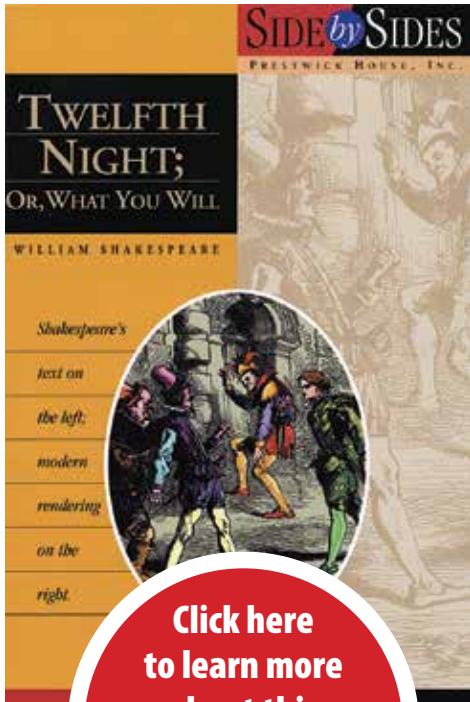




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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, gentleman attending on the Duke.

CURIO, gentleman attending on the Duke.

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, Sir Toby's friend.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, servant to Olivia.

FESTE, a Clown, servant to Olivia.

OLIVIA.

VIOLA.

MARIA, Olivia's maid.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: A city in Illyria, and the seacoast near it.

SIR ANDREW: Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

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

SIR ANDREW: Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

MARIA: It's dry, sir.

65 SIR ANDREW: Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA: A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW: Are you full of them?

MARIA: Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit]

70 SIR TOBY: 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
75 beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY: No question.

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

SIR TOBY: Pourquoi, my dear knight?

80 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 ANDREW: Yes, but you will. Here is my hand.

MARIA: Well sir, it is free to hope. Bring your hand to the liquor cabinet and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW: What do you mean, sweetheart? What are you hinting at?

MARIA: Your hand is dry, sir.

SIR TOBY: Well, I should hope so. I am not so foolish that I cannot keep my hand dry. However, what is the joke you are making?

MARIA: A dry one, sir.

SIR TOBY: Are you full of dry jokes?

MARIA: Yes, sir. I have them at my fingertips. When I let go of your hand, I will not have any more. [She exits.]

SIR TOBY: Oh, knight, you have no wine. When did I see you put it down?

SIR ANDREW: I think you have never seen me put a drink down, unless you have seen the wine knock me out. Sometimes I think I have no more intelligence than a Christian or an ordinary man has. However, I eat a lot of beef, and I think that hurts my intelligence.

SIR TOBY: Definitely.

SIR ANDREW: If I really thought that, I would not eat it anymore. I will go home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY: Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW: What is "porquoi"? Do or do not? I wish I had put the time into studying languages that I have put into fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. Oh, if only I had studied the arts.

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

CLOWN: 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. Any thing 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.

CLOWN: 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?

CLOWN: Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA: Make your proof.

55 CLOWN: 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.

CLOWN: Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA: Good fool, for my brother's death.

60 CLOWN: I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA: Stop your nonsense. You have a dry wit. I am sick of you. Besides, you have become dishonest.

CLOWN: Two faults, my lady, which alcohol and good advice will fix. If you give the dry fool a drink, then the fool is not dry. Ask the dishonest man to mend himself, and, if he does, he is no longer dishonest. If he cannot mend himself, then let the tailor mend him. Anything that is mended is only patched up. Virtue that slips up is only patched with sin. A sin that is fixed is only patched with virtue. If this logical reasoning is pleasing to you, good. If it is not, how can I fix it? There is no true way to learn, except by misfortune. Like a flower, beauty fades. The lady ordered you to take the fool away. So, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA: Sir, I ordered them to take you away.

CLOWN: You mock me terribly! Lady, the hood does not make the monk. That means I am dressed as a fool, but my mind does not wear fool's clothing. Good lady, give me permission to prove that you are the fool.

OLIVIA: Can you do it?

CLOWN: Skillfully, good lady.

OLIVIA: Prove it.

CLOWN: I must question you to do it, lady. My good, virtuous mouse must answer me.

OLIVIA: Well, sir, for lack of anything better to do, I will hear your proof.

CLOWN: Good lady, why do you mourn?

OLIVIA: Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN: I think his soul is in hell, lady.

115 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: Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver
thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

120 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.

125 SIR TOBY: 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: What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear
knight?

130 SIR ANDREW: I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason
good enough.

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

SIR TOBY: What wilt thou do?

140 MARIA: I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love;
wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the

SIR ANDREW: *That was as good as giving a man a drink when he is hungry,
and as challenging him to a duel and not showing up in order to make
a fool of him.*

SIR TOBY: *Do it, knight. I will write a challenge for you, or I will deliver your
insult to him by word of mouth.*

MARIA: *Sweet Sir Toby, be patient tonight. Since that count's messenger visit-
ed my lady today, she is irritable. As for Monsieur Malvolio, let me take
care of him. If I do not trick him into becoming a synonym for laughing-
stock and make him a fool for everyone to enjoy, do not assume I have
enough brains to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.*

SIR TOBY: *Tell us, tell us. Tell us something about him.*

MARIA: *Well then, sir, he is sometimes kind of a puritan.*

SIR ANDREW: *Oh, if I believed that, I would beat him like a dog!*

SIR TOBY: *Why, for being a puritan? What is your excellent reason, dear
knight?*

SIR ANDREW: *I have no excellent reason to do it, but I have a reason that is
good enough.*

MARIA: *He is not puritan or anything else all the time. He is a follower of the
current trends. He is a pretentious fool, who learns the gossip of state
affairs and then recites it by the yard. He thinks that he is so full of
excellent qualities that anyone who looks at him loves him. That is the
weakness of his I will use to get my revenge.*

SIR TOBY: *What are you going to do?*

MARIA: *I will drop some vague love letters in his path. He will believe the
letters describe him because they will contain descriptions of the color*

FABIAN: And O shall end, I hope.

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

MALVOLIO: And then I comes behind.

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

MALVOLIO: M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and
yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one
of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

125 *[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
130 and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;
let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of
singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember
who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever
cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou
135 desirest 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.'

140 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.
145 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
150 with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be

FABIAN: And O will end it, I hope.

SIR TOBY: Yes, or I will beat him up to make him cry out, O!

MALVOLIO: And then I comes next.

FABIAN: Yes, and if you had an eye in the back of your head, you would see
more trouble at your heels than good fortune in your future.

MALVOLIO: M, O, A, I, this riddle is not like the earlier one. Yet, if I twist this
a little, it would indicate me, because every one of these letters are in my
name. Oh! There is writing afterward.

[Reads.] "If this falls into your hand, contemplate. In my stars, I am above
you; but do not be afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve great-
ness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. The Fates offer their hands;
let your passion and spirit embrace them; and accustom yourself to what you
are likely to be. Shed your humble outer skin and appear fresh. Be quarrelsome
with a kinsman, surly with servants; let your tongue discuss important matters;
put yourself into the practice of individualism: she who gives you this advice
also sighs for you. Remember who complimented your yellow stockings, and
wished to see you always cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go ahead, you are
made, if you desire to be so; if not, let me see you act like a steward always, the
fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that
would be your servant,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

It is as clear as daylight and the open county. This is very straightforward. I will be proud. I will read clever authors. I will argue with Sir Toby. I will reject my lower ranking friends. I will do exactly as the letter says. I will be that man. I am not deceiving myself and letting my imagination humiliate me. Everything indicates that my lady loves me. She did compliment my yellow stockings recently, and she did say she liked it when my legs were cross-gartered. In this letter, she definitely shows that she loves me, and heavily encourages me to do the things that she likes. I thank my lucky stars that I am so fortunate. I will be aloof and arrogant. I will wear yellow stockings and cross-garters, as fast as I can get them on. Praise God and my luck! There is also a post script.

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

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

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

SIR TOBY: And they have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

15 FABIAN: 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
20 was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt 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.

25 SIR ANDREW: An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

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

FABIAN: There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW: Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

35 SIR TOBY: Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and fun of invention:

FABIAN: *This is clear evidence of her love for you.*

SIR ANDREW: *In the name of God, are you making a fool of me?*

FABIAN: *I will prove it is true, sir, by using good sense and reason.*

SIR TOBY: *And they have been excellent judges since before Noah was a sailor.*

FABIAN: *She showed a liking for the young man in front of you only to infuriate you, wake up your sleeping bravery, put passion in your heart, and enflame your emotions. You should have attacked her then, and, with some excellent, brand new jokes, knock the young man into silence. This was expected from you and was missed. You missed this excellent opportunity and have now dropped in the lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you redeem yourself with a respectable deed of bravery or clever politics.*

SIR ANDREW: *If I have to do one of them, it will have to be a brave task, because I hate politics. I would rather be a religious fanatic than a politician.*

SIR TOBY: *Well then, build your luck upon the basis of your bravery. Challenge the count's servant to fight with you. Injure him in eleven places. My niece will be told about it. Assure yourself, telling a woman about a man's bravery is the most persuasive way in this world to make a match.*

FABIAN: *This is the only way, Sir Andrew.*

SIR ANDREW: *Will either of you take the challenge to him for me?*

SIR TOBY: *Go and write it in overbearing handwriting. Make it belligerent and short. It does not matter how witty it is, as long as it is well-written*

ANTONIO: Will you deny me now?
 Is 't possible that my deserts to you
 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
 320 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:
 325 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!

330 SECOND OFFICER: Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO: 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
 335 Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER: What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

ANTONIO: But O how vile an idol proves this god
 Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
 In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
 340 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.

FIRST OFFICER: The man grows mad: away with him! Come,
 come, sir.

345 ANTONIO: Lead me on. *[Exit with Officers]*

ANTONIO: Will you reject me now? Is it possible that my good deeds I have
 done for you do not matter? Do not test my misery, because it may make
 me so upset that I will severely criticize you by naming those kindnesses
 that I have done for you.

VIOLA: I do not know of any, nor do I know you by the sound of your voice
 or your face. I hate ingratitude more in a man than lying boastfulness,
 babbling drunkenness, or any other vices that corrupt mankind.

ANTONIO: Oh, my heavens!

SECOND OFFICER: Come on sir, please, let's go.

ANTONIO: Let me say something. This young man that you see here, I pulled
 from the jaws of death. I cared for him with sacred love, and worshipped
 his image, which I thought was completely deserving.

FIRST OFFICER: Why does that matter to us? The time is passing. Away!

ANTONIO: What a horrible idol you have proven to be! You have, Sebastian,
 brought shame upon your features. In nature, there is no imperfection
 worse than the mind. None, except for the cruel, can be called deformed.
 Virtue is beautiful, but the beautiful ones who are evil are empty trunks,
 richly decorated by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER: The man is going crazy, take him away. Come on, come on,
 sir.

ANTONIO: Lead me on. *[He exits with the Officers.]*

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.

100 CLOWN: Well-a-day that you were, sir

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

CLOWN: I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?
105

MALVOLIO: Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

CLOWN: 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.
110

CLOWN: *[Singing]*

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
115 In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
120 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil. *[Exit]*

MALVOLIO: Good fool, help me get some light and some paper. I tell you, I am as sane as any man in Illyria is.

CLOWN: I wish that you were, sir!

MALVOLIO: I swear that I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light. And take what I have written to my lady. It will benefit you more than the carrying of any letter ever has.

CLOWN: I will help you get those things. But tell me the truth, are you really not mad? Or are you only pretending?

MALVOLIO: Believe me, I am not. I am telling you the truth.

CLOWN: No, I will never believe a madman until I see his brains. I will get you the light, paper, and ink.

MALVOLIO: Fool, I will repay you tremendously. I beg you, go.

CLOWN: *[Singing]*

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad:
Adieu, goodman devil. *[He exits.]*

DUKE ORSINO: Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
 [To Viola] Your master quits you; and for your service done
 320 him,
 So much against the mettle of your sex,
 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
 And since you call'd me master for so long,
 Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
 325 Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA: A sister! you are she.

[Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio]

DUKE ORSINO: Is this the madman?

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

330 MALVOLIO: Madam, you have done me wrong,
 Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA: Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO: Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
 You must not now deny it is your hand:
 335 Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
 Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
 You can say none of this: well, grant it then
 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
 340 Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 345 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck and gull
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

DUKE: Madam, I am pleased to accept your offer. [To Viola.] Your master
 lets you go. For the service you have done him, so unwomanly and
 beneath your noble upbringing, and since you have called me master
 for so long, here is my hand. You will from now on be your master's
 mistress.

OLIVIA: A sister! You are one.

[Re-enter Fabian with Malvolio.]

DUKE: Is this the madman?

OLIVIA: Yes, my lord, the same one. How are you, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO: Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

OLIVIA: Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO: Lady, you have. Please, look over this letter. You cannot deny
 now that it is in your handwriting. Write differently from it, if you
 can, in handwriting or style. Or, say it does not have your seal, the
 one you created. You cannot say any of this. Well, confirm it then, and
 tell me, truthfully, why you have given me hints that you cared for me.
 You asked me to come smiling and cross-gartered to you, and to put on
 yellow stockings and look down on Sir Toby and lesser people. Tell me
 why, when I did this hopefully and obediently, you let me be imprisoned,
 kept in a dark room, visited by the priest, and made the most notorious
 idiot and simpleton that ever was tricked? Tell me why.

STUDY GUIDE

Act I, Scene 1

How would you describe the Duke based on his behavior in this scene? Use specific examples to support your description.

Act I, Scene 2

What plan, involving the Captain, does Viola devise? What reasons do you think she has for coming up with such a plan?

Act I, Scene 3

What is your first impression of Sir Andrew and Sir Toby? Why is Sir Andrew spending time in Sir Toby's company?

Act I, Scene 4

Why does the Duke think Viola/Cesario will do a good job bringing his message of love to Olivia? What secret reason does Viola have for not wanting to flatter Olivia on behalf of the Duke?

Act I, Scene 5

There are many times throughout the play when Viola/ Cesario hints that she is in disguise to Olivia. Find one in this scene, and explain its meaning.

Act II, Scene 1

How has Antonio helped Sebastian? How does he again take a risk by following Sebastian?