed by Risa S. Bear. *Renaissance Editions*. 2000. University of Oregon. 23 July 2011 < <http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/greene1.html>>

⁷ *In Search of Shakespeare*

⁸ Oscar Brockett and Franklin J. Hildy, *History of the Theater* 10th ed., (Boston: Allyn and Bacon, 2008) 109.

⁹ Greenblatt *Will* 291.

¹⁰ William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, ed. Stephen Greenblatt (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2008) 5.1.276-386.

¹¹ Stephen Greenblatt, ed., *The Norton Shakespeare* (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2008) 1787.

¹² Greenblatt *Norton* 1787.

¹³ Greenblatt *Norton* 1787-1788.

¹⁴ Shakespeare 2.3.103-104.

¹⁵ Evans and Tobin 84.

¹⁶ Greenblatt *Norton* 1786.

¹⁷ Brockett and Hildy 105-135.

¹⁸ David Rush, *A Student Guide to Play Analysis* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2005) 39.

¹⁹ David Ball, *Backwards and Forwards: A Technical Manual for Reading Plays* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1983) 24.

²⁰ Jonathan Bate and Eric Rasmussen, eds., "Key Facts," *Twelfth Night*, William Shakespeare (New York: Modern Library, 2010) xxiii.

²¹ Shakespeare 2.1.41-42.

²² Shakespeare 1.4.39-41

²³ Shakespeare 2.3.43, 48 and 2.4.53

²⁴ Shakespeare 1.1.1.

²⁵ Brockett and Hildy 110.

²⁶ Shakespeare 3.4.24.

²⁷ Shakespeare 1.1.34-38.

²⁸ Shakespeare 1.2.2-3.

²⁹ Shakespeare 5.1.372-375.

³⁰ Shakespeare 2.3.11-12.

³¹ Shakespeare 2.3.168.

³² Shakespeare 1.3.30-32.

³³ Shakespeare 1.4.2-3.

³⁴ Shakespeare 5.1.89-91.

³⁵ Shakespeare 5.1.94.

³⁶ Shakespeare 1.4.40-41.

³⁷ Shakespeare 2.2.23.

³⁸ Shakespeare 4.1.7.

³⁹ Dawn Monique Williams, e-mail from the author, 5 May 2010.

⁴⁰ Hand Ninja is a theater game in which the participants stand in a circle, traveling clockwise, each participant attempts to tag the players to either their right or left out. To eliminate a player contact must be made hand-to-hand only and each player can only make one move to strike or one move to avoid before it becomes the next participant's turn.

⁴¹ Jean Newlove and John Dalby, *Laban for All* (London: Nick Hern Books Limited, 2004), and also Jean Newlove, *Laban for Actors and Dancers* (London: Nick Hern Books, 1993).

⁴² Shakespeare 2.2.15.

⁴³ Shakespeare 5.1.372-375.

⁴⁴ Anne Bogart and Tina Landau, *The Viewpoints: A Practical Guide to Viewpoints and Composition* (New York: Theater Communications Group, 2005).

⁴⁵ The Theory of 10,000 Hours – Malcolm Gladwell, *Outliers: The Story of Success* and Daniel Levitan, *This is Your Brain on Music: The Science of a Human Obsession*

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