

# TWELFTH Night

## VIOLA Female , Under 30 A castaway.

Intelligent, passionate, honest and open hearted



*Viola has disguised herself as a man (calling herself Cesario) and got employment with the Duke Orsino, with whom she has fallen in love. She tells him that his love for Olivia is not true love.*

Oh but I know

Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more: but indeed

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Having delivered a love letter from Orsino to Olivia, Viola finds that Olivia has fallen in love with "Cesario".*

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; I am the man:

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, - now alas the day! -

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

## SIR TOBY BELCH.

Male, Over 40. Must have a flair for comedy  
Olivia's Uncle.

Self indulgent, larger than life, fun loving, often drunk

*Sir Toby lives in his niece Olivia's house, and she is angry with him because he has been out all night drinking (as usual).*

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life. 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. I'll drink to my niece as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.

What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria - he has three thousand ducats a year. 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. Sweet Sir Andrew!

*As a joke, Sir Toby has persuaded Sir Andrew to challenge Orsino's servant Cesario to a duel. He now has to convince Cesario that Sir Andrew is a dangerous adversary (when he is in fact a coward).*

That defence 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, skilful and deadly. He is a 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, therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you

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## OLIVIA Female, 30 - 40 A Countess.



Proud and reserved, but secretly passionate and yearning for life

*Countess Olivia has taken a vow of chastity to honour her dead brother's memory. She is being woo'd by the Duke Orsino, and his servant (a handsome young man called Cesario) has just delivered a love letter from him.*

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of fresh and stainless youth; and in dimension  
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.  
Get you to your lord; let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: *(exit Cesario)*  
'What is your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

*She later realises that, though she cannot love Orsino, she can't deny her feelings for his servant Cesario.*

O, 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.  
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,  
Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

MALVOLIO.

Male, Over 40. Must have a flair for comedy  
Olivia's Steward,  
Proud, disdainful, morally absolute.

*Malvolio has been woken in the night by the noise of Sir Toby and his friends partying, and he has come to chastise them for it.*

'My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye 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, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours 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. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

*Having received a letter seemingly from Olivia in which she declares her love for him, Malvolio has just met with Olivia and declared his love for her.*

O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she. 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, every thing 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.

## FESTE

Any gender, any age.

Must have a strong singing voice and a flair for comedy.

Olivia's fool.

Flamboyant, intelligent, cynical, warm hearted, fantastical

### SONG

*Please sing any short song (one verse and chorus) in any style that shows off your voice. Feste will need to sing un-amplified in the open air so a strong voice is essential.*

*Feste is trying to entertain Olivia, who is in mourning for her brother's death*

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*)

God bless thee, 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. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, why mournest thou? For thy brother's death. Thou know'st his soul is in heaven, and the more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Feste meets with Orsino's servant Cesario and they engage in banter.*

To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, for 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, and I can yield you no reason for it without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them. Indeed, sir, I am not the Lady Olivia's fool; 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.

# TWELFTH Night

## ORSINO

Male, 30 - 40.

Duke of Illyria

Ostentatious, generous, poetic, prone to introspection



*Orsino is in love with the Countess Olivia. She does not return his feelings, so he shuts himself away and listens to sad songs.*

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, 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  
That it alone is high fantastical.

*Orsino protests his love for Olivia is beyond compare.*

There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

## MARIA

Female, Over 30. Must have a flair for comedy  
Olivia's personal maid.  
Intelligent, mischievous, practical minded.

*After Malvolio breaks up a late night party, Maria (the Countess Olivia's maid) hatches a plan to humiliate him ...*

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: 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. The devil a puritan that he is, 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. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. He shall think, by the letters that I wilt drop, that they come from your niece, and that she's in love with him. Sport royal, I warrant you. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

*Later, she discovers that her plan has worked ...*

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, and cross-gartered most villainously; 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 favour.

*Sir Andrew is in love with the Countess Olivia, but she has rejected his advances ...*

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. 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. 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! I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. Shall we set about some revels? Faith, I can cut a caper, and I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. *(exit Sir Andrew, dancing)*

*Believing that Olivia is in love with Orsino's servant Cesario, he challenges Cesario to a duel ...*

Here's the challenge: warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*(reading)* "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't. 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. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.

*Sebastian has been rescued from a shipwreck by Antonio. He believes his sister Viola has drowned.*

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

*Sebastian has met the Countess Olivia, who seemed to know him already, and he has fallen in love with her ..*

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?  
His counsel now might do me golden service;  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I am mad  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does: there's something in't  
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

*Having rescued Sebastian from a shipwreck, Antonio follows him in order to ensure his safety.*

I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you, though so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and inhospitable: my willing love,  
Set forth in your pursuit. Would you'd pardon me;  
I do not without danger walk these streets:  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Duke his galleys  
I did some service; of such note indeed,  
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

*Antonio, having rescued Sebastian (or so he thinks) from a fight, has been arrested. He asks Sebastian for the return of his purse, but is denied ...*

Is't possible that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you. O heavens themselves!  
Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here  
I snatch'd 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.  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

# TWELFTH Night

## FABIAN

Female, any age  
Olivia's housekeeper  
Bright, fun loving, crafty



*Fabian tries to convince Sir Andrew that Olivia's flirting with the servant Cesario was a sign that Olivia actually loves Sir Andrew himself*

This was a great argument of love in her toward you. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

*When the trick played on Malvolio seems to have backfired, Fabian confesses her part in it ..*

Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and 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 follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.



## CAPTAIN

Male, Over 40

A ship's captain.

A salty old sea dog, with a soft spot for waifs and strays



### **ALSO USE THIS PIECE IF AUDITIONING FOR OFFICERS OR PRIEST**

*Having rescued Viola from the wreck of his ship, the Captain gives her hope that her brother has also survived.*

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

For your good brother, so perchance may he be.

Truly, madam: to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you and those poor number saved with you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself,

Courage and hope both teaching him the practise,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.



**VALENTINE**  
Male, Under 40  
Orsino's steward



**ALSO USE THIS PIECE IF AUDITIONING FOR CURIO**

*Orsino has sent Valentine with a message to his beloved Olivia, but he has been unable to deliver it*

So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,

Shall not behold her face at ample view;

But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk

And water once a day her chamber round

With eye-offending brine: all this to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.