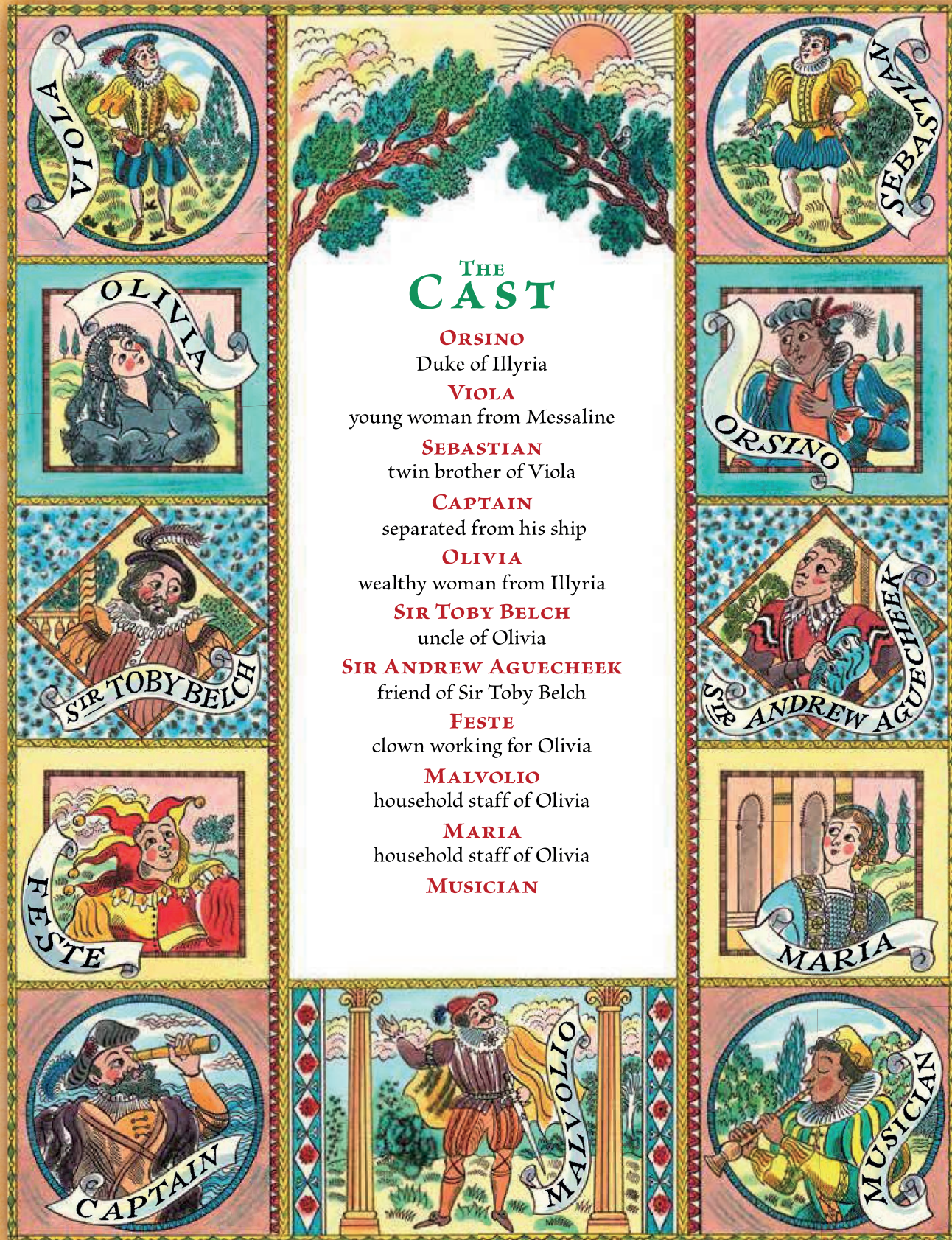


Shakespeare's First Folio: All the Plays: A Children's Edition,
abridged by Anjna Chouhan and illustrated by Emily Sutton

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL



THE CAST

ORSINO

Duke of Illyria

VIOLA

young woman from Messaline

SEBASTIAN

twin brother of Viola

CAPTAIN

separated from his ship

OLIVIA

wealthy woman from Illyria

SIR TOBY BELCH

uncle of Olivia

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

friend of Sir Toby Belch

FESTE

clown working for Olivia

MALVOLIO

household staff of Olivia

MARIA

household staff of Olivia

MUSICIAN

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

[Enter Orsino, and Musician playing an instrument]

ORSINO: If music be the food of love, play on!
Give me excess of it, that with too much
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! Enough, no more. *[Musician stops playing]*
What news from my love?

MUSICIAN: So please my lord, I might not be admitted.
Still she weeps for her brother's death.

ORSINO: O, she pays this debt of love but to a brother!
Away! *[Exit Orsino and Musician. Enter Viola and Captain]*

VIOLA: What country, friend, is this?

CAPTAIN: This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA: And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother, he is now in heaven.
Perchance he is not drowned. What think you, sailor?

CAPTAIN: It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA: O my poor brother!
Knowest thou this country? Who governs here?

CAPTAIN: A noble Duke, Orsino.

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

CAPTAIN: It was fresh in rumour, you know,
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA: What's she?

CAPTAIN: A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died.

VIOLA: O, that I served that lady!

CAPTAIN: That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no company.

VIOLA: I prithee, conceal me what I am, and be my aid.
I'll serve this Duke and in such a disguise
Thou shalt present me as a man to him.

[Captain agrees and helps Viola to disguise herself]

VIOLA: I thank thee! *[Enter Orsino]*

CAPTAIN: Here comes the Count.

*[Viola, now disguised as a young man, bows to Orsino and he seems pleased.
Exit Orsino with Viola. Exit Captain in a different direction. Enter Sir Toby
and Sir Andrew]*

SIR ANDREW: I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen.
Or if she be, she'll none of me! The Count himself woos her.

SIR TOBY: She'll none of the Count! Tut, there's life in it, man.

SIR ANDREW: I'll stay a month longer! *[Sir Toby is very happy and they
both start to dance and sing. Enter Feste]* Here comes the fool!

FESTE: How now, my hearts!

SIR TOBY: Welcome, ass! Come on, there is sixpence for you.
[He gives him a coin] Let's have a song! *[They all start
singing and banging on the furniture. Enter Maria]*

MARIA: What a caterwauling do you keep here!
[They ignore her and keep singing and making noise]



For the love of God, peace! My lady has called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors! [*Enter Malvolio*]

MALVOLIO: My masters, are you mad? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY: Sneak up!

MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, my lady bade me tell you that she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY: Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? A stoup of wine, Maria.

MALVOLIO: Mistress Mary! If you prized my lady's favour, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand. [*He frowns at her disapprovingly and storms off*]

MARIA: Go shake your ears! Monsieur Malvolio!

SIR TOBY: What wilt thou do?

MARIA: I will drop in his way some obscure letters of love. I can write very like my lady your niece.

SIR TOBY: Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW: I have it in my nose too!

SIR TOBY: 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 indeed! [*Excited, they all jump around. Then Maria shushes them all*]

SIR TOBY: [*whispers*] Goodnight! [*Exit all trying not to giggle loudly. Enter Orsino, and Viola disguised as a young man*]

ORSINO: Cesario.

VIOLA: On your attendance, my lord, here.

ORSINO: Be not denied access. Stand at Olivia's doors,
And then unfold the passion of my love.

VIOLA: I'll do my best to woo your lady. [*Orsino hugs her. Exit Orsino*]
[*To audience*] Whoever I woo, myself would be his wife!
[*Enter Olivia dressed in black with her face veiled, followed by Malvolio.*
Malvolio sees Viola, still in disguise, and goes over to her. They talk and Malvolio
returns to Olivia]

MALVOLIO: Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.

OLIVIA: Let him approach. [*Malvolio brings Viola to her. Exit Malvolio*]

VIOLA: Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty—

OLIVIA: Are you a comedian?

VIOLA: No, my profound heart! And yet I am not that I play.

OLIVIA: What are you? What would you?

VIOLA: Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA: We will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
[*She removes her veil*]

VIOLA: I see you what you are, you are too proud.
My lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA: Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA: If I did love you, 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 cry out "Olivia!"

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. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again.

VIOLA: Farewell, fair cruelty. *[Exit Viola]*

OLIVIA: Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon!
Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio! *[Enter Malvolio]*

MALVOLIO: Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA: Run after that same peevish messenger;
He left this ring behind him.
[She takes a ring from her finger and gives it to Malvolio]



MALVOLIO: Madam, I will. *[Exit Malvolio]*

OLIVIA: I do I know not what!
What is decreed must be, and be this so!
[Exit Olivia. Enter Viola and Malvolio]

MALVOLIO: Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA: Even now, sir.

MALVOLIO: She returns this ring to you, sir. Receive it so.
[He throws the ring down. Exit Malvolio haughtily]

VIOLA: I left no ring with her! What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her! *[Enter Olivia]*

OLIVIA: What is your name?

VIOLA: Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA: By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so!

VIOLA: I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone!

[Exit Viola with Olivia chasing after her. Enter Sebastian]

SEBASTIAN: My stars shine darkly over me. My father left behind him myself
and a sister, both born in an hour. She is drowned! O Viola!

[Enter Olivia tired after chasing Viola, who is still disguised as Cesario. She sees Sebastian and is confused, thinking he is Cesario. She runs and hugs him]

OLIVIA: O my Cesario! I prithee, gentle friend,
Now go with me and with a holy man
Into the chapel by. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN: *[to audience]* I am mad, or else the lady's mad!
[To Olivia] I'll go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true!

[Exit Sebastian and Olivia hand in hand. Enter Maria, Feste, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. Maria drops a letter on the floor, then they all hide. Enter Malvolio. He picks up the letter, opens it and starts to read it excitedly]



MALVOLIO: Why, this is my lady's hand. *[He reads some more]* My lady loves me! *[Humming, he kisses the letter. Exit Malvolio skipping. The others all come out of hiding, shaking with laughter]*

MARIA: He will come to my lady in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors!
And he will be cross-gartered, a fashion she detests! And he will smile upon her!
[Feste, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are still in fits of laughter. Enter Olivia, happy and wearing a wedding veil]

OLIVIA: Where is Malvolio?

MARIA: *[tries not to laugh]* He's coming, madam.

[Enter a smiling Malvolio wearing yellow cross-gartered stockings]

MALVOLIO: Sweet lady, ho, ho!

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

MALVOLIO: "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings"?

OLIVIA: Why, this is very midsummer madness!

[Malvolio starts to chase Olivia around while the others fall about laughing. Enter Orsino, and Viola still disguised as Cesario]

ORSINO: *[shocked]* Gracious Olivia!

[He points to Malvolio] Let this fellow be looked to. *[The others restrain Malvolio. Olivia runs to Viola and takes her hand]*

OLIVIA: What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—

ORSINO: *[to Viola]* O thou dissembling cub!

VIOLA: My lord, I do protest. *[Enter Sebastian]*

SEBASTIAN: I am sorry, madam.

[Olivia screams with delight as she realizes there are two Cesarios]

OLIVIA: Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN: *[sees Viola]* Do I stand there? I never had a brother.

I had a sister whom the waves devoured.

VIOLA: My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN: And so had mine! *[They hug each other]*

VIOLA: I am Viola!

SEBASTIAN: *[to Olivia]* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

ORSINO: Be not amazed! If this be so,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[To Viola] Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

MALVOLIO: *[breaks free and steps forward]*
[To Olivia] Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong!

OLIVIA: Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO: Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
[He gives her Maria's letter]
You must not now deny it is your hand.

OLIVIA: Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

MALVOLIO: *[shocked and angry]* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you!
[Exit Malvolio]

ORSINO: [to Maria] Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.
[Exit Maria with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew]
[To Olivia] Meantime, sweet sister, we will not part from hence.
[To Viola] Come, Cesario, Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen!
[Enter Musician, who plays as they dance together. When the dance ends, all exit except Feste]

FESTE: [to audience] When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit Feste]