

**Viola**

A young woman of aristocratic birth, and the play's protagonist. Washed up on the shore of Illyria when her ship is wrecked in a storm, Viola decides to make her own way in the world. She disguises herself as a young man, calling herself "Cesario," and becomes a page to Duke Orsino. She ends up falling in love with Orsino—even as Olivia, the woman Orsino is courting, falls in love with Cesario. Thus, Viola finds that her clever disguise has entrapped her: she cannot tell Orsino that she loves him, and she cannot tell Olivia why she, as Cesario, cannot love her. Viola's poignant plight is the central conflict in the play.

**Orsino**

A powerful nobleman in the country of Illyria. Orsino is lovesick for the beautiful Lady Olivia, but finds himself becoming more and more fond of his handsome new page boy, Cesario, who is actually a woman—Viola. Orsino is a vehicle through whom Shakespeare explores the absurdity of love. A supreme egotist, Orsino mopes around complaining how heartsick he is over Olivia, when it is clear that he is chiefly in love with the idea of being in love and enjoys making a spectacle of himself.

**Olivia**

A wealthy, beautiful, and noble Illyrian lady. Olivia is courted by Orsino and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, but to each of them she insists that she is in mourning for her recently deceased brother and will not marry for seven years. Olivia and Orsino are similar characters in that each seems to enjoy wallowing in his or her own misery. Viola's arrival in the masculine guise of Cesario enables Olivia to break free of her self-indulgent melancholy.

**Sebastian**

Viola's lost twin brother. When Sebastian arrives in Illyria, traveling with Antonio, his close friend and protector, he discovers that many people seem to think that they know him. Furthermore, the beautiful Lady Olivia, whom Sebastian has never met, wants to marry him.

**Malvolio**

The straitlaced steward—or head servant—in the household of Lady Olivia. Malvolio is very efficient but also very self-righteous, and he has a poor opinion of drinking, singing, and fun. His priggishness and haughty attitude earn him the enmity of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria, who play a cruel trick on him, making him believe that Olivia is in love with him. In his fantasies about marrying his mistress, Malvolio reveals a powerful ambition to rise above his social class.

**Fool**

The clown, or court jester, of Olivia's household. The Fool, also known as Feste, moves between Olivia's and Orsino's homes, earning his living by making pointed jokes, singing old songs, being generally witty, and offering good advice cloaked under a layer of foolishness. In spite of being a professional fool, Feste often seems the wisest character in the play.

**Sir Toby Belch**

Olivia's uncle. Olivia lets Sir Toby live with her but does not approve of his rowdy behavior, practical jokes, heavy drinking, late-night carousing, or friends (specifically the idiotic Sir Andrew). But Sir Toby has an ally—and eventually a mate—in Olivia's sharp-witted serving-woman, Maria. Together, they bring about the triumph of fun and disorder, which Sir Toby embodies, and the humiliation of the controlling, self-righteous Malvolio.

**Maria**

Olivia's clever, daring young serving-woman. Maria is remarkably similar to her antagonist, Malvolio, who harbors aspirations of rising in the world through marriage. However, Maria succeeds where Malvolio fails—perhaps because she is more in tune than Malvolio with the anarchic, topsy-turvy spirit that animates the play.

**Sir Andrew**

A friend of Sir Toby's. Sir Andrew Aguecheek attempts to court Olivia, but he doesn't stand a chance. He thinks that he is witty, brave, young, and good at languages and dancing, but he is actually a complete idiot.

**Antonio**

A man who rescues Sebastian after his shipwreck. Antonio has become very fond of Sebastian, caring for him, accompanying him to Illyria, and furnishing him with money—all because of a love so strong that it seems to be romantic in nature. When the principal characters marry at the end of the play, Antonio is left out, his love for Sebastian unrequited.

**Valentine and Curio**

Two gentlemen who work for Duke Orsino.

**Fabian**

A servant in Olivia's household. He assists Maria and Sir Toby in their plot to humiliate Malvolio.

**Captain**

The sea captain who rescues Viola after the shipwreck. He helps Viola become a page to Duke Orsino and keeps her identity a secret.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter **ORSINO**, **CURIO**, and other lords; Musicians  
playing

**ORSINO**

If music be the food of love, play on.  
Give me excess of it that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again, it had a dying fall.

- 5 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more.  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,  
10 That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought 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  
15 That it alone is high fantastical.

**CURIO**

Will you go hunt, my lord?

**ORSINO**

What, Curio?

**CURIO**

The hart.

**ORSINO**

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

## MODERN TEXT

**ORSINO**, **CURIO**, and other lords enter with musicians  
playing for them.

**ORSINO**

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

**CURIO**

Do you want to go hunting, my lord?

**ORSINO**

Hunting what, Curio?

**CURIO**

The [hart](#).

**ORSINO**

That's what I'm doing—only it's *my* heart that's being  
hunted. Oh, when I first saw Olivia, it seemed like she  
made the air around her sweeter and purer. In that  
instant I was transformed into a hart, and my desire for  
her has hounded me like a pack of vicious dogs.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*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:

- 25 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  
30 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

**ORSINO**

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
35 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.

- 40 Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

*VALENTINE enters.*

What's going on? What have you heard from her?

**VALENTINE**

I'm sorry, but they wouldn't let me in. But I got the following answer from her handmaid. Olivia's not going to show her face for the next seven years—not even to the sky itself. Instead, she'll go around veiled like a nun, and once a day she'll water her room with tears. She's doing this out of love for her dead brother, whom she wants to keep fresh in her memory forever.

**ORSINO**

Oh, if she loves her brother this much, think how she'll love me when I finally win her over and make her forget all her other attachments! Her mind and heart will be ruled by one man alone—me! Take me to the garden. I need a beautiful place to sit and think about love.

*They exit.*





## ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter **VIOLA**, a **CAPTAIN**, and sailors

**VIOLA**

What country, friends, is this?

**CAPTAIN**

This is Illyria, lady.

**VIOLA**

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd.—What think you, sailors?

**CAPTAIN**

5 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  
10 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,  
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea,  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
15 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

**VIOLA**

*(giving him money)*

For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

20 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.

## MODERN TEXT

**VIOLA**, a **CAPTAIN**, and sailors enter.

**VIOLA**

What country is this, friends?

**CAPTAIN**

This is Illyria, lady.

**VIOLA**

And what am I supposed to do in Illyria? My brother is in heaven. Or maybe there's a chance he didn't drown.—  
What do you think, sailors?

**CAPTAIN**

It was a total fluke that you yourself were saved.

**VIOLA**

Oh, my poor brother! But maybe by some fluke he was saved too.

**CAPTAIN**

It's possible, ma'am. Don't give up yet. When our ship was wrecked and you and a few other survivors were clinging onto our lifeboat, I saw your brother tie himself to a big mast floating in the sea. He was acting resourcefully and courageously in a dangerous situation. For as long as I could see him, he stayed afloat on the waves like Arion on the dolphin's back.

**VIOLA**

*(giving him money)* Thank you for saying that—here's some money to express my gratitude. Since I survived, it's easier for me to imagine he survived too, and what you say gives me a reason to hope for the best. Do you know this area we're in?

**CAPTAIN**

Yes, ma'am, I know it well. I was born and raised less than three hours from here.



ORIGINAL TEXT

VIOLA

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature

As in name.

VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

25 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,  
30 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  
35 her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjured the company  
And sight of men.

VIOLA

Oh, that I served that lady  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
40 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.

MODERN TEXT

VIOLA

Who's the ruler here?

CAPTAIN

A duke who is noble in name and character.

VIOLA

What's his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

Orsino. I've heard my father mention him. When I first  
heard about him, he was still a bachelor.

CAPTAIN

He's still a bachelor, or at least he was a month ago,  
when I left. But there was a rumor—you know, people  
always gossip about royalty—that he was in love with  
the beautiful Olivia.

VIOLA

Who's she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous young woman, the daughter of a count who  
died last year. Her brother had custody of her for a while,  
but then he died too. They say she's totally sworn off  
men now, in memory of her brother.

VIOLA

I wish I could work for that lady! It'd be a good way to  
hide from the world until the time was right to identify  
myself.

CAPTAIN

That would be hard to do. She won't allow anyone in to  
see her, not even the duke's messengers.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,

45 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—

50 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.  
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him.  
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing

55 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.

60 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

## VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

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

## CAPTAIN

I won't say a word. You can be a eunuch, but I'll be mute. I swear on my life I won't tell your secret.

## VIOLA

Thank you. Show me the way.

*They exit.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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.

## MODERN TEXT

**SIR TOBY BELCH** and **MARIA** enter.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What's wrong with my niece? Why is she reacting so strangely to her brother's death? Grief is bad for people's health.

**MARIA**

For God's sake, Sir Toby, you've got to come home earlier at night. My lady Olivia, your niece, disapproves of your late-night partying.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Well, she can get used to it.

**MARIA**

Yes, but you need to keep yourself within the limits of order and decency.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Keep myself? The only thing I'm keeping myself in is the clothes I'm wearing. They're good enough to drink in, and so are these boots. If they aren't, they can go hang themselves by their own laces!

**MARIA**

You're going to destroy yourself with all this drinking. Lady Olivia said so yesterday. She also mentioned some stupid knight you brought in one night as a possible husband for her.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

**MARIA**

Yes, that's the one.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

He's as **tall** as a man in Illyria.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

**MARIA**

What's that to the purpose?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

20 Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

**MARIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MARIA**

He hath indeed, almost natural, for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler, and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MARIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

**SIR ANDREW**

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

40 Sweet Sir Andrew!

## MODERN TEXT

**MARIA**

What does his height have to do with anything?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MARIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You shouldn't talk about him like that! He plays the violin and speaks three or four languages word for word without a dictionary. He has all of nature's best gifts.

**MARIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MARIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

*SIR ANDREW enters.*

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Sweet Sir Andrew!





## ORIGINAL TEXT

**SIR ANDREW**

(to MARIA) Bless you, fair shrew.

**MARIA**

And you too, sir.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

**SIR ANDREW**

What's that?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

45 My niece's chambermaid.

**SIR ANDREW**

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

**MARIA**

My name is Mary, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**

Good Mistress Mary Accost—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

**SIR ANDREW**

By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

**MARIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**MARIA**

Sir, I have not you by the hand.

## MODERN TEXT

**SIR ANDREW**

(to MARIA) And hello to you, my little wench.

**MARIA**

Hello, sir.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Chat her up, Sir Andrew. Chat her up.

**SIR ANDREW**

What?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

This is my niece's maid.

**SIR ANDREW**

My dear Miss Chat-her-up, I look forward to getting to know you better.

**MARIA**

My name is Mary, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**

Miss Mary Chat-her-up—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

No, you've got it wrong. When I said "chat her up," I wasn't saying her name. I was telling you to go after her, woo her, confront her.

**SIR ANDREW**

Good heavens, I'd never do that with people watching. Is that really what you meant?

**MARIA**

Goodbye, gentlemen. (*she starts to exit*)

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

She's leaving. If you let her go this easily, Sir Andrew, you don't deserve to ever use your sword again.

**SIR ANDREW**

If you leave like this, my dear, I won't ever use my sword again. I'm not just talking nonsense to you, I mean everything I say. Do you think you've got a couple of fools on your hands here?

**MARIA**

I'm not holding your hand, sir.



ORIGINAL TEXT

SIR ANDREW

Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

60 *(he offers her his hand)*

MARIA

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

SIR ANDREW

Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA

It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW

65 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 lackest a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

MODERN TEXT

SIR ANDREW

But you will. Here's my hand. *(he offers her his hand)*

MARIA

*(taking his hand)* A girl's got a right to her opinions. Take your hand to a bar and put a drink in it.

SIR ANDREW

Why, sweetheart? Is there a hidden meaning in this?

MARIA

You're not holding a glass. Your hand is **dry**, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Well, I hope so. I'm not such an idiot that I can't keep my hands dry. But I don't get it—what's the joke?

MARIA

Just a bit of my dry humor, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Are you always so funny?

MARIA

Yes, I've got a handful of jokes. But oops, when I let go of your hand, I let go of the biggest joke of all.

**MARIA exits.**

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sir, you need a drink. When has anyone ever put you down like that.

SIR ANDREW

Never. I've only been that far down when I've drunk myself under the table. Sometimes I think I'm no smarter than average. I eat a lot of red meat, and maybe that makes me stupid.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Absolutely.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

80 *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

## SIR ANDREW

85 Why, would that have mended my hair?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

90 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.

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR ANDREW

If I really believed that, I'd give up red meat totally. By the way, I'm going home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*Pourquoi*, my friend?

## SIR ANDREW

What does "*pourquoi*" mean? Does it mean I will or I won't? Oh, I wish I'd spent as much time learning languages as I spent on fencing, dancing, and *bear-baiting*! If only I'd taken school more seriously!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

You'd have a great hairstyle if you had.

## SIR ANDREW

Why, would that have fixed my hair?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Oh, no question—it won't style itself.

## SIR ANDREW

But my hair looks good anyway, doesn't it?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

It looks great. It hangs like an old worn-out mop. Some woman should give you syphilis so you go bald.

## SIR ANDREW

Listen, I'm going home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece is refusing to see anyone, and even if she saw me, ten to one she'd want nothing to do with me. That duke who lives nearby is courting her.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

She's not interested in the duke. She doesn't want to marry anyone of higher social rank than her, or anyone richer, older, or smarter. I've heard her say that. So cheer up, there's still hope for you, man.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

## SIR ANDREW

Faith, I can cut a caper.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

And I can cut the mutton to 't.

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Are you good at those kinds of things?

## SIR ANDREW

Yes, as good as any man in Illyria, except for the ones who are better at it than I am. I'm not as good as someone who's been dancing for years.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

How good are you at those fast dances?

## SIR ANDREW

Believe me, I can [cut a caper](#).

## SIR TOBY BELCH

And I can cut some meat to go with your [capers](#).

## SIR ANDREW

And I can do that fancy backward step as well as any man in Illyria.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Why do you hide these things? Why do you keep these talents behind a curtain? Are they likely to get dusty? Why don't you go off to church dancing one way, and come home dancing another way? If I had your talents, I'd be dancing a jig every time I walked down the street. I wouldn't even pee without dancing a waltz. What are you thinking? Is this the kind of world where we hide our accomplishments? You're a born dancer. Look how shapely your legs are.

## SIR ANDREW

That's true. They're strong, and they look pretty good in brown tights. Should we throw a little dance party?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Why not? Weren't we both born under Taurus?

# TWELFTH NIGHT

## NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE



Act 1, Scene 3, Page 7



### ORIGINAL TEXT

#### SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That's sides and heart.

#### SIR TOBY BELCH

No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper.

120 (SIR

ANDREW *dances*) Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

*Exeunt*

### MODERN TEXT

#### SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That governs the torso and heart, doesn't it?

#### SIR TOBY BELCH

No, the legs and thighs. Let me see you dance. (SIR  
ANDREW *dances*) Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

*They exit.*





## ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter **VALENTINE** and **VIOLA** in man's attire, as  
Cesario

**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 favors?

**VALENTINE**

No, believe me.

**VIOLA**

I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter **ORSINO**, **CURIO**, and attendants

**ORSINO**

Who saw Cesario, ho?

**VIOLA**

10 On your attendance, my lord, here.

**ORSINO**

(to **VIOLA** and attendants)

Stand you a while aloof. (to **VIOLA**) Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

15 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;  
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

## MODERN TEXT

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**VIOLA**

When you wonder whether he'll keep treating me well, it  
makes me think his mood might change—or else I'll  
mess up somehow. Do his feelings toward people  
change suddenly?

**VALENTINE**

No, not at all.

**VIOLA**

Thanks for telling me. Here comes the Duke now.

**ORSINO**, **CURIO**, and attendants enter.

**ORSINO**

Has anyone seen Cesario?

**VIOLA**

I'm right here, my lord, at your service.

**ORSINO**

(to **VIOLA** and attendants) We'll need some privacy for a  
little while. (to **VIOLA**) Cesario, I want a word with you.

You know everything about me. I've told you all the  
secrets of my soul. So please go to her house; if they  
don't let you in, plant yourself outside her door and tell  
them you won't leave until they let you see her.



ORIGINAL TEXT

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it.  
30 For they shall yet belie thy happy years  
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious. Thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
35 I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. *(to CURIO and attendants)*  
Some four or five attend him.  
All, if you will, for I myself am best  
When least in company. *(to VIOLA)* Prosper well in  
this,  
40 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

MODERN TEXT

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

I don't think so, my lord.

ORSINO

My boy, it's true. Anyone who says you're a man must not  
notice how young you are. Your lips are as smooth and  
red as the goddess Diana's. Your soft voice is like a  
young girl's, high and clear, and the rest of you is pretty  
feminine too. I know you're the right person for this job.  
*(to CURIO and attendants)* Four or five of you go along  
with him, or you can all go if you like. I'm most  
comfortable when I'm alone. *(to VIOLA)* If you succeed at  
this assignment, I'll reward you well. My whole fortune  
will be yours.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to make this lady love you.—*(to herself)*  
But what a tough task!—I have to go matchmaking for  
the man I want to marry myself!

They exit.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*Enter MARIA and the FOOL*

**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.

**FOOL**

Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

**MARIA**

Make that good.

**FOOL**

He shall see none to fear.

**MARIA**

A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colors."

**FOOL**

10 Where, good Mistress Mary?

**MARIA**

In the wars. And that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

**FOOL**

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

**MARIA**

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

## MODERN TEXT

*MARIA and the FOOL enter.*

**MARIA**

No. Either tell me where you've been, or I won't make any excuses for you to Lady Olivia. Lady Olivia will have you executed for not showing up.

**FOOL**

So let her execute me. Anyone who's executed doesn't have to be afraid of anything he sees.

**MARIA**

How do you know?

**FOOL**

Well, he'll be dead, so he won't see anything.

**MARIA**

That's a lame answer. By the way, I know where you get all your brave talk about not being afraid of anything.

**FOOL**

Where, good Miss Mary?

**MARIA**

From soldiers. But you'll never see the front lines. It's easy for you to talk about bravery, working as a fool in this palace.

**FOOL**

Well, we all have our special gifts. Some people are born wise; those of us who were meant to be fools should do what they do best.

**MARIA**

But still, she's going to kill you for being gone so long. Or at least fire you. And wouldn't that be as bad for you as being killed?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## MARIA

You are resolute, then?

## FOOL

20 Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

## MARIA

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

## FOOL

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

## MARIA

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

*Exit*

## FOOL

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

*Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO with attendants*

God bless thee, lady!

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

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

## MARIA

You've made up your mind, then?

## FOOL

No, but I've made up my mind on two points.

## MARIA

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

## FOOL

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

## MARIA

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

*MARIA exits.*

## FOOL

*(to himself)* Please, let me think of something funny to  
say now! Smart people who think they're witty often turn  
out to be fools, but I know I'm not witty, so I might pass  
for smart. What did that philosopher Quinapalus say? Ah  
yes, "A witty fool's better than a foolish wit."

*OLIVIA enters with MALVOLIO and attendants.*

Greetings to you, madam!



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

## FOOL

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

## OLIVIA

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

## FOOL

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

## OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

## FOOL

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

## OLIVIA

Can you do it?

## FOOL

55 Dexterously, good madonna.

## MODERN TEXT

## OLIVIA

Get that fool out of here.

## FOOL

Didn't you hear her, guys? Get the lady out of here.

## OLIVIA

Oh, go away, you're a boring fool. I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore. Besides, you've gotten unreliable.

## FOOL

Madam, those are two character flaws that a little booze and some common sense can fix. If you hand a drink to a sober fool, he won't be thirsty anymore. If you tell a bad man to mend his wicked ways, and he does, he won't be bad anymore. If he cannot, let the tailor mend him. Anything that's mended is only patched up. A good person who does something wrong is only patched up with sin. And a sinner who does something good is only patched up with goodness. If this logic works, that's great. If not, what can you do about it? Since the only real betrayed husband in the world is the one deserted by Lady Luck—because we're all married to her—beauty is a flower. The lady gave orders to take away the fool, so I'm telling you again, take her away.

## OLIVIA

I told them to take *you* away.

## FOOL

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

## OLIVIA

Can you do that?

## FOOL

Easily, madam.





## ORIGINAL TEXT

**OLIVIA**

Make your proof.

**FOOL**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**FOOL**

60 Good madonna, why mournest thou?

**OLIVIA**

Good fool, for my brother's death.

**FOOL**

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

**OLIVIA**

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

**FOOL**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**FOOL**

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

**OLIVIA**

How say you to that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

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

## MODERN TEXT

**OLIVIA**

Then go ahead and prove it.

**FOOL**

I'll have to ask you some questions, madam. Please answer, my good little student.

**OLIVIA**

I'm listening to you only because I've got nothing better to do.

**FOOL**

My dear madam, why are you in mourning?

**OLIVIA**

My dear fool, because my brother died.

**FOOL**

I think his soul's in hell, my lady.

**OLIVIA**

I know his soul's in heaven, fool.

**FOOL**

Then you're a fool for being sad that your brother's soul is in heaven. Take away this fool, gentlemen.

**OLIVIA**

What do you think of this fool, Malvolio? Isn't he getting funnier?

**MALVOLIO**

Yes, and he'll keep getting funnier till he dies. Old age always makes people act funny—even wise people, but fools more than anybody.

**FOOL**

I hope you go senile soon, sir, so you can become a more foolish fool! Sir Toby would bet a fortune that I'm not smart, but he wouldn't bet two cents that you're not a fool.

**OLIVIA**

What do you say to that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

I'm surprised you enjoy the company of this stupid troublemaker. The other day I saw him defeated in a



ORIGINAL TEXT

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

OLIVIA

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

FOOL

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

*Enter MARIA*

MARIA

90 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

95 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!

MODERN TEXT

battle of wits by an ordinary jester with no more brains than a rock. Look at him, he's at a loss for words already. Unless he's got somebody laughing at him, he can't think of anything to say. I swear, anyone smart who laughs at these courts jesters is nothing but a jester's apprentice.

OLIVIA

Malvolio, your vanity is damaging your good taste. If you were generous, innocent, and good-natured, you wouldn't get so upset by what the fool says. You'd think of his wisecracks as harmless little firecrackers, not hurtful bullets. A court jester isn't really criticizing people, even if he does nothing but make fun of them all day long. And a wise person doesn't make fun of people, even if all he does is criticize them.

FOOL

You speak so highly of fools! I hope the god of deception rewards you by making you a wonderful liar.

*MARIA enters.*

MARIA

Madam, there's a young gentleman at the gate who really wants to speak to you.

OLIVIA

Was he sent by Count Orsino?

MARIA

I don't know, madam. He's a good-looking young man, and there are a lot of people with him.

OLIVIA

Who's talking to him now?

MARIA

Sir Toby, madam, your relative.

OLIVIA

Send Toby away, please. He talks nothing but nonsense.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*Exit MARIA*

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

*Exit MALVOLIO*

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

**FOOL**

Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains, for— here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH***OLIVIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A gentleman.

**OLIVIA**

A gentleman? What gentleman?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle  
110 herring!  
How now, sot!

**FOOL**

Good Sir Toby!

**OLIVIA**

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

## MODERN TEXT

*MARIA exits.*

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

*MALVOLIO exits.*

Now you see how your fooling gets boring, and people don't like it.

**FOOL**

Madam, you've spoken so highly of us fools, you'd think your oldest son was going into that line of work. I hope God crams his skull full of brains, because here comes one of your relatives who's pretty weak in the head.

*SIR TOBY BELCH enters.***OLIVIA**

I swear, he's half drunk already. Who's that at the gate, uncle?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A gentleman.

**OLIVIA**

A gentleman? What gentleman?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

There's some gentleman out there.—(*belching*) Damn these pickled herring! They upset my stomach. How's it going, fool?

**FOOL**

Good Sir Toby!

**OLIVIA**

Uncle, uncle, how are you already so brain-dead so early in the day?



ORIGINAL TEXT

SIR TOBY BELCH

Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA

115 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?

FOOL

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

OLIVIA

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

FOOL

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

*Exit*

*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.

MODERN TEXT

SIR TOBY BELCH

Brain-dead! Nonsense. I defy brain-death! I told you, someone's at the gate.

OLIVIA

Yes, but who is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*SIR TOBY BELCH exits.*

OLIVIA

Tell me what a drunk is like, fool.

FOOL

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

OLIVIA

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

FOOL

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

*The FOOL exits.*

*MALVOLIO enters.*

MALVOLIO

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



ORIGINAL TEXT

**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**

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

**OLIVIA**

Of what personage and years is he?

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

**MALVOLIO**

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

*Exit*

*Enter MARIA*

**OLIVIA**

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

*Enter VIOLA, with attendants*

MODERN TEXT

**OLIVIA**

Tell him he's not going to speak with me.

**MALVOLIO**

I told him that. He says he'll stand at your door like a signpost or a bench until he speaks with you.

**OLIVIA**

What kind of man is he?

**MALVOLIO**

Just a man, like any other.

**OLIVIA**

But what's he like?

**MALVOLIO**

He's very rude. He insists he'll speak with you whether you want him to or not.

**OLIVIA**

What does he look like? How old is he?

**MALVOLIO**

Not old enough to be a man, but not young enough to be a boy. He's like a bud before it becomes a pea pod, or like a little green apple before it gets big and ripe. He's somewhere between boy and man. He's very handsome and speaks well, but he's very young. He looks like he just recently stopped breastfeeding.

**OLIVIA**

Show him in. Call in my maid.

**MALVOLIO**

Maria, our lady wants you.

*MALVOLIO exits.*

*MARIA enters.*

**OLIVIA**

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

*VIOLA enters, dressed as CESARIO, with attendants.*





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

The honorable 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

160 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

165 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

170 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.

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

Which one of you is the lady of the house?

## OLIVIA

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

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

Where do you come from, sir?

## VIOLA

I'm sorry, but I memorized what I'm supposed to say here today, and that question isn't part of the speech I learned. Please, my lady, just confirm that you're the lady of the house so I can get on with my speech.

## OLIVIA

Are you an actor?

## VIOLA

No, madam. But I swear I'm not the person I'm playing. Are you the lady of the house?

## OLIVIA

I am, unless I somehow stole this role.

## VIOLA

If you're the lady of the house, then it's true you're stealing your role, because what's yours to give away is not yours to keep for yourself. But that's not part of what I'm supposed to say. I'll go on with my speech praising you, and then I'll get to the point.



ORIGINAL TEXT

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in 't. I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

175 Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

185 Tell me your mind.

VIOLA

I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

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

MODERN TEXT

OLIVIA

Get to the point now. I'll let you get away with skipping the praise.

VIOLA

That's too bad, because I spent a long time memorizing it, and it's poetic.

OLIVIA

That means it's more likely to be fake. Please, keep it to yourself. I heard you were rude when you were standing outside my gate, and that's the only reason I let you in. I was curious. But I don't necessarily want to listen to you. If you're just insane, then get out of here. If you're in your right mind, get to the point. I've got no patience for lunacy at the moment, and I don't want to waste my time on ridiculous conversations.

MARIA

Ready to set sail, sir? The door's right here.

VIOLA

No, this boat's docking here a bit longer, little sailor.— My lady, would you mind asking your giant here to back off a bit?

OLIVIA

Tell me what you want.

VIOLA

I have a message to deliver.

OLIVIA

It must be a message about something horrible, since you deliver it so rudely. Tell me what it's about.

VIOLA

It's about you. I'm not bringing any declarations of war or demands for cash. I'm coming in peace.

OLIVIA

But you began so rudely. Who are you? What do you want?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

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

*Exeunt MARIA and attendants*

Now, sir, what is your text?

## VIOLA

Most sweet lady—

## OLIVIA

200 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

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

## VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

## OLIVIA

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

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

Everyone, please leave us alone for a moment. I've got a "sacred" secret to hear.

*MARIA and attendants exit.*

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

## VIOLA

Most sweet lady—

## OLIVIA

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

## VIOLA

In Orsino's heart.

## OLIVIA

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

## VIOLA

The table of contents says it's in the first chapter of his heart.

## OLIVIA

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

## VIOLA

Madam, please let me see your face.

## OLIVIA

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



ORIGINAL TEXT

*OLIVIA removes her veil*

**VIOLA**

Excellently done, if God did all.

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

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

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

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

225 But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you. Oh, such love  
Could be but recompensed though you were  
crowned  
The nonpareil of beauty.

**OLIVIA**

How does he love me?

**VIOLA**

With adorations, fertile tears,

230 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.

MODERN TEXT

*OLIVIA takes off her veil.*

**VIOLA**

It was done excellently, if it's all-natural, the way God  
made it.

**OLIVIA**

Oh, it's all-natural, sir. Wind and rain can't wash it off.

**VIOLA**

That's true beauty. Mother Nature herself painted your  
skin so white and your lips so red. My lady, you'd be the  
cruellest woman alive if you let your beauty die with you,  
with no children to inherit your good looks for future  
generations to enjoy.

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

How does he love me?

**VIOLA**

He adores you. He cries and groans and sighs.

**OLIVIA**

Your lord knows what I think. I can't love him. I'm sure  
he's a very nice man. I know he's noble, rich, young, and  
with a fine reputation. People say he's generous, well  
educated, and brave, and he's very attractive.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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

## VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
240 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  
245 And sing them loud even in the dead of night.  
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out "Olivia!" Oh, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
250 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—  
255 Unless perchance you come to me again  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.  
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

*OLIVIA offers VIOLA money*

## MODERN TEXT

But I just can't love him. He should have resigned  
himself to that a long time ago.

## VIOLA

If I loved you as passionately as my master does, and  
suffered like he does, your rejection would make no  
sense to me. I wouldn't understand it.

## OLIVIA

What would you do about it?

## VIOLA

I'd build myself a sad little cabin near your house, where  
my soul's imprisoned. From that cabin I'd call out to my  
soul. I'd write sad songs about unrequited love and sing  
them loudly in the middle of the night. I'd shout your  
name to the hills and make the air echo with your name,  
"Olivia!" Oh, you wouldn't be able to go anywhere  
without feeling sorry for me.

## OLIVIA

Not bad; you might accomplish something. Who are  
your parents?

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

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

*OLIVIA offers VIOLA money*





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

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

260 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.

265 I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. How now?  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

270 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—  
What ho, Malvolio!

*Enter MALVOLIO*

## MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

## OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,

275 The county's man. He left this ring behind him,  
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.

*OLIVIA hands him a ring*

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.

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

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

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

*VIOLA exits.*

## OLIVIA

"Who are your parents?" "I was born to a higher position  
than I've got now. But I'm still fairly high-ranking. I'm a  
gentleman." Yes, I'm sure you are. Your way of talking,  
your face, your body, your behavior, and your sensitive  
soul all prove you're a gentleman. Ah, no. Calm down,  
calm down. If only his lord were more like him. How  
strange I'm feeling! Can someone fall in love this  
quickly? I can feel this young man's perfection creeping  
in through my eyes like some kind of disease, slowly  
and invisibly. Oh, well.—Malvolio! Come here!

*MALVOLIO enters.*

## MALVOLIO

At your service, madam.

## OLIVIA

Run after that obnoxious messenger, the duke's servant.  
He insisted on leaving this ring with me whether I  
wanted it or not. Tell him I want nothing to do with it.  
(*she hands him a ring*) Ask him not to encourage Orsino  
or to get his hopes up. I'm not for him. If that young man  
comes here again tomorrow, I'll tell him why. Hurry,  
Malvolio.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

**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.  
285 Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.  
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

*Exit*

## MODERN TEXT

**MALVOLIO**

Madam, I will.

***MALVOLIO exits.*****OLIVIA**

I don't know what I'm doing. I'm afraid I'm not using my  
head, and I'm falling for his good looks. Fate, do your  
work. We human beings don't control our own destinies.  
What is fated to happen must happen. So let it happen!

***OLIVIA exits.***



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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!

## MODERN TEXT

**ANTONIO** and **SEBASTIAN** enter.

**ANTONIO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

At least tell me where you're going.

**SEBASTIAN**

Honestly, I can't. I'm just wandering, with no particular destination. But I know you'd never force me to tell you things I don't want to, so I should be polite and tell you what I can. My name's Sebastian, though I've been calling myself Roderigo. My father was Sebastian of Messaline. I know you've heard of him. He's dead now. He left behind myself and my twin sister, who was born in the same hour as me. If God had been willing, I wish we had died in the same hour too! But you kept that from happening. An hour before you pulled me out of the breaking waves, my sister drowned.

**ANTONIO**

How tragic!



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SEBASTIAN

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

## ANTONIO

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

## SEBASTIAN

O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

## ANTONIO

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

## SEBASTIAN

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

*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.

40 But, come what may, I do adore thee so That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

*Exit*

## MODERN TEXT

## SEBASTIAN

Although many people said she looked like me, she was considered beautiful. And though I can't believe everything people said about her beauty, I'll be so bold as to say she had a beautiful mind. Even those who were jealous of her would have to admit that. She's been drowned in salty sea water, and now my salty tears are about to drown her memory all over again.

## ANTONIO

I'm sorry I wasn't a better host for you, sir.

## SEBASTIAN

Oh, Antonio, I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble.

## ANTONIO

I care about you a lot. Please let me be your servant so I can be with you. You'll be killing me if you don't.

## SEBASTIAN

If you don't want to break my heart, then say goodbye to me right now. I like you very much. I'm really about to cry, just like my mother would do. I'm going to Count Orsino's court. Goodbye.

*SEBASTIAN exits.*

## ANTONIO

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

*ANTONIO exits.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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**

10 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. *(he throws down the ring)* If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye. If not, be it his that finds it.

*Exit*

**VIOLA**

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

## MODERN TEXT

**VIOLA** enters with **MALVOLIO** following.

**MALVOLIO**

Excuse me, weren't you with Countess Olivia just now?

**VIOLA**

Yes, sir. I've only made it this far since I left her place, walking at a moderate pace.

**MALVOLIO**

She's sending this ring back to you, sir. You should've saved me some trouble and taken it away yourself. She wants you to make it very clear to your lord that she wants nothing to do with him, and that you should never come again on his behalf, unless you want to come back to tell her how he reacted to the bad news. Here, take the ring.

**VIOLA**

She took that ring from me. I won't take it back.

**MALVOLIO**

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

**MALVOLIO** exits.

**VIOLA**

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





## ORIGINAL TEXT

- 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.
- 25 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,
- 30 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,
- 35 My state is desperate for my master's love.  
As I am woman, now, alas the day,  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

*Exit*

## MODERN TEXT

creet. She doesn't want Orsino's ring! Orsino never sent her a ring. I'm the man she wants. If that's true, which it is, she might as well be in love with a dream, the poor lady. Now I understand why it's bad to wear disguises. Disguises help the devil do his work. It's so easy for a good-looking but deceitful man to make women fall in love with him. It's not our fault—we women are weak. We can't help what we're made of. Ah, how will this all turn out? My lord loves her, and, poor me, I love him just as much. And she's deluded enough to be in love with me. What can possibly fix this situation? I'm pretending to be a man, so my love for the Duke is hopeless. And since I'm a woman—too bad I'm a woman—Olivia's love for me is hopeless as well! Oh, only time can sort out this mess. I can't figure it out by myself!

*VIOLA exits.*

ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter **SIR TOBY BELCH** and **SIR ANDREW**

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

Enter **FOOL**

**SIR ANDREW**

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

**FOOL**

How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture  
15 of "We Three"?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

MODERN TEXT

**SIR TOBY BELCH** and **SIR ANDREW** enter.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come on, Sir Andrew. If we're still awake after midnight, then we're up early in the morning. And the doctors say it's healthy to get up early—

**SIR ANDREW**

I don't know what the doctors say. All I know is that staying up late is staying up late.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A false conclusion. I hate your logic as much as I hate an empty drinking cup. Staying up after midnight means that you go to bed after midnight, in the wee hours of the morning, which is early. So it's like going to bed early. Isn't everybody made up of the four elements—earth, water, fire, and air?

**SIR ANDREW**

That's what they say, but I think life consists of food and booze.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You're a smart guy. So we should eat and drink. Maria! Bring us some wine!

The **FOOL** enters.

**SIR ANDREW**

Look, here comes the fool.

**FOOL**

Hello, my friends! What a pretty picture, three fools all together.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Hello, you idiot. Sing us a song.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SIR ANDREW

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

## FOOL

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

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(giving money to the FOOL)*

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

## SIR ANDREW

*(giving money to the FOOL)*

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

## FOOL

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

A love song, a love song.

## SIR ANDREW

35 Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

## FOOL

*(sings)*

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear! Your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:*

40 *Trip no further, pretty sweeting.  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.*

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR ANDREW

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

## FOOL

I gave your little present to my girlfriend because you can't get a grip on Malvolio's nose to whip your horse with it. My girlfriend has beautiful white hands, and great warriors aren't [mom-and-pop diners](#), you know.

## SIR ANDREW

Ha, ha! I love it when you talk nonsense—that's what fools should do. Come on now, sing for us.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(giving the FOOL money)* Yes, come on. Here's sixpence for you. Let's hear a song.

## SIR ANDREW

*(giving the FOOL money)* Here's something from me too. If one knight gives—

## FOOL

Would you rather hear a love song or a song about the good life?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

A love song, a love song.

## SIR ANDREW

Yes, yes. I'm not interested in being good.

## FOOL

*(he sings)*

*Oh my lover, where are you roaming? Stay and listen!  
Your true love's coming, the one who can sing both high  
and low: Don't roam any further, pretty darling. Your  
journey ends when you meet a lover, as every wise man's  
son knows.*



ORIGINAL TEXT

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
Good, good.

**FOOL**  
45 *(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.*  
50 *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**  
55 To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

**SIR ANDREW**  
An you love me, let's do 't. I am dog at a catch.

**FOOL**  
60 By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Most certain. Let our catch be "Thou Knave."

**FOOL**  
"Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

MODERN TEXT

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

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

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

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
His breath stinks.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Yes, it stinks very sweetly.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
If we could listen to him with our noses, we would definitely say he stinks very sweetly. So what do you say, should we sing loud enough to shake the heavens? Should we sing a round to wake up the night owl? Should we do that?

**SIR ANDREW**  
Let's go for it. I'm a very good singer, and can sing rounds like a [dog](#).

**FOOL**  
Then you'll be good at catchy tunes. Dogs like to play catch.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Absolutely. Let's dance to "You Jerk."

**FOOL**  
You mean, "Shut up, you jerk"? That's the song where the singers call each other jerks, right? So I'll be forced to call you a jerk, Sir Andrew.



ORIGINAL TEXT

SIR ANDREW

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

FOOL

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

*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

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

FOOL

75 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) *O' the twelfth day of December—*

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO*

MODERN TEXT

SIR ANDREW

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

FOOL

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

SIR ANDREW

That's true. But come on, start.

*They sing.*

*MARIA enters.*

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Lady Olivia can go to China for all I care. We're very  
smart guys, and Malvolio's Little Bo Peep. (he sings)  
*We're just having some fun.*—Aren't I her relative, after  
all? Aren't we related? Fiddle-dee-dee, "Lady!" (singing)  
*There lived a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

FOOL

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

(he sings) *On the twelfth day of December—*

MARIA

For God's sake, shut up!

*MALVOLIO enters.*





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## MALVOLIO

80 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. Sneek up!

## MALVOLIO

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

Is 't even so?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(sings) But I will never die.*

## FOOL

*(sings) Sir Toby, there you lie.*

## MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

## MODERN TEXT

## MALVOLIO

Are you all crazy? What's wrong with you? Are you making all this noise at this time of night because you have no manners, or because you're just stupid? Are you trying to turn my mistress's house into a noisy bar? Is that why you're squealing out these ridiculous vulgar songs without lowering your voices at all? Don't you have any respect for anything?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

We respected the beat of the song, sir. So shut up!

## MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I've got to be frank with you. My lady told me to tell you that while she lets you stay at her house because you're a relative, she doesn't approve of your behavior. If you can shape up, you're welcome to stay in the house. If you can't, and would prefer to leave, she's very willing to say goodbye to you.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(he sings) Goodnight, sweetheart, I'm going to leave you now.*

## MARIA

No, good Sir Toby.

## FOOL

*(singing) You can tell from his eyes that his life is almost over.*

## MALVOLIO

Is this how it's going to be?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(singing) But I will never die.*

## FOOL

*(singing) Sir Toby, that's a lie.*

## MALVOLIO

This behavior really makes you look great.





ORIGINAL TEXT

SIR TOBY BELCH

100 *(sings) Shall I bid him go?*

FOOL

*(sings) What an if you do?*

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FOOL

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FOOL

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MALVOLIO

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

*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.

MODERN TEXT

SIR TOBY BELCH

*(singing) Should I tell him to go?*

FOOL

*(singing) What if y,ou do?*

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FOOL

*(singing) Oh no, no, no, no, don't you dare.*

SIR TOBY BELCH

That's out of tune, sir. You lie. (to MALVOLIO) You're nothing more than a servant here. Do you think that just because you're a goody two shoes, no one else can enjoy himself?

FOOL

They certainly will. They'll have double helpings, too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're right. (to MALVOLIO) Go polish your steward's chain, sir. Maria, bring us some wine!

MALVOLIO

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

*MALVOLIO exits.*

MARIA

Go and wiggle your ears!

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the count's was today with thy 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

125 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

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

What wilt thou do?

## MARIA

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

## MODERN TEXT

## MARIA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Tell us something about him. Come on, tell us something.

## MARIA

Well, sometimes he acts like a goody two shoes.

## SIR ANDREW

Oh, I'll beat him up for that!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

I don't have any "brilliant" reason for it, but I have a good enough reason.

## MARIA

He isn't really that pure and good. He's just a conceited flatterer. He's a pretentious guy who aspires to speak and act like nobility. He's proud, and he thinks he's so stuffed full of wonderful qualities that everyone loves him. That's the weakness I'll use to get revenge on him.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

What are you going to do?

## MARIA

I'll drop some mysterious love letters in his path. He'll think they're addressed to him, because they'll describe the color of his beard, the shape of his legs, the way he walks, and the expression on his face. I can make my handwriting look just like Lady Olivia's: she



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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

145 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

150 Ass, I doubt not.

## SIR ANDREW

Oh, 'twill be admirable!

## MARIA

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

*Exit*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Good night, Penthesilea.

## SIR ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

160 I was adored once too.

## MODERN TEXT

and I can't tell the difference between each other's handwriting.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! Sounds like you've got a good trick in mind.

## SIR ANDREW

I like it too.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

He'll think these letters are from Olivia and that she's in love with him.

## MARIA

Yes, that's the idea.

## SIR ANDREW

He's going to look like a total idiot.

## MARIA

Absolutely, you idiot.

## SIR ANDREW

This is going to be great!

## MARIA

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

*MARIA exits.*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Good night, you amazing woman, you.

## SIR ANDREW

She's a fine woman, all right.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

She's a good little woman, and she adores me. What about it?

## SIR ANDREW

Someone adored me once, too.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## 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

165 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*

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Let's go to bed, knight. Tomorrow you need to get more money sent to you.

## SIR ANDREW

If I can't persuade your niece to marry me, I'm going to be in some serious financial trouble.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Get your hands on some money and everything will be all right. I know you'll win over Olivia in the end.

## SIR ANDREW

I know I will too, if it's the last thing I do.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, I'll go warm up a nice glass of sherry for us. It's too late to go to bed now. Come on, my friend, come on.

*They exit.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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

**ORSINO**

Give me some music. (*music plays*)

Now, good morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antique song we heard last night.

- 5 Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:  
Come, but one verse.

**CURIO**

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

**ORSINO**

- 10 Who was it?

**CURIO**

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

**ORSINO**

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

*Exit CURIO. Music plays*

(to **VIOLA**) Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,

- 15 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**

- 20 It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned.

## MODERN TEXT

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

**ORSINO**

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

**CURIO**

Sir, the person who should sing that song isn't here.

**ORSINO**

Who was it?

**CURIO**

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

**ORSINO**

Then go find him. Meanwhile, play the tune.

*CURIO exits. Music plays.*

(to **VIOLA**) Come here, boy. If you ever fall in love and feel the bittersweet pain it brings, think of me. Because the way I am now, moody and unable to focus on anything except the face of the woman I love, is exactly how all true lovers are. What do you think of this song?

**VIOLA**

It really makes you feel what a lover feels.



ORIGINAL TEXT

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

ORSINO

25 What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

Enter *CURIO* and *FOOL*

MODERN TEXT

ORSINO

You're absolutely right. I'd bet my life that, as young as  
you are, you've fallen in love with someone. Haven't you,  
boy?

VIOLA

A little bit.

ORSINO

What kind of woman is she?

VIOLA

She's a lot like you.

ORSINO

She's not good enough for you, then. How old is she?

VIOLA

About as old as you are, my lord.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

I think you're right, sir.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

*CURIO* and the *FOOL* enter.





ORIGINAL TEXT

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  
45 bones  
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

FOOL

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

Ay; prithee, sing.

Music

FOOL

(sings)

50 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,  
55 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.  
60 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  
65 Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

ORSINO

(giving money) There's for thy pains.

MODERN TEXT

ORSINO

My friend, sing us the song you sang last night.—Listen  
to it carefully, Cesario, it's a simple old song. Spinners  
and knitters used to sing it while they sewed, and  
maidens used to sing it over their weaving. It tells the  
simple truth about innocent love, as it was in the good  
old days.

FOOL

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

Yes. Please, sing.

Music plays.

FOOL

(he sings)

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

ORSINO

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



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## ORSINO

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

## FOOL

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

## ORSINO

70 Give me now leave to leave thee.

## FOOL

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

*Exit*

## ORSINO

Let all the rest give place.

*CURIO and attendants retire*

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.  
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,  
80 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

85 But if she cannot love you, sir?

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

No trouble, sir. I like singing.

## ORSINO

Then I'll pay you for doing what you like.

## FOOL

Well, in that case, all right. We all pay for what we like sooner or later.

## ORSINO

You may leave.

## FOOL

I'll pray for the god of sadness to protect you, sir. And I hope your tailor will make you an outfit out of fabric that changes color, because your mind is like an opal that changes colors constantly. Men as wonderfully changeable as you are should all go drifting on the sea, where they can do whatever comes their way, and go wherever the current takes them. Those are the men whose trips are always successful. Goodbye.

*The FOOL exits.*

## ORSINO

All the rest of you can leave too.

*CURIO and attendants retire.*

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

## VIOLA

But if she can't love you, sir?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## ORSINO

I cannot be so answer'd.

## VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.

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

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

## ORSINO

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

95 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  
100 Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

## VIOLA

Ay, but I know—

## ORSINO

What dost thou know?

## VIOLA

Too well what love women to men may owe.  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
105 My father had a daughter loved a man  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

## ORSINO

And what's her history?

## MODERN TEXT

## ORSINO

I refuse to accept that.

## VIOLA

But you have to. Just imagine some lady might exist  
who loves you as powerfully and agonizingly as you  
love Olivia. But you can't love her, and you tell her so.  
Shouldn't she just accept that?

## ORSINO

No woman is strong enough to put up with the kind of  
intense passion I feel. No woman's heart is big enough  
to hold all my love. Women don't feel love like that—love  
is as shallow as appetite for them. It has nothing to do  
with their hearts, just their sense of taste. They eat too  
much and get indigestion and nausea. But my love's  
different. It's as all-consuming and insatiable as the sea,  
and it can swallow as much as the sea can. Don't  
compare a woman's love for a man with my love for  
Olivia.

## VIOLA

Yes, but I know—

## ORSINO

What do you know?

## VIOLA

I know a lot about the love women can feel for men.  
Actually, their hearts are as sensitive and loyal as ours  
are. My father had a daughter who loved a man in the  
same way that I might love you, if I were a woman.

## ORSINO

And what's her story?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
110 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  
115 Our shows are more than will, for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

## 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.  
120 Sir, shall I to this lady?

## ORSINO

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

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

There was no story, my lord. She never told him she loved him. She kept her love bottled up inside her until it destroyed her, ruining her beauty. She pined away. She just sat waiting patiently, sadly, smiling despite her sadness. Her complexion turned greenish from depression. Doesn't that sound like true love? We men might talk more and promise more, but in fact we talk more than we really feel. We might be great at making vows, but our love isn't sincere.

## ORSINO

But did your sister die of love?

## VIOLA

I am the only daughter in my father's family, and all the brothers too—but I'm not completely sure about that. Anyway, sir, should I go see the lady?

## ORSINO

Yes, go quickly and give her this jewel. Tell her my love won't go away and won't be denied. (*he hands her a jewel*)

*They exit.*



ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter *SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

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

MODERN TEXT

*SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN enter.*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come along with us, Signor Fabian.

**FABIAN**

I'm coming, don't worry. If I miss this, let me be boiled alive.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Won't you be glad to see that rascal dog humiliated?

**FABIAN**

I'll be thrilled. You know, he got me in trouble with the lady of the house once when I arranged a bear-baiting here.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

We'll have another bear-baiting just to make him angry, and we'll mock him till he's black and blue. Won't we, Sir Andrew?

**SIR ANDREW**

If we don't, it'll be the biggest disappointment of our lives.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Here comes the little villain herself.

*MARIA enters.*

How are you, my golden girl?

**MARIA**

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



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*They hide*

Lie thou there (throwing down a letter), for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

*Exit*

*Enter MALVOLIO*

## MALVOLIO

20 '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 anyone else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

25 *(aside)* Here's an overweening rogue!

## FABIAN

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

## SIR ANDREW

*(aside)* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(aside)* Peace, I say.

## MALVOLIO

30 To be Count Malvolio!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(aside)* Ah, rogue!

## SIR ANDREW

*(aside)* Pistol him, pistol him.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(aside)* Peace, peace!

## MODERN TEXT

*They all hide.*

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

*MARIA exits.*

*MALVOLIO enters.*

## MALVOLIO

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(whispering)* What an egomaniac!

## FABIAN

*(whispering)* Shh! When he's alone with his thoughts, he's even more like a haughty peacock. Watch him strut!

## SIR ANDREW

*(whispering)* I swear, I'd like to beat the jerk so hard!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(whispering)* Be quiet!

## MALVOLIO

Just think, I could be Count Malvolio!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(whispering)* Ah, what a jerk!

## SIR ANDREW

*(whispering)* Shoot him, just shoot him.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(whispering)* Shh, shh!





## ORIGINAL TEXT

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

*(aside)* Fie on him, Jezebel!

**FABIAN**

*(aside)* 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**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

45 *(aside)* Fire and brimstone!

**FABIAN**

*(aside)* O, peace, peace!

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

50 *(aside)* Bolts and shackles!

**FABIAN**

*(aside)* O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

## MODERN TEXT

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

*(whispering)* Damn him, the arrogant fool!

**FABIAN**

*(whispering)* Shh! We've got him right where we want him. He's on a big ego trip.

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* That does it!

**FABIAN**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* That really does it!

**FABIAN**

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



## ORIGINAL TEXT

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(aside)* Shall this fellow live?

**FABIAN**

*(aside)* 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**

*(aside)* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(aside)* What, what?

**MALVOLIO**

65 "You must amend your drunkenness."

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(aside)* Out, scab!

**FABIAN**

*(aside)* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

**MALVOLIO**

"Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—"

**SIR ANDREW**

70 *(aside)* That's me, I warrant you.

**MALVOLIO**

"One Sir Andrew—"

## MODERN TEXT

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* Are we going to let this guy live?

**FABIAN**

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

**MALVOLIO**

I reach out my hand to him like this, giving him a stern look instead of my usual friendly smile—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* And then doesn't Toby punch you in the mouth?

**MALVOLIO**

And I'd say to him, "Cousin Toby, since I've been lucky enough to marry your niece, I have the right to say a few things to you—"

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* Oh yeah, like what?

**MALVOLIO**

"You must stop being such a drunk."

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* Get out of here, you scab!

**FABIAN**

*(whispering)* No, be quiet, or we'll screw up the joke.

**MALVOLIO**

"And you're wasting your time with that foolish knight—"

**SIR ANDREW**

*(whispering)* That's me, I bet.

**MALVOLIO**

"That Sir Andrew—"



ORIGINAL TEXT

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO

(*seeing the letter*) What employment have we here?

FABIAN

(*aside*) Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY BELCH

75 (*aside*) O, peace! And the spirit of humors intimate  
reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO

(*picking up the letter*) By my life, this is my lady's  
hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's and  
thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of  
question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW

80 (*aside*) Her C's, her U's and her T's. Why that?

MALVOLIO

(*reads*) "To the unknown beloved, this, and my  
good wishes"—Her very phrases! By your leave,  
wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece, with  
which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom  
should this be?

FABIAN

85 (*aside*) This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

(*reads*)  
"Jove knows I love,  
But who?  
Lips, do not move;  
90 No man must know."

MODERN TEXT

SIR ANDREW

(*whispering*) I knew he was talking about me. A lot of  
people call me foolish.

MALVOLIO

(*seeing the letter*) What's this?

FABIAN

(*whispering*) He's taking the bait.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) Shhh! I hope he reads it out loud, to make it  
funnier!

MALVOLIO

(*picking up the letter*) My goodness, this is my lady's  
**handwriting**! These are her C's, her U's and her T's, and  
that's how she makes her big P's. It's definitely her  
handwriting, no doubt about it.

SIR ANDREW

(*whispering*) Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why focus on  
that?

MALVOLIO

(*reads*) To my dear beloved who doesn't know I love him,  
I send you this letter with all my heart"—That's exactly  
how she talks! Excuse me, sealing wax. (*he breaks the  
seal*) Wait! This is the stamp my lady seals her letters  
with—it has a picture of Lucrece on it. This letter is from  
Olivia. Who is this written to?

FABIAN

(*whispering*) This'll get him.

MALVOLIO

(*he reads*)  
God knows I love someone.  
But who?  
I can't let my lips say his name;  
"No man must know."



ORIGINAL TEXT

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(aside)* Marry, hang thee, brock!

**MALVOLIO**

95 *(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**

100 *(aside)* A fustian riddle!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(aside)* 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**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**FABIAN**

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

MODERN TEXT

**MALVOLIO**

"No man must know." What comes after that? Look, the meter changes in her poem. "No man must know." What if this someone were you, Malvolio?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* Go hang yourself, you stinking badger!

**MALVOLIO**

*(reading)*

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

**FABIAN**

*(whispering)* What a pretentious riddle!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

*(whispering)* That Maria has outdone herself!

**MALVOLIO**

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

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**FABIAN**

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



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## MALVOLIO

115 "M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that begins my name.

## FABIAN

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

## MALVOLIO

"M." But then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation "A" should follow but "O" does.

## FABIAN

120 *(aside)* And "O" shall end, I hope.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(aside)* Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry "O!"

## MALVOLIO

And then "I" comes behind.

## FABIAN

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

## MALVOLIO

125 "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.

## MODERN TEXT

## MALVOLIO

"M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that's the first letter in my name.

## FABIAN

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

## MALVOLIO

"M." But then the next letter isn't the same. "A" should be next, but instead "O" comes next.

## FABIAN

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

*(whispering)* Yeah, or I'll beat him up and make him yell "Oh!"

## MALVOLIO

And then the "I" comes next.

## FABIAN

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

## MALVOLIO

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

*(he reads)*

"If this letter falls into your hands, think carefully about what it says. By my birth I rank above you, but don't be afraid of my greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Your fate awaits you. Accept it in body and spirit. To get used to the life you'll most likely be leading soon, get rid of your low-class trappings. Show some eagerness for the new upscale lifestyle that's waiting





## ORIGINAL TEXT

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"

145 Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point- devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

*(reads)*

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

## MODERN TEXT

for you. Argue with a relative like a nobleman, and be rude to servants. Talk about politics and affairs of state, and act free and independent. The woman who advises you to do this loves you. Remember the woman who complimented you on your yellow stockings, and said she always wanted to see you with crisscrossing laces going up your legs—remember her. Go ahead. A happy new life is there if you want it. If you don't want it, just keep acting like a lowly servant who's not brave enough to grab the happiness there before him. Goodbye. Signed, she who would be your servant,  
The Fortunate Unhappy."

This is as clear as sunlight in an open field. I'll do it. I'll be vain and proud, I'll read up on politics, I'll insult Sir Toby, I'll get rid of my lower-class friends, and I'll be the perfect man for her. I know I'm not fooling myself, or letting myself get carried away by my imagination, because every clue points to the fact that Lady Olivia loves me. She did compliment me on my yellow stockings recently, and she said she liked how the crisscross laces looked on my legs. That's her way of saying she loves me. Oh, I thank my lucky stars, I'm so happy. For her I'll be strange and condescending, and I'll put on my yellow stockings and crisscross laces right away. Thank God and my horoscope! Here's a postscript!.

*(reads)*

"You must have figured out who I am. If you love me, let me know by smiling at me. You're so attractive when you smile. Please smile whenever you're near me, my dearest darling."





## ORIGINAL TEXT

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

*Exit*

## FABIAN

165 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

170 Nor I neither.

*Enter MARIA*

## FABIAN

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

## SIR ANDREW

Or o' mine either?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

I' faith, or I either?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## MODERN TEXT

Dear God, thank you! I'll do everything she wants me to  
do.

*MALVOLIO exits.*

## FABIAN

I wouldn't have missed this even for a pension of  
thousands of pounds, to be paid by the shah of Persia.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry that Maria for thinking this up.

## SIR ANDREW

So could I.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

And I wouldn't ask for any dowry except for her to play  
another trick like this one.

## SIR ANDREW

Neither would I.

*MARIA enters.*

## FABIAN

Here she comes, the brilliant fool-catcher.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

May I kiss your feet?

## SIR ANDREW

And I too?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall I be your slave?

## SIR ANDREW

Me too.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

You've made him so delusional he'll go crazy when he  
learns the truth.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## MARIA

Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

180 Like aqua vitae with a midwife.

## 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.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

## MARIA

Did it really work?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Like medicine for a sick man.

## MARIA

If you want to really have some fun, watch him next time he's near Lady Olivia. He'll show up in yellow stockings—she hates yellow—and with laces crisscrossing up his legs—she hates that style of dress—and he'll smile, which will go completely against her mood, since she's addicted to sadness now. She'll definitely get upset with him. If you want to watch, follow me.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

I'd follow you to the gates of Hell, you sneaky little devil!

## SIR ANDREW

I'll come too.

*They all exit.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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

## VIOLA

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

## FOOL

No, sir, I live by the church.

## VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

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

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

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

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

Why, man?

## MODERN TEXT

*VIOLA and the FOOL, playing a drum, enter.*

## VIOLA

God bless you, my friend, and your music too. Do you make your living by playing that drum?

## FOOL

No, sir, I live by the church.

## VIOLA

Oh, you're a clergyman?

## FOOL

No, I live by the church because I live in a house, and my house is by the church.

## VIOLA

You could just as easily say that a king sleeps near a beggar if the beggar lives near him, or that the church is supported by your drum because it "stands by" your drum.

## FOOL

You're right, sir. What a wonderful time to be alive! Sentences can be turned inside out so easily nowadays!

## VIOLA

That's true. People who fool around with words too much can make words act like whores—changing all the time, and immoral too.

## FOOL

That's why I wish my sister didn't have a name, sir.

## VIOLA

Why, man?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

20 Thy reason, man?

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

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

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

Well, her name's a word, and if you fooled around with it you might make her into a whore. But, you know, words have been rascals ever since people started using written contracts rather than their word of honor.

## VIOLA

Why do you say that?

## FOOL

Honestly, sir, I'd need to use words to explain why, and since words are so unreliable and false, I'd rather avoid using them in a serious discussion.

## VIOLA

I bet you're a happy fellow who doesn't care about anything.

## FOOL

You're wrong, sir, I do care about something. But I'll admit I don't care for you. If that means I don't care about anything, you should disappear right now, since you're nothing.

## VIOLA

Aren't you Lady Olivia's fool?

## FOOL

No, sir. Lady Olivia doesn't want to have anything to do with foolishness. So she won't have a fool until she gets married. Fools are to husbands as anchovies are to sardines—husbands are the bigger ones. I'm not her fool. I just make words into whores for her.

## VIOLA

I saw you at Count Orsino's recently.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

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

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

40 By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, (aside) though I would not have it grow on my chin. (to fool) Is thy lady within?

## FOOL

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

## VIOLA

Yes, being kept together and put to use.

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

(giving him money) I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged.

## FOOL

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

Exit

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

I'm everywhere. Foolishness is all over the world, just like sunshine. I'd be sorry if people thought your master was less familiar with foolishness than my mistress is. I think I saw you there, you wise man.

## VIOLA

Oh no, if you're joking around with me, I'm leaving. Wait, here's a coin for you.

## FOOL

Next time God sends out a shipment of hair, I hope he gives you a beard!

## VIOLA

Oh, I know. Seriously, I'm dying for one, (to herself) I mean, I'm dying for a man who has a beard; I don't want one to grow on my chin. (to the FOOL) Is Lady Olivia inside?

## FOOL

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

## VIOLA

Yes, if you kept them together and invested them.

## FOOL

I'd like to be like that famous pimp, Lord Pandarus, and get a [Cressida for my Troilus](#).

## VIOLA

(giving the FOOL money) I get what you're driving at, sir. You're a very clever beggar.

## FOOL

It shouldn't be too much to ask; I'm only begging for a beggar. They say Cressida became a beggar in her old age. My lady Olivia's inside, sir. I'll tell them where you come from, though I don't know who you are or what you want. I'd say I was "out of my element," but that phrase is overused, so I'll say I'm "out of my air."

The FOOL exits.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

- 55 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time,  
And, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eye. This is a practise  
As full of labor as a wise man's art,  
60 For folly that he wisely shows is fit.  
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Save you, gentleman.

## VIOLA

And you, sir.

## SIR ANDREW

*Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

## VIOLA

- 65 *Et vous aussi. Votre serviteur!*

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## VIOLA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Taste your legs, sir. Put them to motion.

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

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

*SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW enter.*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Hello, sir.

## VIOLA

Hello to you too, sir.

## SIR ANDREW

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

## VIOLA

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

## SIR ANDREW

*(stammering)* Oh, good, I am too.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## VIOLA

I'm headed for your niece, sir. She's the reason I'm here.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Taste your legs, sir. Please go inside.





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

## VIOLA

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

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

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

## SIR ANDREW

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

## VIOLA

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

## SIR ANDREW

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

## OLIVIA

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

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA*

85 Give me your hand, sir.

## VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

## OLIVIA

What is your name?

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

Taste my legs? My legs stand under me, but I don't understand what "taste your legs" means.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean please go into the house, sir.

## VIOLA

I will. But now we don't have to!

*OLIVIA and MARIA enter.*

Oh, beautiful and accomplished lady, may the heavens rain odors upon you!

## SIR ANDREW

*(to himself)* That young man's classy. "Rain odors." That's good.

## VIOLA

My message is not for anyone else to hear, my lady. It's only for your willing and receptive ear.

## SIR ANDREW

*(to himself)* "Odors," "willing," and "deserving." I'll have to remember those words so I can use them later myself.

## OLIVIA

Close the garden door and leave me alone to hear his message.

*SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA exit.*

Give me your hand, sir.

## VIOLA

I give you my obedience and my humble service, madam.

## OLIVIA

What's your name?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

## OLIVIA

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

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,  
95 Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you,  
I bade you never speak again of him.  
But, would you undertake another suit,  
100 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  
105 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?

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

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

## VIOLA

But he's your servant, so everything that's his must be  
yours too. Your servant's servant is your servant,  
madam.

## OLIVIA

As for him, I never think about him. As for his thoughts, I  
wish he'd think about nothing at all rather than think  
about me all the time.

## VIOLA

Madam, I've come here to try to make you like him.

## OLIVIA

Oh, please, I'm begging you, don't mention him again.  
But if you want to tell me that someone else loves me, I'd  
enjoy hearing that more than I'd enjoy listening to  
angels sing.

## VIOLA

My dear lady—

## OLIVIA

Please let me say something, I'm begging you. After you  
cast your magic spell on me last time, I sent you a ring. I  
fear it was a mistake, since I tricked my servant, myself,  
and you too. You probably think poorly of me after I  
forced that ring on you with such outrageous trickery.  
What else could you possibly think of me?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

Have you not set mine honor at the stake,  
110 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**

115 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  
120 To fall before the lion than the wolf! (*clock strikes*)  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.  
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.  
125 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 thinkest of me.

**VIOLA**

That you do think you are not what you are.

**OLIVIA**

130 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!

## MODERN TEXT

Haven't you totally dismissed my honor and integrity in  
your anger? For someone as intelligent as you the  
situation must be clear enough. I'm wearing my heart on  
my sleeve, and I can't hide my feelings. So let me hear  
what you have to say.

**VIOLA**

I feel sorry for you.

**OLIVIA**

That's a step in the direction of love.

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

Well, enough of my whining then. That's that! I was  
getting carried away with fantasies I didn't deserve to  
have. But I should consider myself lucky. It's much  
better to be destroyed by a noble enemy than by a cruel  
and heartless one. (*a clock strikes*) Listen to that, the  
clock's scolding me for wasting my time loving you.  
Don't worry, young man, I won't stalk you. And when  
you're older and wiser and ready for marriage, your  
future wife will have a fine husband. There's the way  
back home for you, due west.

**VIOLA**

Then west is where I'm headed! I wish you all the best.  
You do

**OLIVIA**

Stay, Please, tell me what you think of me.

**VIOLA**

I think you're denying what you really are.

**OLIVIA**

If that's true, I think the same thing about you.

**VIOLA**

You're right. I am not what I am.

**OLIVIA**

I wish you were what I wanted you to be!



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

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

## OLIVIA

- 135 *(aside)* Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is  
noon.
- 140 *(to VIOLA)* Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
- 145 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
- 150 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam. Nevermore  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

## OLIVIA

Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move  
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

Would it be better if I were that, instead of what I am? I  
wish I were something better, because right now I'm a  
big fool.

## OLIVIA

*(to herself)* Oh, how beautiful he is even when he's  
angry and full of contempt! A murderer can hide his  
guilt longer than someone in love can hide her love.  
Love shines brightly and can't be hidden. *(to VIOLA)*  
Cesario, I swear by the spring roses, by virginity, honor,  
truth, and everything, I swear I love you. I love you so  
much that I can't hide my passion for you, as clever as I  
am. Don't assume that because I'm pursuing you there's  
no reason to pursue me. Put two and two together and  
realize that asking for love is good, but getting it without  
asking is much better.

## VIOLA

And I swear by my youth and innocence that I've only  
got one heart and one love to give, and that I've never  
given them to a woman and never will. So goodbye, my  
lady. I won't ever come to complain about my lord's love  
for you again.

## OLIVIA

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

*They exit.*



ORIGINAL TEXT

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 favors to the  
Count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon  
me. I saw 't i' the orchard.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

As plain as I see you now.

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**FABIAN**

15 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.

MODERN TEXT

**SIR TOBY BELCH**, **SIR ANDREW**, and **FABIAN** enter.

**SIR ANDREW**

No, I won't stay a second longer.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why are you leaving, my angry friend?

**FABIAN**

Yes, you have to tell us why, Sir Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW**

Well, because I saw your niece Olivia treat the count's  
messenger better than she's ever treated me. I saw it in  
the orchard.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Did she see you there the whole time, old boy? Tell me  
that.

**SIR ANDREW**

Yes, she saw me quite clearly.

**FABIAN**

Well, that proves she's in love with you.

**SIR ANDREW**

Are you trying to make fun of me?

**FABIAN**

No, I'll prove it with airtight evidence and logical  
argument.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And you can't deny evidence and argument—They've  
been around since Noah's ark.

**FABIAN**

She flirted with the messenger boy to exasperate you,  
fire up your passions, and make you angry and jealous.  
You should have run up to her, unleashed a few excellent  
quips invented on the spot, and rendered the young  
man speechless.



ORIGINAL TEXT

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. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FABIAN

35 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. If thou "thou"-est him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

SIR ANDREW

45 Where shall I find you?

MODERN TEXT

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FABIAN

It's really the only way, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you give him the message that I'm challenging him to a duel?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go ahead and write it down. Make your handwriting look like a soldier's. Be pointed and brief. It doesn't need to be witty as long as it's eloquent and imaginative. Taunt him as much as you want, since you're only doing it in writing. It's fine if you refer to him as "thou" instead of "you." Write down as many lies as you can fit on a sheet of paper. Go ahead, get on with it. You may be using an ordinary pen, but you can fill it with poison ink. Now get busy.

SIR ANDREW

Where will I find you when I've finished it?





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

*Exit SIR ANDREW*

## FABIAN

This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## FABIAN

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## FABIAN

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

*Enter MARIA*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

## MARIA

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

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll come find you in the bedroom. Go on.

*SIR ANDREW exits.*

## FABIAN

This precious little guy is putty in your hands, Sir Toby.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

He must like me, since he's let me spend two thousand of his ducats.

## FABIAN

His letter's going to be hilarious. But you're not going to deliver it, are you?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Never trust me again if I don't. And by all means see if you can get the young man to answer it. I don't think a team of oxen could get them close enough to fight. If you dissected Andrew and found enough red blood in his liver for a flea to eat, then I'd eat the rest of his corpse. He's a coward.

## FABIAN

And his opponent, the young messenger, doesn't look like he'd be very aggressive in a fight.

*MARIA enters.*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes my little bird.

## MARIA

Listen, if you want a good laugh—and I mean a side-splitting one—then follow me. That gullible idiot Malvolio must have renounced Christianity, since no Christian could do such outrageous things as he's doing. He's wearing yellow stockings.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

65 And cross-gartered?

## MARIA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

With crisscrossed laces?

## MARIA

Oh, he looks like a pathetic Sunday school teacher. I've stalked him like a murderer, and he's done everything the letter told him to. He smiles so much his face has more lines in it than a map of the East Indies. You've never seen anything like it. I can hardly keep myself from throwing things at him. I know that my lady's going to end up hitting him. And when she does, he'll imagine she's flirting with him.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, take us to him.

*They all exit.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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,  
5 More sharp than filèd 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,  
10 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,  
15 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**

- 20 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.

## MODERN TEXT

**SEBASTIAN** and **ANTONIO** enter.

**SEBASTIAN**

I really didn't want to inconvenience you. But since you  
seem to enjoy helping me, I won't nag you to stop any  
more.

**ANTONIO**

I couldn't stay behind after you left. I just felt a sharp  
desire to follow you. It wasn't just that I wanted to see  
you, though I very much did want that. I was also worried  
about what might happen to you while you were  
traveling, since you're not familiar with this area, and it's  
rough and unwelcoming to a stranger with no guide. I  
followed you because I love you and I was worried about  
you.

**SEBASTIAN**

My friend Antonio, all I can say is thank you. I know  
words are cheap. If I had any money I'd back up my  
gratitude with cash. Anyway, what should we do? Should  
we go see the sights in the town?

**ANTONIO**

We can do that tomorrow, sir. First we should make sure  
you have somewhere to stay.

**SEBASTIAN**

I'm not tired, and night is a long time away. Come on, let's  
go see the sights.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## ANTONIO

Would you'd pardon me;

- 25 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

- 30 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,  
35 Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;  
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

## SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open.

## ANTONIO

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

- 40 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

- 45 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.

## MODERN TEXT

## ANTONIO

I'm sorry, but I can't. You see, it's dangerous for me to  
walk in these streets. Once in a battle at sea I did a lot of  
damage to Count Orsino's warships. If they arrested me  
here, it'd be the end of me.

## SEBASTIAN

You probably killed a lot of his men?

## ANTONIO

No, I didn't do anything as violent as that, though we  
would've been justified in shedding a little blood over  
the matter. The whole quarrel might have been resolved  
since then when we repaid what we stole from them—  
which most of our city did, for the sake of friendly trade  
relations. I was the only one who refused to give back  
what I stole. That's why I'll pay dearly if they find me here.

## SEBASTIAN

Then don't make yourself too conspicuous.

## ANTONIO

You're right. Hang on a minute, here's some money for  
you. (*he gives SEBASTIAN money*) The best place to stay  
around here is an inn called the Elephant, in the suburbs  
south of the city. I'll arrange for our meals while you  
enjoy yourself and educate yourself by looking at the  
town. You'll find me at the Elephant.

## SEBASTIAN

Why are you giving me your purse?

## ANTONIO

Maybe you'll see some little trinket you want to buy. I  
doubt you've got enough money for little purchases like  
that.

## SEBASTIAN

I'll hold on to your money and leave you for an hour.

# TWELFTH NIGHT

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE



Act 3, Scene 3, Page 3



## ORIGINAL TEXT

**ANTONIO**

To the Elephant.

**SEBASTIAN**

I do remember.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

**ANTONIO**

We'll meet at the Elephant.

**SEBASTIAN**

I remember.

*They exit.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA***OLIVIA**

I have sent after him. He says he'll come.  
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begged or  
borrow'd.

5 I speak too loud.—

Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.  
Where is Malvolio?

**MARIA**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**MARIA**

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

**OLIVIA**

Go call him hither.

*Exit MARIA*

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

*Enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO*

How now, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

## MODERN TEXT

*OLIVIA and MARIA enter.***OLIVIA**

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

**MARIA**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**MARIA**

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

**OLIVIA**

Ask him in here.

*MARIA exits.*

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

*MARIA enters with MALVOLIO.*

What's going on, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

Hello, sweet lady.





ORIGINAL TEXT

**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, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee."

**OLIVIA**

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

**MARIA**

How do you, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

At your request! Yes, nightingales answer daws!

**MARIA**

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

**MALVOLIO**

35 "Be not afraid of greatness." 'Twas well writ.

**OLIVIA**

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

"Some are born great—"

MODERN TEXT

**OLIVIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

To bed! "Yes, sweetheart, I'll come to you."

**OLIVIA**

For heaven's sake, why are you smiling like that and kissing your hand so much?

**MARIA**

How are you feeling, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

You're asking me! Noble people don't answer to peasants!

**MARIA**

Why are you acting so brazen toward my lady?

**MALVOLIO**

"Don't be afraid of greatness." That was well written.

**OLIVIA**

What do you mean by that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

"Some are born great—"



ORIGINAL TEXT

OLIVIA

Ha?

MALVOLIO

"Some achieve greatness—"

OLIVIA

40 What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

"Remember who commended thy yellow stockings  
—"

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

45 "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO

"Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so—"

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

50 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.

MODERN TEXT

OLIVIA

What?

MALVOLIO

"Some achieve greatness—"

OLIVIA

What are you saying?

MALVOLIO

"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA

Heaven help you!

MALVOLIO

"Remember who liked your yellow stockings—"

OLIVIA

Your yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

"And wanted to see you with laces crisscrossed over  
your legs."

OLIVIA

Crisscrossed?

MALVOLIO

"Go ahead. A happy new life is there if you want it—"

OLIVIA

Am I a new life?

MALVOLIO

"If you don't want it, just keep acting like a lowly servant."

OLIVIA

This is completely insane.

**SERVANT** enters.

**SERVANT**

Madam, Count Orsino's young messenger has returned.  
It was hard to get him to come back, but he's here now,  
waiting for you.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

*Exit SERVANT*

55 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

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

*Enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN*

## MODERN TEXT

OLIVIA

I'll go to him.

*SERVANT exits.*

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

*OLIVIA and MARIA exit.*

MALVOLIO

Oh ho! Look at me now! No less a person than Sir Toby, Lady Olivia's own relative, is going to take care of me. This is just what the letter said. She's sending him to me on purpose, so I can be rude to him just like she said in the letter. "Get rid of your low-class trapping," she said. "Argue with a relative of mine like a nobleman, and be rude to servants. Talk about politics and affairs of state, and act free and independent." And then she explains how to do it: I should have a serious face and dignified demeanor, well-modulated speech, acting like a distinguished gentleman and so on. I've got her now, but I've got God to thank for it! And when she left just now, she said "Take care of this poor fellow here." Fellow! Not "Malvolio," not anything referring to my low station in life, but "fellow." Everything's going perfectly. Not the tiniest ounce, not the slightest insignificant amount of trouble or bad luck could ruin it—what can I say? Nothing can come between me and the fulfillment of all my hopes. Well, God is responsible for that, not me, and he deserves thanks.

*MARIA enters with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## 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

80 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

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

## MALVOLIO

Aha! Does she so?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

## MARIA

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

## FABIAN

Carry his water to the wisewoman.

## MARIA

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

## MALVOLIO

How now, mistress?

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## FABIAN

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

## MALVOLIO

Go away. I don't want to see your face. Let me enjoy my privacy. Go away.

## MARIA

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

## MALVOLIO

Ah-ha! Does she?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## MALVOLIO

Do you even know what you're talking about?

## MARIA

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Look at that, he acts insulted if you say bad things about the devil! I hope to God he's not bewitched!

## FABIAN

Get a urine sample and take it to a witch doctor to find out.

## MARIA

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

## MALVOLIO

What are you saying, mistress?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

**MARIA**

O Lord!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MALVOLIO**

105 Sir!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Ay, Biddy, come with me.—What, man! 'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

**MARIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

110 My prayers, minx?

**MARIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

*Exit*

## MODERN TEXT

**MARIA**

Oh, Lord!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

(to MARIA) Please, keep quiet. This is not the way to act. Don't you see you're upsetting him? Leave me alone with him.

**FABIAN**

Gentleness is the only way to go—gently, gently. The devil inside him is rough, but we can't treat it roughly.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

(to the imaginary devil inside MALVOLIO) So how are you, my pretty little bird? How are you doing in there, sweet little chicken?

**MALVOLIO**

Sir!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Yes, dear little chick, come along with me.—Shut up, man! You're serious enough to know not to play games with Satan. Damn that dirty black coalminer of a devil!

**MARIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

My prayers, you hussy?

**MARIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

*MALVOLIO exits.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

115 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**

120 Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

**MARIA**

The house will be the quieter.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

*Enter SIR ANDREW***FABIAN**

More matter for a May morning.

**SIR ANDREW**

*(presenting a paper)* Here's the challenge, read it. Warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

**FABIAN**

Is 't so saucy?

**SIR ANDREW**

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

## MODERN TEXT

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Is it possible?

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

He's really taken this prank to heart. He's playing the role perfectly.

**MARIA**

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

**FABIAN**

Wow, we're really going to drive him crazy.

**MARIA**

The house will be so much quieter.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

*SIR ANDREW enters.***FABIAN**

Here's more insanity for us.

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**FABIAN**

Is it that aggressive?

**SIR ANDREW**

Yes, it is, I think. Just read it.





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Give me. (*reads*) "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

## FABIAN

135 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

145 Good.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

(*reads*) "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

## FABIAN

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Good.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## MODERN TEXT

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Give it to me. (*he reads*) "Young man, whatever you are, you're a real scum bucket."

## FABIAN

Nice. Very courageous.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

(*reading*) "Don't even ask why I call you that, because I won't give you any explanation."

## FABIAN

That's a good thing to put in—it keeps you from getting in trouble with the law.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

(*reading*) "You come to see the lady Olivia, and she's kind to you. But you're a complete liar. That's not why I'm challenging you to a duel."

## FABIAN

Nice and short and full of good sense—or should I say nonsense?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

(*reading*) "I'll ambush you on your way home, and if you're lucky enough to kill me—"

## FABIAN

Good.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

(*reading*) "You'll be killing me like a common criminal, a mugger."

## FABIAN

You still haven't said anything incriminating. Good.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

(*reading*) "Good luck, and may God have mercy on one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine. But I have a better chance of surviving, so watch out. Signed, your friend, if you treat him right, and your sworn enemy,  
Andrew Aguecheek"



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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

## MARIA

You may have very fit occasion for 't. He is now in some commerce with my lady and will by and by depart.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

*Exit*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*Enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA*

## MODERN TEXT

If this letter doesn't make him fight, I don't know what will. I'll give it to him.

## MARIA

You might have a great opportunity to give it to him right now. He's conducting some business with my lady, and sooner or later he'll leave.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, Sir Andrew. Look out for him in the corner of the orchard as if you were a sheriff's deputy. As soon as you see him, draw your sword, and as you draw it, start swearing horribly. Sometimes a terrible swear word, like a well-shot arrow, makes you look more brave and manly than getting in a fight would. Now go!

## SIR ANDREW

Don't worry about me not swearing enough.

*SIR ANDREW exits.*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

I won't deliver this letter. The young gentleman's behavior shows that he's sensible and has good manners. The fact that he serves as a go-between for his lord and my niece Olivia confirms this. So this letter, which is so incredibly stupid and ignorant, isn't going to scare him at all. He'll just think an idiot wrote it. But I'll deliver Sir Andrew's challenge by word of mouth, describing Sir Andrew as courageous in battle and convincing the young gentleman that Sir Andrew is furious, impetuous, and a skilled fighter (he'll believe me because he's young). This will make them both so afraid that they'll kill each other just by looking at each other.

*OLIVIA enters with VIOLA.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FABIAN

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

175 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,  
180 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.  
185 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

190 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*

## MODERN TEXT

## FABIAN

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Meanwhile, I'll think of some horrible way to phrase the challenge.

*SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA exit.*

## OLIVIA

I've said too much to someone with a heart of stone. I've foolishly jeopardized my honor and reputation. I hate myself for behaving that way, but I just had to, and no criticism could have stopped me.

## VIOLA

My lord acts just as crazy with love as you do.

## OLIVIA

Here, take this piece of jewelry. There's a picture of me inside. Don't refuse it. It won't annoy you like me, because it doesn't have a voice. And I beg you, please come here again tomorrow. What could you possibly ask of me that I wouldn't give you, as long as it didn't damage my honor and self-respect?

## VIOLA

Nothing, except your true love for my lord.

## OLIVIA

How could I honorably give him what I've already given you?

## VIOLA

I'll give it back to you.

## OLIVIA

Just come again tomorrow. Good-bye. A devil like you could lead me to hell.

*OLIVIA exits.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

195 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**

205 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**

210 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."

## MODERN TEXT

*SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN enter.*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Hello, sir.

**VIOLA**

Hello to you.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You'd better think up a way to defend yourself. I don't know what you've done to upset him, but someone has challenged you to a duel. He's riled up and bloodthirsty, and he's waiting for you at the back of the orchard. Draw your sword and get on your toes, because your assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

**VIOLA**

There must be some mistake, sir. I'm sure nobody would have any reason to fight with me. I can't remember anything I've ever done to offend anyone.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You're wrong about that, I assure you. So if you value your life at all, be on your guard. Your opponent has enough youth, strength, skill, and anger to outfight anyone.

**VIOLA**

But who is this person, sir?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

He's a knight. He was made a knight because of his court connections, but when he's fighting a civilian he's a real monster. He's killed three people, and he's so furious right now that the only thing that will satisfy him is seeing you die. "Fight to the death" is his motto.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

I will return again 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 valor. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## VIOLA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*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.

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

I'll go back inside and ask the lady for some kind of escort. I'm not a fighter. I've heard of men who pick fights with other people on purpose, just to see how brave they are. This man is probably like that.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## VIOLA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*SIR TOBY exits.*

## VIOLA

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

## FABIAN

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

## VIOLA

What kind of man is he?

## FABIAN

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





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## 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*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable. And on the answer, he 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

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

260 I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on 't.

This shall end without the perdition of souls.

*(aside)* Marry,

I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Enter FABIAN and VIOLA*

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

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

*They exit.*

*SIR TOBY BELCH enters with SIR ANDREW.*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Wow, he's a real devil. I've never seen such a monster. I had a round with him, and his sword thrust is so deadly that you can't even duck out of the way. And when he strikes back at you, he'll hit you as sure as you're standing there. They say he used to fence for the shah of Persia.

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*FABIAN and VIOLA enter.*





ORIGINAL TEXT

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

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

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

FABIAN

Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

280 I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

*They draw swords Enter ANTONIO*

ANTONIO

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

MODERN TEXT

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

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

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

FABIAN

Back off if he seems really furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

I hope to God he keeps his promise!

VIOLA

I swear to you, I don't want to be doing this.

*They draw their swords. ANTONIO enters.*

ANTONIO

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



ORIGINAL TEXT

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You, sir? Why, what are you?

**ANTONIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*They draw swords Enter OFFICERS*

**FABIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

(to ANTONIO) I'll be with you anon.

**VIOLA**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**FIRST OFFICER**

This is the man. Do thy office.

**SECOND OFFICER**

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

**ANTONIO**

295 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**

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

MODERN TEXT

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You, sir? Who are you?

**ANTONIO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

If you're someone who gets into fights, I'll fight with you.

*They draw their swords. OFFICERS enter.*

**FABIAN**

Oh, Sir Toby, stop! The police are here.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

(to ANTONIO) I'll be back for you soon.

**VIOLA**

(to ANDREW) Please, sir, put away your sword. Please.

**SIR ANDREW**

I certainly will, sir. And as for what I promised to you, I'm  
as good as my word. You can ride him easily, and he  
responds well when you pull the reins.

**FIRST OFFICER**

This is the man. Do your job.

**SECOND OFFICER**

Antonio, you're under arrest on the orders of Count  
Orsino.

**ANTONIO**

You must be mistaking me for someone else, sir.

**FIRST OFFICER**

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

**ANTONIO**

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



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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,  
305 But be of comfort.

## SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, away.

## ANTONIO

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

## VIOLA

What money, sir?  
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,  
And part being prompted by your present trouble,  
310 Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.  
I'll make division of my present with you.  
Hold, there's half my coffer. (*offering him money*)

## ANTONIO

Will you deny me now?  
Is 't possible that my deserts to you  
315 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.  
320 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.

## MODERN TEXT

I'm more upset about not being able to help you than I  
am about what's going to happen to me. You look so  
confused. Don't worry about me.

## SECOND OFFICER

Come on, sir, let's go.

## ANTONIO

(to VIOLA) Really, I must ask you for some of that money.

## VIOLA

What money, sir? I feel sorry for you in this situation,  
and I want to thank you for the kindness you've shown  
me here, so I'll lend you some of my money, though I  
don't have much. I'll give you half of everything I have  
right now. Take this. It's half of all my money. (*she offers  
him money*)

## ANTONIO

Are you really going to pretend you don't know me  
now? After everything I've done for you, you're refusing  
to help me? Don't make me more miserable than I am. I  
might do something really weak and unmanly, like  
listing the kind things I've done for you.

## VIOLA

I don't know any kind things you've done for me, and I  
don't recognize your voice or your face. I hate an  
ungrateful man more than I hate lying, vanity, babbling,  
drunkenness, or any other vice that we feeble human  
beings are susceptible to.—

## ANTONIO

Oh, my God!

## SECOND OFFICER

Come on, sir, please. Let's go.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## ANTONIO

325 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

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

## ANTONIO

But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.  
None can be called deformed but the unkind.  
335 Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.

## FIRST OFFICER

The man grows mad. Away with him. Come, come,  
sir.

## ANTONIO

Lead me on.

*Exit with OFFICERS*

## VIOLA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## VIOLA

345 He named Sebastian. I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass. Even such and so  
In favor was my brother, and he went

## MODERN TEXT

## ANTONIO

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

## FIRST OFFICER

Why should we care? Time's passing. Let's go!

## ANTONIO

But oh, what a deceiver he turned out to be! You don't  
live up to your good looks, Sebastian. You look good  
but you're bad on the inside, where it counts, since the  
only real flaws in nature are in a person's mind and soul.  
Only really cruel people can be called deformed. Virtue  
is beauty, but someone beautiful and wicked is like an  
empty box decorated by the devil.

## FIRST OFFICER

The man's going crazy. Take him away. Come on, sir.  
Come on.

## ANTONIO

Take me.

*He exits with the OFFICERS.*

## VIOLA

He was so angry I feel he must really believe what he  
was saying. I don't believe it. Yet I wish I could. Oh,  
please be true, please let it be that this man has  
mistaken me for you, my dear brother!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Come here, Sir Andrew. You too, Fabian. We've got  
some words of wisdom to mull over.

## VIOLA

He called me Sebastian. I know my brother's still alive in  
a sense, since I see him whenever I look in the mirror.  
My brother looked like me, and he dressed the same  
way that I'm dressed now—in the same colors,



## ORIGINAL TEXT

Still in this fashion, color, ornament,  
For him I imitate. Oh, if it prove,

350 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

355 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

360 I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

with the same accessories. Oh, if it turns out to be true  
that he survived, then that storm was kind, and the  
ocean was full of love!

*VIOLA exits.*

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## FABIAN

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

## SIR ANDREW

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

## SIR ANDREW

I swear I will—

## FABIAN

Come on, let's go see what happens.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*They all exit.*





ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter **SEBASTIAN** and **FOOL**

**FOOL**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**FOOL**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**FOOL**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**FOOL**

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

MODERN TEXT

**SEBASTIAN** and the **FOOL** enter.

**FOOL**

Are you trying to tell me that I wasn't sent to get you?

**SEBASTIAN**

Oh, who cares, you're acting like a fool. Leave me alone.

**FOOL**

Good for you, holding out on me like this! No, I don't know you, and my lady didn't send me to get you, and I'm not supposed to tell you to come speak with her, and your name is not Master Cesario, and this is not my nose, either. Nothing is what it is.

**SEBASTIAN**

Oh please, go somewhere else to blab your nonsense. You don't know me.

**FOOL**

Blab my nonsense? He must've heard that phrase describing some great man and now he's using it on a jester. Blab my nonsense! What an idiotic place this world is. Now please stop being so strange and tell me what exactly I should blab to my lady. Should I blab to her that you're coming?

**SEBASTIAN**

Please, fool, go away. Here's money for you. *(giving him money)* If you stay any longer, I'll give you something worse.

**FOOL**

Well, well. You're a generous man. Wise men who give fools money might get a good reputation—if they keep up regular payments for fourteen years.





## ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter **SIR ANDREW**, **SIR TOBY BELCH**, and  
**FABIAN**

**SIR ANDREW**

(to **SEBASTIAN**) Now, sir, have I met you again?  
There's for you.

**SIR ANDREW** strikes **SEBASTIAN**

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

25 Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

**FOOL**

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

Exit

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

(seizing **SEBASTIAN**) Come on, sir, hold!

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

35 I will be free from thee.

**SEBASTIAN** pulls free and draws his sword

## MODERN TEXT

**SIR ANDREW**, **SIR TOBY BELCH**, and **FABIAN** enter.

**SIR ANDREW**

Well, sir, we meet again? Take that.

**SIR ANDREW** hits **SEBASTIAN**.

**SEBASTIAN**

(returning the blow) Well, then, take that, and that, and  
that. Is everyone here insane?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Stop right now or I'll throw your dagger over the roof.

**FOOL**

(to himself) I'm going to tell my lady about this right  
away. I wouldn't be in any of your shoes if you paid me.

**FOOL** exits.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

(grabbing **SEBASTIAN**) Come on, sir, stop!

**SIR ANDREW**

No, leave him alone. I'll get back at him another way. I'll  
sue him for assault and battery, if there's any justice in  
Illyria. It doesn't matter that I hit him first.

**SEBASTIAN**

(to **SIR TOBY BELCH**) Let me go.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

No, sir, I won't let you go. Come on, put your sword away,  
my little soldier. You're awfully eager to fight. Come on.

**SEBASTIAN**

I'll get free of you.

**SEBASTIAN** pulls free and draws his sword.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*SIR TOBY BELCH draws his sword Enter OLIVIA*

## OLIVIA

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

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

## OLIVIA

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

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and  
FABIAN*

I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,  
50 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby  
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.  
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

## SEBASTIAN

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

## MODERN TEXT

What are you going to do now? If you insist on trying my patience any further, then take out your sword right now.

## SIR TOBY BELCH

What? No. Because then I'd have to shed an ounce or two of your impudent blood.

*SIR TOBY BELCH draws his sword. OLIVIA enters.*

## OLIVIA

Stop, Sir Toby! I order you to stop!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

## OLIVIA

Are you always going to be like this? You're an ungrateful slob who's only fit to live in the mountains, in caves far from civilized people where you won't ever need good manners! Get out of my sight!—Dear Cesario, please don't be offended.—Get out of here, you barbarian!

*SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN exit.*

Oh, my dear friend, please don't get too upset by these rude people who bothered you. Come with me to my house. I'll tell you about all the pointless, clumsy pranks this thug uncle of mine has come up with, so that you can laugh at this one. You have to come with me. Please don't say no. Damn that Toby! He made my heart leap for you.

## SEBASTIAN

*(to himself)* What does this mean? Where is this all going? Either I'm insane or this is a dream. I hope these

# TWELFTH NIGHT

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE



Act 4, Scene 1, Page 4



## ORIGINAL TEXT

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

**OLIVIA**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

60 Madam, I will.

**OLIVIA**

Oh, say so, and so be!

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

delusions continue. If this is a dream, let me keep on sleeping!

**OLIVIA**

Come with me, please. I wish you'd do what I ask!

**SEBASTIAN**

Madam, I will.

**OLIVIA**

Oh, say it, and mean it!

*They exit.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*Enter MARIA and FOOL*

**MARIA**

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

*Exit*

**FOOL**

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

*FOOL puts on gown and beard*

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

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

10 Jove bless thee, master Parson.

**FOOL**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

To him, Sir Topas.

## MODERN TEXT

*MARIA and the FOOL enter.*

**MARIA**

No, I'm telling you, put on this robe and beard. Make him  
think you're Sir Topas the priest. Be quick. Meanwhile, I'll  
get Sir Toby.

*MARIA exits.*

**FOOL**

Well, I'll put it on and disguise myself. I wish I were the  
first person who ever told lies in a priest's robe.

*The FOOL puts on the robe and beard.*

I'm not tall enough to make a believable priest, or skinny  
enough to look like a good student. But if you're an  
honest man and a good host, that's almost as good as  
being moral and studious. Here come the conspirators.

*SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA enter.*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

God bless you, Mr. Priest.

**FOOL**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Go to him, Sir Topas.



ORIGINAL TEXT

FOOL

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

MALVOLIO

*(from within)* Who calls there?

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

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

FOOL

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

25 *(aside)* Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

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

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

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

MODERN TEXT

FOOL

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

The fool's a good actor. A good fool.

MALVOLIO

*(offstage)* Who's shouting?

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

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

FOOL

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

*(to himself)* Well said, Mr. Priest.

MALVOLIO

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

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

Dark as hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

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



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

## MALVOLIO

45 That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

## FOOL

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

## FOOL

Nay, I am for all waters.

## MARIA

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

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

What was the philosopher Pythagoras's belief about wild birds?

## MALVOLIO

That our grandmother's soul could end up inhabiting a bird.

## FOOL

What do you think of his belief?

## MALVOLIO

I respect the soul very much, so I disagree with his belief.

## FOOL

Well then, goodbye. Stay in the dark. I'll only admit that you're sane when you agree with Pythagoras and hesitate to kill a bird because it might contain your grandmother's soul. Goodbye.

## MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

The brilliant Sir Topas!

## FOOL

I can do anything!

## MARIA

You could've done this without your beard and gown. He couldn't see you.





ORIGINAL TEXT

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

FOOL

*(sings in his own voice)*

*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*

65 *Tell me how thy lady does.*

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

*(sings) My lady is unkind, perdy.*

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

*(sings) Alas, why is she so?*

MALVOLIO

70 Fool, I say!

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

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

FOOL

75 Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

MODERN TEXT

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now talk to him in your own voice, and tell me how he is.  
I wish this trick would be over. If we can find a  
convenient way to let him go, I want to do it. I'm in so  
much trouble with my niece that it wouldn't be safe to let  
this prank go to its conclusion. Come to my room later  
on.

*SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA exit.*

FOOL

*(he sings in his own voice)*

*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*

*Tell me how your lady is.*

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

*(singing) My lady's mean, and that's a fact.*

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

*(singing) Oh, I'm sorry, why is she mean?*

MALVOLIO

Fool, I say!

FOOL

*(singing) She loves someone else—Who's shouting?*

MALVOLIO

Good fool, good jester, I'll make it worth your while if you  
get me a candle, and a pen, ink and paper. You have my  
word as a gentleman that I'll always be grateful to you.

FOOL

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Yes, good fool.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

Well-a-day that you were, sir.

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

Poor man, how did you go insane?

## MALVOLIO

Fool, no one has ever been as mistreated as I am. I'm  
completely sane, Fool. I'm as sane as you are.

## FOOL

As sane as me? Then you really are insane, if you're no  
saner than a fool.

## MALVOLIO

They treat me like garbage here. They keep me in  
darkness, and send idiotic priests to talk to me—those  
asses!—and do everything they can to insist I'm insane.

## FOOL

Be careful what you say—the priest is here. (*in the voice  
of Sir Topas*) Malvolio, Malvolio, may heaven make you  
sane again! Try to sleep, and stop your pointless  
babbling.

## MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

## FOOL

(*as Sir Topas*) Don't talk to him, my friend. (*in his own  
voice*) Who, me, sir? Not me, sir. God be with you, Sir  
Topas, goodbye. (*as Sir Topas*) Well then, amen. (*in his  
own voice*) Goodbye, sir.

## MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, hey, fool!

## FOOL

Please, sir, be quiet. What do you want to say, sir? I've  
just been scolded for speaking to you.

## MALVOLIO

Be a nice fool and help me find a candle and some  
paper. I tell you, I'm as sane as any man in Illyria.

## FOOL

If only you were, sir.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

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

## MALVOLIO

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

## FOOL

(sings)

110 I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice,  
Like to the old Vice,  
115 Your need to sustain,  
Who, with dagger of lath  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries "Aha," to the devil,  
Like a mad lad,  
120 "Pare thy nails, dad,  
Adieu, goodman devil."

Exit

## MODERN TEXT

## MALVOLIO

I swear I am. Get me some ink, paper, and a candle. I'll write a letter and you'll take it to my lady. You'll get a bigger reward than you ever got delivering a letter before.

## FOOL

I'll help you. But tell me honestly, are you sure you're not insane? Or are you just pretending?

## MALVOLIO

Believe me, I'm not. I'm telling the truth.

## FOOL

I'll never believe a madman until I can see his brains. But I'll get you a candle and paper and ink.

## MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll repay you for this favor. Please, hurry.

## FOOL

(he sings)

I'm going now, sir, but soon  
I'll be with you again,  
To help you resist the devil,  
Like the sidekick in the old plays  
Who shakes a wooden dagger,  
Fumes in rage and wrath,  
And shouts "Whoa!" to the devil.  
He yells, "Trim your nails, old man.  
And goodbye, Satan, you peasant."

FOOL exits.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*Enter SEBASTIAN***SEBASTIAN**

This is the air, that is the glorious sun.

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't,  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?

5 I could not find him at the Elephant.

Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service.  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense

10 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

15 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

20 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does. There's something in 't  
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST*

## MODERN TEXT

*SEBASTIAN enters.***SEBASTIAN**

This is the air, that's the glorious sun. I can feel and see this pearl she gave me. I may be dazed and confused, but I'm not insane. Where's Antonio, then? I didn't find him at the Elephant. But he'd been there before me, and they told me he'd gone out looking for me. I could really use his advice right now. I feel sure this situation is due to some mistake, and I don't think I'm crazy. But this sudden flood of good luck is so unbelievable that I'm ready to distrust my own eyes and my own rational mind when they tell me I'm not insane—maybe the lady's insane. But if that were the case, she wouldn't be able to run her house, command her servants, listen to reports, make decisions, and take care of business as smoothly as she does. There's something going on that's not what it seems. But here she comes.

*OLIVIA and a PRIEST enter.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## OLIVIA

(to SEBASTIAN)

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man

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

## SEBASTIAN

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

## OLIVIA

- 35 Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so  
shine  
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

*Exeunt*

## MODERN TEXT

## OLIVIA

(to SEBASTIAN) Don't be angry with me for acting so quickly. If your intentions toward me are honorable, come with me and this holy man into the chapel over there, where you can soothe all my worries by making your marriage vows to me. The priest will keep it secret until you're ready to make the news public and we can throw a full marriage celebration that befits my social standing. What do you say?

## SEBASTIAN

I'll follow the priest and go with you; and after I've sworn to be faithful, I'll be faithful forever.

## OLIVIA

Then lead the way, father. I want the skies bright and shining to show its approval of our wedding.

*They all exit.*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

*Enter FOOL and FABIAN*

**FABIAN**

Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

**FOOL**

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

**FABIAN**

Anything.

**FOOL**

Do not desire to see this letter.

**FABIAN**

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

*Enter ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and lords*

**ORSINO**

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

**FOOL**

Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

**ORSINO**

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

**FOOL**

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

**ORSINO**

Just the contrary. The better for thy friends.

**FOOL**

No, sir, the worse.

**ORSINO**

How can that be?

## MODERN TEXT

*The FOOL and FABIAN enter.*

**FABIAN**

If you're my friend, you'll let me see his letter.

**FOOL**

Dear Mr. Fabian, do me another favor first.

**FABIAN**

Anything.

**FOOL**

Don't ask to see this letter.

**FABIAN**

That's like giving someone a dog as a present, and then asking for the dog back in return.

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

**ORSINO**

My friends, are you all Lady Olivia's servants?

**FOOL**

Yes, sir, we're part of her entourage.

**ORSINO**

I know you. How are you, my friend?

**FOOL**

I'm better off because of my enemies, and worse off because of my friends.

**ORSINO**

You mean it the other way around. You're better off because of your friends.

**FOOL**

No, sir, worse off.

**ORSINO**

How can that be?





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## ORSINO

Why, this is excellent.

## FOOL

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

## ORSINO

*(giving a coin)*

25 Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

## FOOL

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

## ORSINO

O, you give me ill counsel.

## FOOL

Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

## ORSINO

Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer.

There's another. *(giving a coin)*

## FOOL

Primo, secundo, tertio is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

Well, my friends praise me and make me look like an idiot, while my enemies tell me straightforwardly that I am an idiot. My enemies help me understand myself better, which is an advantage, and my friends help me lie about myself, which is a disadvantage. So if four negatives make two affirmatives, I'm worse off because of my friends and better off because of my foes.

## ORSINO

That's excellent.

## FOOL

Don't say that—unless you want to be one of my friends.

## ORSINO

*(he gives him a coin)* You won't be worse off because of me: here's some money.

## FOOL

That's a nice hand you dealt me. But if it's not double-dealing, sir, I wish you'd deal me another.

## ORSINO

Oh, you're a naughty one, encouraging double-dealing.

## FOOL

Ignore your virtue and nobility just this once, sir, go ahead.

## ORSINO

Well, I'll commit the sin of double-dealing, and deal you a second coin. Here it is. *(he gives him another coin)*

## FOOL

And maybe a third? You know, there's a game called "third time's the charm," which is fun to play, and they always say that three's a magic number. The three-beat rhythm is a good for dancing, and the church bells chime—one, two, three.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## ORSINO

You can fool no more money out of me at this throw.  
If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with  
her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my  
bounty further.

## FOOL

- 40 Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I  
go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my  
desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as  
you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it  
anon.

*Exit*

## VIOLA

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

*Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS*

## ORSINO

- 45 That face of his I do remember well.  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.  
A baubling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
50 With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?

## FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio

- 55 That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy,  
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

## MODERN TEXT

## ORSINO

You can't get any more money out of me right now. If you  
tell your lady I'm here to speak with her, and bring her  
out with you when you come back, you might make me  
more generous.

## FOOL

Well then, sing a lullaby to your generosity: it'll nap until I  
come back. But don't think I'm doing this because I'm  
greedy. I'll be back soon to wake up your generosity.

*The FOOL exits.*

## VIOLA

Here comes the man who rescued me, sir.

*ANTONIO and OFFICERS enter.*

## ORSINO

I remember his face well. Though the last time I saw him  
it was black from the smoke of war. He was the captain  
of a flimsy boat that was practically worthless because it  
was so small. But with that tiny boat he fought such a  
fierce battle against the largest warship in our fleet that  
we had to admire his courage and skill even though he  
caused us a lot of damage.—What's going on?

## FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is the same Antonio who took the *Phoenix*  
and her cargo from Crete and captured our ship the  
*Tiger* during the battle where your young nephew Titus  
lost his leg. We arrested him here for fighting in the  
streets. It's as if he didn't care we were on the lookout for  
him here.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## VIOLA

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

## ORSINO

Notable pirate! Thou saltwater thief,  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their  
65 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,  
70 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.  
75 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,  
80 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  
85 While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

## VIOLA

How can this be?

## ORSINO

(to ANTONIO) When came he to this town?

## MODERN TEXT

## VIOLA

He was kind to me and took my side in the fight. But then  
he said strange things to me. He might be insane. I don't  
know what else it could be.

## ORSINO

But you're a famous pirate! A master thief of the seas!  
What made you stupid and careless enough to come  
visit the people you robbed and slaughtered?

## ANTONIO

Orsino, sir, please don't call me those names. I was never  
a thief or a pirate, though I admit I was your enemy for  
good reasons. I came here because someone put a spell  
on me. I rescued that ungrateful boy next to you from  
drowning. He was a wreck, almost past hope. I saved his  
life and gave him my love, without reservation. I  
dedicated myself to him. For his sake I ran the risk of  
revisiting this unfriendly town, and I drew my sword to  
defend him when he was in trouble. But when the police  
caught us, he was clever and treacherous enough to  
pretend he'd never met me before. He acted like  
someone who barely knew me. He refused to give me  
my own wallet, which I had lent him only half an hour  
before.

## VIOLA

How is that possible?

## ORSINO

(to ANTONIO) When did he come to town?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## ANTONIO

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

*Enter OLIVIA and attendants*

## ORSINO

Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on  
earth.  
But for thee, fellow. Fellow, thy words are madness:  
95 Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon. *(to an officer)* Take him  
aside.

## OLIVIA

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

## VIOLA

Madam?

## ORSINO

100 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  
105 As howling after music.

## ORSINO

Still so cruel?

## OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

## MODERN TEXT

## ANTONIO

Today, my lord. And for three months before that, we  
spent every day and night together.

*OLIVIA and attendants enter.*

## ORSINO

Ah, the countess is coming! An angel is walking on  
earth. But as for you, mister, what you're saying is  
insane. This young man has worked for me for three  
months; but more about that later. *(to an officer)* Take  
him away.

## OLIVIA

What can I give you that you want, my lord, except the  
one thing you can't have? Cesario, you missed your  
appointment with me.

## VIOLA

Madam?

## ORSINO

Dearest Olivia—

## OLIVIA

What do you have to say for yourself, Cesario?—My  
lord, please—

## VIOLA

My lord wants to speak. It's my duty to be quiet.

## OLIVIA

If what you have to say is anything like what you used to  
say, it'll be as repulsive to my ears as wild screams after  
beautiful music.

## ORSINO

Are you still so cruel?

## OLIVIA

I am still so faithful, my lord.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## ORSINO

What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
110 My soul the faithfull'st off'rings have breathed out  
That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

## OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

## ORSINO

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
115 Kill what I love?—A savage jealousy  
That sometimes savors nobly. But hear me this:  
Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favor,  
120 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.  
125 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

130 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!

## MODERN TEXT

## ORSINO

What, faithful to being mean and nasty? You're not  
polite! I breathed from my soul the most faithful  
offerings to your ungrateful altars that any devoted  
person has ever offered—what more am I supposed to  
do?

## OLIVIA

You can do whatever you want as long as it's socially  
appropriate.

## ORSINO

Maybe I should act like the Egyptian thief who kills the  
woman he loves before he dies? That kind of savage  
jealousy sometimes seems noble. But listen to me.  
Since you keep denying the love I feel for you, and since  
I know who's stealing my place in your heart, you can go  
on being cold-hearted, but I'm going to take this boy  
from you. He knows his master loves you. I'm doing this,  
even though he's dear to me, because I know you love  
him. Come with me, boy. I'm ready to do something  
extreme. I'll sacrifice this boy I care for, just to spite a  
beautiful woman with a heart of stone.

## VIOLA

And I would die a thousand deaths cheerfully, if it made  
your life easier.

## OLIVIA

Where's Cesario going?

## VIOLA

Following the one I love more than my eyes or my life.  
More than I will ever love a wife. That's the truth. The  
angels in heaven are my witnesses, and can see how  
pure my love is.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## OLIVIA

135 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.

*Exit an attendant*

## ORSINO

(to VIOLA)

Come, away!

## OLIVIA

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

## ORSINO

Husband?

## OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

## ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah?

## VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

## OLIVIA

Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

145 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

150 To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know  
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

## MODERN TEXT

## OLIVIA

Ah, how awful, I feel so used! I've been tricked!

## VIOLA

Who tricked you? Who treated you badly?

## OLIVIA

Have you completely forgotten? Has it been so long?  
Call the priest.

*An attendant exits.*

## ORSINO

(to VIOLA) Come on, let's go!

## OLIVIA

Go where, my lord?—Cesario, my husband, stay here.

## ORSINO

Husband?

## OLIVIA

Yes, husband. Can he deny it?

## ORSINO

Are you her husband, boy?

## VIOLA

No, my lord, not me.

## OLIVIA

You're afraid, so you hide your identity. But don't be  
afraid, Cesario. Accept the good luck that's come your  
way. Be the person you know you are, and you'll be as  
powerful as this person you fear.

*The PRIEST enters.*

Oh, hello, father! Father, could I please ask you to tell  
these people what happened between me and this  
young man? (I know we wanted to hide it, but now the  
situation demands that we reveal everything.)





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## PRIEST

A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
155 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  
160 grave  
I have traveled but two hours.

## 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?  
165 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  
170 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

175 Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

## MODERN TEXT

## PRIEST

They were joined in an eternal bond of love and  
matrimony, and it was confirmed by a holy kiss and an  
exchange of rings. I witnessed it all as priest. It took  
place just two hours ago.

## ORSINO

(to VIOLA) Oh, you little liar! How much worse will you  
be when you're older? Maybe you'll get so good at  
deceit that your tricks will destroy you. Goodbye, and  
take her. Just never set foot in any place where you and I  
might happen to meet.

## VIOLA

My lord, I swear to you—

## OLIVIA

Oh, don't swear! Keep a little bit of honesty, even if  
you're afraid.

*SIR ANDREW enters.*

## SIR ANDREW

For the love of God, call a doctor! Sir Toby needs help  
right away.

## OLIVIA

What's the matter?

## SIR ANDREW

He cut my head and gave Sir Toby a bloody head, too.  
For the love of God, help us! I'd give forty pounds to be  
safe at home right now.

## OLIVIA

Who did this, Sir Andrew?



ORIGINAL TEXT

SIR ANDREW

The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespoke you fair and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FOOL*

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

190 That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on 't.  
(to  
FOOL) Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FOOL

Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour 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.

MODERN TEXT

SIR ANDREW

The count's messenger, Cesario. We thought he was a coward, but he fights like a devil.

ORSINO

My Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

Oh, no, there he is! —You cut my head for no reason. Anything I did to you, I did it because Sir Toby made me.

VIOLA

Why are you talking like this? I never hurt you. You waved your sword at me for no reason, but I was nice to you. I didn't hurt you.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody head counts as a hurt, then you hurt me. Apparently you think there's nothing unusual about a bloody head.

*SIR TOBY BELCH and the FOOL enter.*

Here comes Sir Toby, limping. He'll tell you more of the story. If he hadn't been drunk, he would've really roughed you up.

ORSINO

Hello, sir! How are you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

It doesn't matter how I am: he hurt me, and that's that.  
(to FOOL) Fool, have you seen Dick the surgeon?

FOOL

Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, for a whole hour now. His eyes started glazing over around eight in the morning.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then he's no good. I hate no-good drunks.



ORIGINAL TEXT

OLIVIA

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

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLIVIA

200 Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

*Exeunt FOOL, 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

205 I do perceive it hath offended you.

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!  
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN

210 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?

MODERN TEXT

OLIVIA

Take him away! Who did this to him?

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby. They'll treat our wounds together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help me?—What an ass and a fool, a gullible no-good idiot!

OLIVIA

Get him to bed and make sure his wounds are treated.

*The FOOL, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW exit.*

*SEBASTIAN enters.*

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry, madam. I wounded your relative. But I would've been forced to do the same thing to my brother, since my safety was at stake. You're looking at me strangely, so I guess you're offended. But please forgive me, darling, for the sake of the vows we made to each other so recently.

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one way of dressing, but two people! It's like an optical illusion. It is and isn't the same person!

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, oh my dear Antonio! I've been so tortured since I lost track of you!

ANTONIO

Are you Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Do you have any doubts, Antonio?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## ANTONIO

215 How have you made division of yourself?  
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

## OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

## SEBASTIAN

(*looking at VIOLA*) Do I stand there? I never had a  
220 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

225 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,  
230 But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek  
And say "Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola!"

## VIOLA

235 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.

## MODERN TEXT

## ANTONIO

How did you divide yourself in two? These two people  
are as identical as two halves of an apple. Which one is  
Sebastian?

## OLIVIA

How unbelievable!

## SEBASTIAN

(*looking at VIOLA*) Is that me standing over there? I  
never had a brother, and I'm certainly not a god who can  
be in two places at once. I had a sister who drowned.  
Please tell me, how am I related to you? Are you from my  
country? What's your name? Who are your parents?

## VIOLA

I'm from Messaline. Sebastian was my father's name,  
and my brother was named Sebastian too. He was  
dressed just like you are when he drowned. If ghosts  
can take on someone's body and clothes, you must be a  
spirit who's come to frighten us.

## SEBASTIAN

I am a spirit, yes, since I have a soul. But my spirit has a  
body attached to it, one that I've carried since I was in  
the womb. If you were a woman, I'd hug you now and  
cry, and say "Welcome back, drowned Viola!"

## VIOLA

My father had a mole on his forehead.

## SEBASTIAN

Mine did too.

## VIOLA

He died on Viola's thirteenth birthday.



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## SEBASTIAN

Oh, that record is lively in my soul!  
240 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  
245 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.  
250 All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

## SEBASTIAN

(to OLIVIA) So comes it, lady, you have been  
mistook.  
But nature to her bias drew in that.  
255 You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived.  
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

## ORSINO

(to OLIVIA) Be not amazed. Right noble is his  
blood.  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
260 I shall have share in this most happy wreck.  
(to VIOLA) 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 orbèd continent the fire  
265 That severs day from night.

## ORSINO

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

## MODERN TEXT

## SEBASTIAN

Oh, I remember that very clearly! It's true, he died on the  
day my sister turned thirteen.

## VIOLA

If the only thing keeping us from rejoicing is the fact that  
I'm wearing men's clothes, then don't hug me till I can  
prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that I'm Viola. I'll  
take you to a sea captain here in town who's got my  
women's clothing in storage. He saved my life so I could  
serve this noble count. Everything that's happened to  
me since then has involved my relationship with this  
lady and this lord.

## SEBASTIAN

(to OLIVIA) So you got it wrong, my lady. But nature  
fixed everything, turning your love for my sister into a  
love for me. If you hadn't, you would've married a  
maiden. But that's not completely wrong. I'm still a  
virgin, so in a sense I'm a maiden too.

## ORSINO

(to OLIVIA) Don't be shocked. His blood is noble. If this  
is all as true as it seems to be, then I'm going to have a  
share in that lucky shipwreck. (to VIOLA) Boy, you told  
me a thousand times you'd never love a woman as  
much as you love me.

## VIOLA

Everything I said before I'll say again. I swear I meant  
every word.

## ORSINO

Give me your hand and let me see you dressed in  
woman's clothing.



ORIGINAL TEXT

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,  
270 A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA

He shall enlarge him.

*Enter FOOL with a letter, and FABIAN*

Fetch Malvolio hither:  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.  
275 A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banished his.  
(to FOOL) How does he, sirrah?

FOOL

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

OLIVIA

Open 't, and read it.

FOOL

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. *(reads)* "By the Lord, madam,"—

OLIVIA

How now? Art thou mad?

FOOL

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

OLIVIA

Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

MODERN TEXT

VIOLA

The captain who brought me to shore has my women's clothes. For some reason he's in prison now on some legal technicality, on Malvolio's orders. Malvolio is a gentleman in my lady's entourage.

OLIVIA

He'll release him.

*FABIAN and the FOOL with a letter enter.*

Go and get Malvolio—But, oh no! Now I remember, they say the poor man is mentally ill. I was so crazy myself that I forgot all about him. *(to the FOOL)* How is Malvolio doing, do you know?

FOOL

Well, he keeps the devil away as well as a man can in his situation. He's written you a letter. I would've given it to you this morning, but a madman's letters aren't Gospel, so it doesn't matter much if I'm a bit late.

OLIVIA

Open it and read it.

FOOL

There's a lot to learn when a fool recites the words of a madman. *(he reads)* "I swear to God, madam,"—

OLIVIA

Why are you talking like that? Are you insane?

FOOL

No, madam, I'm just reading an insane letter. If you want things done in the right way, you'll have to let me read a crazy letter in a crazy voice.

OLIVIA

No, please, read it like a sane person.





## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

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

## OLIVIA

(giving the letter to FABIAN) Read it you, sirrah.

## FABIAN

(reads)

"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world  
shall know it. Though you have put me into  
darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over  
me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as  
your Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced  
me to the semblance I put on, with the which I  
doubt not but to do myself much right or you much  
shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a  
little unthought of and speak out of my injury. The  
madly used Malvolio."

## OLIVIA

Did he write this?

## FOOL

Ay, madam.

## ORSINO

305 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,  
310 One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please  
you,  
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

I will, my lady, but a sane person reading this would  
make it sound crazy. So listen up, princess.

## OLIVIA

(giving the letter to FABIAN) Oh, you read it, sir.

## FABIAN

(he reads)

"I swear to God, madam, you've wronged me, and I'll tell  
the whole world. You've shut me up in a dark room and  
given your drunken cousin authority over me, but I'm as  
sane as you are. I've got a letter from you encouraging  
me to act the way I did. If I didn't have it, I couldn't prove  
that I'm right and you're wrong. I don't care what you  
think of me. I'm going to forget my duties to you a little  
bit and complain about the injuries you've caused me.  
Signed,

The poorly treated Malvolio."

## OLIVIA

Did he write this?

## FOOL

Yes, madam.

## ORSINO

It doesn't sound like an insane person's letter.

## OLIVIA

Set him free. Fabian, bring him here.

*FABIAN exits.*

My lord, I hope that after you think things over a bit  
you'll come to like the idea of having me as a sister-in-  
law instead of a wife. We can have the weddings  
tomorrow if you want, here at my own house. I'll pay for  
everything.



ORIGINAL TEXT

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.  
(to VIOLA)  
Your master quits you, and for your service done  
him,

315 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

(to VIOLA) A sister! You are she.

*Enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO*

ORSINO

320 Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

*(handing a paper)*

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.  
325 You must not now deny it is your hand.  
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;  
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then  
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,  
330 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?

MODERN TEXT

ORSINO

I accept that offer happily, madam. (to VIOLA) So you're  
free now. I'm offering you my hand in marriage because  
of your loyal service to me, which was far from what any  
woman should be expected to do, especially a noble  
woman. You've called me "master" for so long. And now  
you'll be your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

(to VIOLA) You'll be my sister-in-law!

*FABIAN enters with MALVOLIO*

ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Yes, my lord. How are you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Madam, you've treated me badly, very badly.

OLIVIA

I did, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

*(he hands OLIVIA a paper)* You did. Please have a look  
at this letter. You can't deny that it's your handwriting. Go  
ahead and try to write differently, and try to pretend  
that's not your seal with your design on it. You can't. So  
just admit it. And tell me honestly, why did you show me  
such fondness and asked me to smile at you, wear  
yellow stockings and crisscrossed laces for you, and be  
rude to Sir Toby and the servants?



## ORIGINAL TEXT

And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
335 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,  
340 Though, I confess, much like the character.  
But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad, then camest in  
smiling,  
345 And in such forms which here were presupposed  
Upon thee in the letter. Prithce, 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,  
350 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
355 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,  
360 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weighed  
That have on both sides passed.

## OLIVIA

(to MALVOLIO) Alas, poor fool, how have they  
baffled thee!

## MODERN TEXT

And then tell me why you imprisoned me in a dark  
house after I followed your instructions perfectly. You  
made me look like the biggest fool that anybody ever  
tricked. Tell me why you did it.

## OLIVIA

I'm sorry, Malvolio, but this isn't my writing, though I  
admit it looks like mine. It's definitely Maria's  
handwriting. Now that I think about it, Maria was the  
one who first told me you were insane. That's when you  
came in smiling at me, dressed up like the letter said,  
and acting just like it told you to act. Someone has  
played a very mean trick on you, but when we find out  
who's responsible, you won't just be the victim, but the  
judge who sentences the culprit. I promise.

## FABIAN

Madam, let me say something. Please don't let  
squabbles ruin this beautiful and miraculous moment. I  
confess that Toby and I were the ones who tricked  
Malvolio because we hated his strict and heavy-handed  
ways. Sir Toby had Maria write that letter, and he  
married her as a reward. We should just laugh about the  
whole thing rather than get upset about it, especially if  
we consider that each of the two parties offended the  
other equally.

## OLIVIA

(to MALVOLIO) Oh, poor fool, they've really humiliated  
you!



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir, but that's all one. (*imitates MALVOLIO*) "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad."—But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal; an you smile not, he's gagged?" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

## MALVOLIO

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

*Exit*

## OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

## ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.

*Some exit*

He hath not told us of the captain yet.

375 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.

380 But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

*Exeunt all, except FOOL*

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

Well, you know, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Anyway, I was part of the trick, sir. I pretended to be a priest named Sir Topas. But what does it matter? (*he imitates MALVOLIO*) "I swear, fool, I'm not crazy."—But do you remember what he said about me before? "I'm surprised you enjoy the company of this stupid troublemaker—unless he's got somebody laughing at him, he can't think of anything to say." What goes around comes around.

## MALVOLIO

I'll get my revenge on every last one of you.

*MALVOLIO exits.*

## OLIVIA

He really was tricked horribly.

## ORSINO

Go after him and try to calm him down a little.

*Some exit.*

He still hasn't told us about the captain. When that's been taken care of and the time is right, we'll all get married. Until then, we'll stay here, my dear sister-in-law. Cesario, come here. I'll keep calling you Cesario while you're still a man, but when we see you in women's clothes you'll be the queen of my dreams, Orsino's true love.

*Everyone exits except the FOOL*



## ORIGINAL TEXT

## FOOL

*(sings)**When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

385 *A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.  
But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,*

390 *For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

395 *But when I came unto my beds,  
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,*

400 *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

## MODERN TEXT

## FOOL

*(he sings)**When I was a tiny little boy,  
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing didn't matter much,  
Because the rain it rains every day.**But when I became a man,  
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
People stopped talking to bad guys and thieves.**Because the rain it rains every day.**But when I got married, ah, too bad!  
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
It did me no good to boast and show off,  
Because the rain, it rains every day.**But when I had to go to bed  
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
With idiots drunk out of their minds,  
Because the rain it rains every day.**The world began a long time ago,  
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that doesn't matter, our play is done,  
And we'll try to please you every day.*The **FOOL** exits.