

OLIVIA: From the Count Orsino. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA: Sir Toby.

OLIVIA: Fetch him off. He **speaks nothing but madman**.

Exit MARIA.

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a **suit** from the count, dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO. Enter SIR TOBY.

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

SIR TOBY: 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!

OLIVIA: Cousin, how have you come so early by this **lethargy**?

SIR TOBY: **Lechery! I defy lechery**. There's one at the gate.

Exit SIR TOBY.

OLIVIA: Fool, go look after him.

FESTE: The fool shall look to the madman.

Exit FESTE. Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO: Madam, yond 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?

OLIVIA: Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO: Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit MALVOLIO. Re-enter MARIA.

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

Enter VIOLA.

VIOLA: The lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA: Speak to me; I shall answer for her.

VIOLA: "Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty..." I pray you, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that

speaks nothing but madman: speaks like an insane person
If playing the 45 minute version, Maria stays on stage here and therefore will not "re-enter" later.

suit: request

cousin: a general term for any relative

The "pickle-herring" comment is because, true to his name, Sir Toby belches in the middle of the line.

lethargy: usually slowness caused by exhaustion, but, here by Sir Toby's drunkenness

Lechery: Sir Toby is too drunk to hear clearly. Lechery is sexual impropriety.

I defy lechery: I deny the charge of being lecherous.

Malvolio has been unable to get rid of Cesario at Olivia's gate. His report to Olivia seems to get her interested in the visitor.

Olivia has Maria and any other female attendants veil themselves to confuse Viola/Cesario, who has proven difficult to get rid of at the gate.

How does Viola, who has gotten past Malvolio, react to the veiled women?

How "male" does she try to appear in delivering Orsino's message?

Viola begins the love poem Orsino has asked Cesario to deliver, but stops until the "lady of the house" reveals herself.

JOHN MINIGAN 7

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comedian: actor

Viola is sure enough in her disguise that she can hint that she is something other than the role that she plays.

saucy: rude

entertainment: reception

divinity: holiness **profanation:** sacrilege

Olivia finally lifts her veil. When Viola sees Olivia's face, her speech moves from prose to verse (poetry), indicating that the sight of Olivia's beauty creates a strong emotional reaction. Is she worried by the beauty of her rival for Orsino?

Does she see Olivia's sorrow?

is't: is it

if God did all: if it isn't just make-up

in grain: permanent

you are ... no copy: it would be cruel of you to die without having children as beautiful as you

Olivia now begins speaking in verse. Is she angry at Cesario? Captivated? Playful?

Viola says that, if she loved Olivia the way Orsino does, she would make a cabin of willows (associated with sorrow and lost love) at Olivia's gate and call for "Olivia," her soul.

cantons: songs **contemned:** condemned

Hallow: holler, yell **reverberate:** echoing

parentage: family status

I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA: Are you a **comedian**?

VIOLA: No, and yet, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA: I am. I heard you were **saucy** at my gates. What are you? What would you?

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

~~OLIVIA: Give us the place alone; we will hear this civility.
MARRIAGE and MENANTIS exit.~~

VIOLA: Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA: Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, **is't** not well done?

VIOLA: Excellently done, **if God did all**.

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

VIOLA: 'Tis beauty truly blent.
Lady, **you are the cruell'st she alive,**
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA: O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; my beauty shall be inventoried, and every particle labeled.

VIOLA: I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, my lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA: Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

VIOLA: If I did love you in my master's flame,
In your denial I would find no sense.

OLIVIA: Why, what would you?

VIOLA: Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal **cantons** of **contemned** love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hallow your name to the **reverberate** hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!"

~~OLIVIA: You might do much
What is your **parentage**?~~

~~VIOLA: I am a gentleman.~~

8 TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

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