

Britney, Christa, Frankie, Dan,
John, Tighe

ACT 5

Scene 1
Enter Feste, the Fool, and Fabian.

[REDACTED]

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 Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse
for my friends.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

ORSINO

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 Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come
again.

[REDACTED]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

VIOLA

Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

ORSINO

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.

[REDACTED]

55

—What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio

60

VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.

ORSINO

Notable pirate, thou saltwater thief,

65

Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give
me.

70

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
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 breed me; a wrack past hope he was.

75

80

—For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;

85

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
While one would walk; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

90

VIOLA How can this be?

ORSINO, [to Antonio] When came he to this town?
ANTONIO

Today, my lord; and for three months before,

95

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

ORSINO

Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on
earth!—
But for thee, fellow: fellow, thy words are madness.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me—
But more of that anon. [To an Officer.] Take him
aside.

100

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

105

VIOLA Madam?

ORSINO 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
As howling after music.

110

171

OLIVIA
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. *[An Attendant exits.]*

ORSINO, *[to Viola]*
Come, away!
OLIVIA
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.
Fear not, Cesario. Take thy fortunes up.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father.

what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST
A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,

169

ORSINO
Still so cruel?
OLIVIA
Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO
What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unassuming altars
My soul the faithful'st offerings 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 th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometimes savors nobly.

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 crown'd in his master's spite.—
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
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.

169

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More by all mores than e'er I shall love wife.

ANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Toby and [Feste, the Fool.]

Here comes Sir Toby halting.

[Redacted]

ORSINO How now, gentleman? How is 't with you?

TOBY That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's th' end on 't. [To Fool.] Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FOOL O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

[Redacted]

OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

TOBY Will you help?—an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLIVIA Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[Toby, Andrew, Fool, and Fabian exit.]

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 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!

[Redacted]

Sealed in my function, by my testimony;

[Redacted]

I have traveled but two hours.

ORSINO [to Viola]

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?

[Redacted]

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.

ANDREW For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA What's the matter?

ANDREW Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too.

[Redacted]

OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW The Count's gentleman, one Cesario.

[Redacted]

ORSINO My gentleman Cesario?

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.

[Redacted]

175

215

225

177

Twelfth Night

ACT 5. SC. 1

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, O, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!

230

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO
How have you made division of yourself?

[REDACTED] Which is Sebastian?

235

OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN, [looking at Viola]

Do I stand there? I never had a brother,

240

[REDACTED] 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

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,

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

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN And so had mine.

255

179

Twelfth Night

ACT 5. SC. 1

VIOLA

[REDACTED]
If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola.

260

265

[REDACTED]
I was preserved to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

270

SEBASTIAN, [to Olivia]

So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

[REDACTED]
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.

275

ORSINO, [to Olivia]

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

280

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overwear,

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orbèd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

ORSINO

Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

285

[Redacted]

290

Enter *Feste*, the Fool, with a letter, and *Fabian*.

Fetch *Malvolio* hither.

[Redacted]

295

To the Fool. How does he, sirrah?

FOOL Truly, madam, he holds *Beelzebub* at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you.

300

[Redacted]

OLIVIA Open 't and read it.

FOOL Look then to be well edified, when the Fool delivers the madman. *He reads.* By the Lord, madam—

305

OLIVIA How now, art thou mad?

FOOL No, madam, I do but read madness.

310

[Redacted]

OLIVIA, giving letter to *Fabian* Read it you, sirrah.

315

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

320

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*. 325

OLIVIA Did he write this?

FOOL Ay, madam.

[Redacted]

OLIVIA

See him delivered, *Fabian*. Bring him hither.

Fabian exits. 330

To *Orsino*. My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

335

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt 't embrace your offer.

To *Viola*. Your master quits you; and for your service done him,

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 *Malvolio* and *Fabian*.

ORSINO

Is this the madman?

345

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.—

How now, *Malvolio*?

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.

350

OLIVIA Have I, Malvolio? No.
MALVOLIO, *handing her a paper*

Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.

[REDACTED]

Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered 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 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,
Though I confess much like the character.
But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

[REDACTED]

Prunee, 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

[REDACTED]

Most freely I confess, myself and lobby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ

355

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375

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385

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.

[REDACTED]

OLIVIA, *to Malvolio*

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FOOL

[REDACTED]

"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! *He exits.*

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.

405

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.

410

But when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[All exit.]

[REDACTED]

415

[REDACTED]

420

[REDACTED]

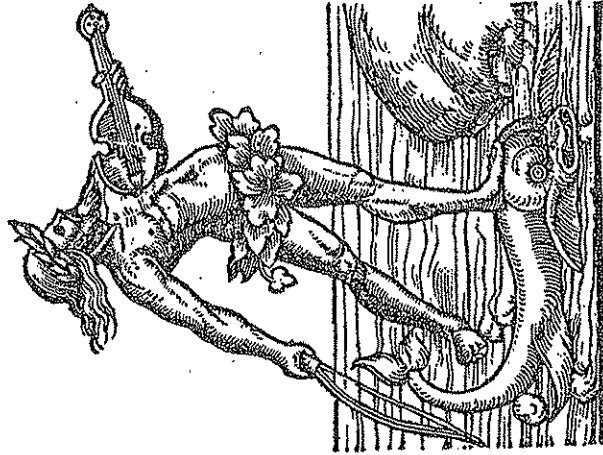
425

[REDACTED]

430

[REDACTED]

416. came . . . estate: i.e., grew up to be a man
 426. tosspots: drunkards (The meaning of this stanza continues to be debated.)
 430. that's all one: i.e., none of that matters



"Arion on the dolphin's back." (1.2.16)
 From Sigmund, Freiherr von Herberstein, *Rerum Moscoviticarum
 commentarij . . . Russiæ . . . descriptio . . .* (1556).