Twelfth Night of The Living Dead

Or What You Kill

The Steward's REVENGE

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"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:"

VIOLA DIDN'T SURVIVE THE SHIPWRECK.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO SHAKESPEARE'S ORIGINAL TEXT OF TWELFTH NIGHT

WHEN ITS HEROINE, ITS 'BEATING HEART,'

IS MARAUDING THROUGH IT AS A ZOMBIE.

Warning: Let all who read this know that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* is a masterful comedy from the greatest English playwright of all time, perhaps Shakespeare's finest comedy, which *Twelfth Night of The Living Dead* does not intend to modernize or *(belches)* improve.

However,

When it strikes you that the original text can and does *survive* as one-by-one its characters are turning into zombies…

And when it becomes clear that the sheer self-involvement of some characters transcends all need for *earthly* dialogue…

And when one of the characters has been famously threatening *revenge* for more than 400 years…

…it seems like a worthwhile endeavor, at the very least, to **massacre** (not just **cut**) Shakespeare's text in order to see the silly creature-feature 'show within the show.'

"An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures…"

"WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT WOULD YOU?"

"WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU WOULD ARE OUT OF MY WELKIN..."

"ARE YOU A COMEDIAN?"

LIST OF (VICTIMS) ROLES

VIOLA
a shipwrecked lady (turned zombie), later disguised as Cesario
CAPTAIN
the sea captain of the wrecked ship, who befriends Viola
SEBASTIAN
Viola's twin brother, also shipwrecked (also turned zombie)
ANTONIO
a sea-captain, who befriends Sebastian
ORSINO
the Duke of Illyria
CURIO
a gentleman attending Orsino
VALENTINE
a gentleman attending Orsino
OLIVIA
a Countess, beloved of Orsino
MALVOLIO
Olivia's steward
FOOL
Feste, Olivia's jester
FABIAN
a member of Olivia's household
MARIA
Olivia's waiting-gentlewoman
SIR TOBY BELCH
Olivia's kinsman
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK
a companion to Sir Toby
SERVANT
a member of Olivia's household
PRIEST
1st Officer
2nd Officer

Musicians, Lords attending on Orsino, Ladies attending on Olivia, Officers, Sailors.

Caution (Cuidado)

ACT I.....1
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ACT I

SCENE 1

A storm. Sebastian, a zombie, staggers ashore and off. The Captain drags on an unconscious Viola from the sea. Storm subsides. Viola sits up as a zombie.

VIOLA

An awakening groan.

CAPTAIN

Sees she is awake.

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

Looks back toward the sea, a tragic groan.

CAPTAIN

O, your poor brother! Perchance he is not drowned.

A howl from Sebastian in the distance.

VIOLA

Crawls toward the Sea Captain and grabs him.

CAPTAIN

Believes she is embracing him, holds her in exchange, then holds her at arm's length to comfort her.

Truly, madam. 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
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.

He sets her on her feet and she wanders, with difficult, new movements.

Know'st thou this country? I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
A noble duke rules here, his name, Orsino.
You may have heard your father speak of him.
A bachelor still, or was so very **late**;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur in the town
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
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**, for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of… men.

Throughout the Sea Captain's speech, Viola is behaving as a zombie might, attempting to eat the Captain (but failing to), falling down and crawling toward him, etc. The Captain watches her behavior with concern.

I'll **conceal you what you are**; I'll be your aid
To such disguise as haply shall protect
Thee, **distracted lady**… You'll serve this duke.
I shall present thee as an eunuch to him…
What else may hap…to time let us commit.

They exit, Viola still attempting to eat the Captain; the Captain still comforting her.

Act I, Scene 2

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

TOBY

What a **plague** means my niece to take the **death** of her brother thus? I am sure **care's an enemy to life**.

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' **nights**. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your **ill hours**.

TOBY

Why, let her except before excepted!

MARIA

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

TOBY

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!

MARIA

That quaffing and drinking will **undo you**. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

TOBY

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

TOBY

He's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

MARIA

He's a very fool and a prodigal.

TOBY

Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the **good gifts of nature**.

MARIA

He hath indeed all, most **natural**, for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great **quarreler**, and, but that he hath the gift of a **coward** to allay the gust he hath in **quarreling**, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the **gift of a grave**.

TOBY

By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MARIA

They that add, moreover, he's drunk **nightly** in your company.

TOBY

With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his **brains turn o' th' toe like a parish top**. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*♥[1], for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew!

ANDREW

To Maria.

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, **accost**!

ANDREW

What's that?

♥[1] Unclear Latin phrase, possibly meaning "speak of the **Devil**," alternatively, "let's speak in an unrefined or vulgar manner."

TOBY

My niece's chambermaid.

ANDREW

Good Mistress **Accost**, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

ANDREW

Good Mistress **Mary Accost**—

TOBY

You mistake, knight. "**Accost**" is front her, board her, woo her, **assail** her.

ANDREW

By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "**accost**"?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

Maria exits, unimpressed.

TOBY

O knight! When did I see thee so **put down**?

ANDREW

Never in your life, I think. 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**.

TOBY

No question.

ANDREW

An I thought that, I'd forswear it! **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 Duke himself here hard by woos her.

TOBY

She'll none o' th' Duke. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's **life** in 't, man.

ANDREW

…I'll stay a month longer! **I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world.**

TOBY

Let me see thee caper.

Sir Andrew dances.

Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

They exit.

Act I, Scene 3

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire as Cesario. She is still dead. Valentine is nervously accompanying her, unsure about who or what she is.

VALENTINE

If the Duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

Groans inquisitively.

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

Groans appreciatively, taking his hand. Valentine reluctantly allows this as a sign of their friendship.

Enter Orsino, Curio, and Attendants.

VALENTINE

Relieved.

Here comes the Duke.

VIOLA

Bites Valentine's hand.

Valentine exits angrily.

ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

Moves toward Orsino, groans LOUDLY in recognition and hunger.

ORSINO

To Curio and Attendants

Ah! Stand you a while aloof,

All the Attendants gladly leave.

Cesario,

Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped

To thee the book even of my secret soul.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her.

Be not denied access. Stand at her doors

And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

Groans greedily as she gets near enough to eat him.

ORSINO

Likes her attitude; clasps her shoulder.

VIOLA

Leaps at this chance. But Orsino always, unconsciously, evades her.

ORSINO

Be **clamorous** and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.
If you do **speak** with her, Cesario,
O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to **act my woes**;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more **grave** aspèct.

VIOLA

Groans doubtfully because somehow, she has not eaten him yet.

ORSINO

Thinks she is doubting her ability to woo Olivia for him.

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man…

Touching surprised and hungry Viola's face.

Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
Viola makes a sound.
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy **constellation**[♥1] is right apt
For this affair.—Prosper well in this
And thou shalt **live** as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

She lunges for him but misses again; she is extremely agitated by this.
Orsino leaves briskly, in high spirits.
The Attendants herd Viola offstage with great caution.

[♥1] Astrologically determined nature, disposition, or characteristics.

Act I, Scene 4

Enter the Fool at one side, and Lady Olivia with Malvolio and Attendants, separately.

FOOL

Greeting Olivia.

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the Fool away.

FOOL

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.

They don't.

The Lady bade take away the Fool. Therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

FOOL

Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*[1]. That's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my **brain**. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

---

[1] The hood does not make the monk; Feste alludes to his fool's attire (motley), and in particular to his cap (possibly also looking forward to his disguise in 4.2).

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

FOOL

Good madonna, why **mourn'st** thou?

OLIVIA

Good Fool, for my brother's **death**.

FOOL

I think **his soul is in hell**, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know **his soul is in heaven**, Fool.

FOOL

The more fool, madonna, to **mourn** for your brother's soul, being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA

How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him **put down** the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more **brain** than a stone.

The Sea Captain can be glimpsed in the distance – dead.

Feste starts at it – unsure of what he saw.

No one else sees the Captain.

Look you now, he's out of his guard already! Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is **gagged**.

OLIVIA

O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and **taste** with a **distempered appetite**.

Enter Maria.

MARIA

Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA

From the Duke Orsino, is it?

MARIA

I know not, madam…'Tis a young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but **madman**. Fie on him!

Maria exits.

Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the Duke, I am **sick**, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

Malvolio exits.

FOOL

…Here comes Sir Toby, **whose skull Jove cram with brains**, for he has a most **weak pia mater**[♥1]**.**

Enter Sir Toby.

OLIVIA

By mine honor, half drunk!—**What is he** at the gate, cousin?

TOBY

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman? What gentleman?

TOBY

'Tis a gentleman here—

Belches.

—a **plague** o' these pickle herring!—

To Fool.

How now, sot?

FOOL

Good Sir Toby.

[♥1] **Brain**: literally 'meek mother,' the delicate innermost membrane enclosing the **brain**.

OLIVIA

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

TOBY

Lechery? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA

Ay, marry, **what is he**?

TOBY

Let him be **the devil** an he will, I care not. Give me **faith**, say I. Well, **it's all one**.

Sir Toby exits.

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, Fool?

FOOL

Like a **drowned** man, a fool, and a **madman**. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second **mads** him, and a third **drowns** him.

OLIVIA

Go thou and seek the **coroner** and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink: he's **drowned**. Go look after him.

FOOL

He is but **mad** yet, madonna, and the Fool shall look to **the madman**.

The Fool exits.

Enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

Imitating how Viola stands at the gate.

Has been told so, and it seems he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO

…Why, **of mankind**.

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO

Of very **ill manner**. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy— he **speaks very shrewishly**.

A shrewish sound from Viola, off.

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Malvolio exits.

Enter Maria.

OLIVIA

Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face.

Olivia veils.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola as Cesario, still dead.

VIOLA

Groans lightly, liking the look of Olivia to eat.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

Groans laughingly, anticipating eating her.

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

Groans seductively, she is almost in eating distance.

OLIVIA

Preserving her propriety—but interested in this mysterious 'young man.'

Know then, I am the lady of this house.

VIOLA

Moans about to bite Olivia's neck.

OLIVIA

Pushing Viola playfully away. She is loving this forward new suitor.

I forgive you this praise.

VIOLA

Groans regretful of being pushed away from her meal.

OLIVIA

I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be **mad**, begone; if you have reason, be brief. 'Tis

not that time of **moon** with me to make one♥[1] in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA

Sudden groan, lashing out toward Maria; she forgot about her.

OLIVIA

Trying to draw Viola's attention back to herself.

Tell me your **mind**.

VIOLA

Growls nastily at Maria.

OLIVIA

Sure you have some **hideous** matter to deliver when the courtesy of it is so **fearful**. Speak your office.

VIOLA

Roars at Maria, she hates her, as a dog might.

OLIVIA

Firm, but fascinated.

You've begun rudely. **What are you**? What would you?

♥[1] Participate.

VIOLA

Decides Maria has been warned off. She groans seductively again as she turns more appreciatively toward Olivia.

OLIVIA

Captivated by the intensity of Viola's stare.

Give us the place **alone**. We will hear this … **divinity**.

Maria and Attendants exit—gladly.

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Groans casually, pleased to have such easy prey.

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.

Olivia (like Orsino) is coyly evading all of Viola's efforts to eat her. She appreciates the fervent pursuit.
Viola catches onto Olivia's veil and is puzzling with it, aggressively.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face?

They wrestle a moment – Viola is frustrated, Olivia is ecstatic.

We will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

She removes her veil, displaying even more to eat.

Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is ’t not well done?

VIOLA

Groans pleadingly, entangled in the cast-off veil.

OLIVIA

Unintentionally describing all these edible parts.

I shall not lead these graces to the **grave** and leave the world no copy. I will not be so **hard-hearted**. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labeled to my **will**: as, item, **two lips** indifferent red; item, **two gray eyes**, with **lids** to them; item, **one neck**, **one chin**, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

Groans, annoyed and hungry.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him. Let him send no more—
Unless perchance **you** come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your… **pains**. Spend this for me.

Olivia offers money. Viola smacks it out of her hand. Olivia is impressed. Viola lunges for Olivia, they miss each other, and Viola is ushered out by one of her ladies, whom Viola bites. Olivia— enraptured— does not see this.

OLIVIA

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.—
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger
The Duke's new man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.

She hands him a ring.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Malvolio exits.

OLIVIA

Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
What is decreed must be—and be this so!

Olivia exits.

ACT II

SCENE 1

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Sebastian is a zombie and attempting to eat Antonio. Antonio seems to sincerely enjoy this game of cat and mouse, embracing it playfully.

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer, nor will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN

Groans trying to catch Antonio—always 'manly' groans from Sebastian.

ANTONIO

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

Roars as in 'I am the Monster!'

ANTONIO

Approves of Sebastian's passion.

I know thy name is Sebastian. Thy father was that Sebastian of Messaline who recently **died**, and who left behind him yourself and a sister, both born in an hour. A

lady, sir, ‘twas said, who much resembled you, and yet she was accounted beautiful. But she is **drowned** already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to **drown** her remembrance again with more. If you will not **murder** me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

Grumbles that Antonio has evaded him this long, and exits.

ANTONIO

The **gentleness of all the gods** go with thee!
I have many **enemies** in Orsino’s court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But come what may, I do adore thee so
That **danger shall seem sport**, and I will go.

Antonio exits.

Act II, Scene 2

Enter Viola as Cesario and Malvolio, at several doors.

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

Groans turning slowly toward Malvolio, and then walking toward him.

MALVOLIO

Nervous, but preserving his self-importance.

She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my **pains** to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a **desperate** assurance she will none of him.

She's getting closer, and he is slightly more nervous—because he is sensible.

And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIOLA

Roars at Malvolio as she lunges. He ducks away, but perseveres, determined to do his duty.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned.

He throws the ring, violently, at her.

There it lies in your eye!

Malvolio runs away.

Viola quickly pursues him.

Valentine enters, now a zombie, and follows her with some difficulty.

Act II, Scene 3

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. There is thunder and lightning outside.

TOBY

Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after **midnight** is to be up betimes, and *"diluculo surgere,"*[1] thou know'st—

ANDREW

Nay, by my troth, I know not. But I know to be up **late** is to be up **late**.

TOBY

A false conclusion. To be up after **midnight** and to go to bed then, is early, so that to go to bed after **midnight** is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four **elements**[2]?

ANDREW

Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of **eating** and drinking.

---

[1] Short for *diluculo surgere saluberrimum est* (to rise early is most healthful), a sentence from Lilly's Latin grammar (which Shakespeare and everyone educated had memorized in grammar school). Sir Andrew has not heard of it because his education is sub-optimal.

[2] Earth, air, fire, and water.

TOBY

Thou 'rt a scholar. Let us therefore **eat** and drink.

Marian, I say, a stoup of wine!

Enter Feste, the Fool, who looks at the lightning with some anxiety.

ANDREW

Here comes the Fool, i' faith.

FOOL

How now, my **hearts**? Did you never see the picture of "We Three"♥[1]?

TOBY

Welcome, ass! Now let's have a catch.

ANDREW

By my troth, I had rather than forty shillings I had so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has…

… In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last **night** when thou spok'st of **Pigrogromitus of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus**♥♥[2].

'Twas very good, i' **faith**…

♥[1] A painting of two asses, or two fools. The viewer presumably asks, "where is the third?" thereby showing himself to be it.

♥♥[2] Nonsense language. The general theme seems to concern the heavenly bodies, with possible religious overtones. Perhaps Sir Andrew has blundered in his attempt to quote the Fool; perhaps the Fool has been putting Sir Andrew on with nonsense words. Either

Thunder and lightning.

Now, a song!

TOBY

Let's have a song.

FOOL

Would you have a love song or a song of **good life**?

TOBY

A love song, a love song.

ANDREW

Ay, ay, I care not for **good life**.

FOOL

Sings. As he does, zombie voices

(distant, off) join in howls and groans.

*What is love? 'Tis not **hereafter**.*

Present mirth hath present laughter.

***What's to come is still unsure**.*

***In delay there lies no plenty**,*

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

ANDREW

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

---

way, the effort to turn the sentence from "fooling" into "sense" is itself folly.

TOBY

A **contagious** breath.

ANDREW

Very sweet and **contagious**, i' faith.

TOBY

To hear by the nose, it is **dulcet in contagion**.

But shall we make the **welkin**♥[1] dance indeed? Shall we **rouse the night owl** in a catch that will **draw three souls out** of one weaver? Shall we do that?

ANDREW

An you love me, let's do 't. Come, begin.

They sing, LOUDLY.

Outside we can now see shadows of zombies at the window in the flashes of lightning.

They are right outside.

Enter Maria.

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him **turn you out of doors**, never trust me.

♥[1] The sky, the heavens.

TOBY

My lady! Am not I **consanguineous**? Am I not of her **blood**? Tilly-vally! "Lady"!

Sings.

There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.

FOOL

Beshrew[♥1] me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

ANDREW

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I, too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

TOBY

Sings.

*O' the **twelfth night** of December—*

MARIA

For the **love o' God**, peace!

Enter Malvolio, who is much more aware of the present threat, though feeling perhaps he's mad because no one else here seems concerned.

[♥1] **Curse**: a mild 'swear.'

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you **mad**? Or **what are you**? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at **this time of night**? Do you *not have* any mitigation or **remorse of voice**? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

TOBY

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. **Sneck** up♥[1]!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors 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**.

TOBY

Sings.

Farewell, dear heart, *since I must needs be* ***gone****.*

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

♥[1] "Be **hanged**!" or "Away with you!" (*OED,* snick v., origin obscure)

FOOL

Sings.

His eyes do show ***his days are almost done****.*

MALVOLIO

Is-’t even so?

TOBY

Sings.

But ***I will never die****.*

FOOL

Sings.

Sir Toby, ***there you lie****.*

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

TOBY

Sings.

Shall I bid him go?

FOOL

Sings.

What an if you do?

TOBY

Sings.

Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

FOOL

Sings.

O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

TOBY

Out o' tune, sir? You lie.

To Malvolio.

Art any more than a steward?

Dost thou think, because thou art **virtuous**, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.

—A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

Malvolio exits.

MARIA

Calls LOUDLY after him.

Go shake your ears!

In a lightning flash, we again see the zombies just beyond the windows, all trying to get inside.

Feste is the only one of the party who glances at them, grimly.

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the Duke's was today with my lady, she is **much out of quiet**. For Monsieur Malvolio, **let me alone with him**. If I do not gull him, make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

TOBY

Possess us, **possess** us, tell us something of him.

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of **puritan**.

ANDREW

O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

TOBY

What, for being a **puritan**? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

ANDREW

I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA

The **devil** a **puritan** that he is, an affectioned **ass**—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.

TOBY

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the color 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.

TOBY

Excellent! I **smell a device**.

ANDREW

I have 't in my nose, too.

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 is indeed a horse of that color.

ANDREW

And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA

As(s), I doubt not.

ANDREW

O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my **physic** will work with him. I will **plant** you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this **night**, to bed, and dream on the event. **Farewell**.

TOBY

Farewell.

Maria exits.

ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

TOBY

She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

ANDREW

I was adored once, too.

TOBY

Come, come, I'll go **burn** some sack. 'Tis too **late** to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

They exit.

Act II, Scene 4

Enter Orsino, Viola, Curio, and Attendants.

ORSINO

Give me some music.

Music plays.

Now, good morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and **antic** song we heard last night.

Methought it did relieve my passion much,

More than light airs and recollected terms

Of these most brisk and **giddy**-pacèd times.

Come, but one verse.

CURIO

He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

ORSINO

Who was it?

CURIO

Feste the jester, my lord, a Fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

ORSINO

Seek him out,

Curio exits.

and play the tune the while.

Music plays.

To Viola as Cesario.

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet **pangs** of it remember me,
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all **motions** else
Save in the constant image of the **creature**
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

She groans appreciatively. She loves music.

ORSINO

Admires her sentiment.

Thou dost speak masterly.
My **life** upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves.
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA

She is still moved by the music, makes gentle sounds.

ORSINO

Touched by her gentleness—caused by Cesario's love, as he thinks.

Of what complexion is she?

VIOLA

Looks at Orsino adoringly; she is in love with the music and ready to eat him.

ORSINO

Misinterprets her, intrigued again by her femininity, not by her being a zombie.

Of mine?

She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA

Looks like she's about to make her move.

ORSINO

Almost flattered and touched by such candor of expression.

Of mine?

Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take

An elder than herself. So wears she to him;

So sways she level in her husband's **heart**.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more **giddy** and **unfirm**,

More **longing**, wavering, sooner **lost** and worn,

Than women's are.

Viola lunges for him. He stands, caught up in the moment, missing her attack unconsciously. He hails Curio and Feste as they come on.

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario. It is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with **bones**
Do use to **chant** it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

FOOL

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

Ay, prithee, sing.

The Song. Wherein everyone except Orsino is a little bit nervous about Viola… Viola is in love with the music on a profound level. Orsino admires this.

FOOL

*Come away, come away, **death,***
*And in **sad cypress** let me be laid.*
Fly away, fly away, breath,

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

*My **shroud** of white, stuck all with **yew**,*

O, prepare it!

*My part of **death**, no one so true*

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet

*On my **black coffin** let there be strown;*

Not a friend, not a friend greet

*My poor **corpse** where my **bones** shall be thrown.*

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

*Sad true lover never find my **grave***

*To **weep** there.*

Because the music ends, Viola bites Curio in a fit of rage. Orsino is overcome with emotion for her candor of passion.

ORSINO

Gives Curio money.

There's for thy **pains**. Give us now leave to leave thee.

Curio exits quickly, horrified.

FOOL

Now the melancholy god protect thee. Farewell.

The Fool exits.

ORSINO

Let all the rest give place.

All but Orsino and Viola exit—rapidly. Viola turns her attention, listlessly, back toward Orsino.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign **cruelty**.

Tell her of my love, more noble than the world.

VIOLA

Groans so sadly. The music is still gone.

ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA

Groans in passionate sadness.

ORSINO

Almost defensive of his own anguish in love.

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 called **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.

VIOLA

Her focus has been drawn to Orsino's talk about eating.

She licks her lips, earnestly.

ORSINO

Just tickled by Cesario's 'less said' manner of expression.

Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say

My love can give no place, bide no denay.

He hands her a jewel and he exits, pursued by her, dreamily and hungrily.

Act II, Scene 5

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

TOBY

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN

Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be **boiled to death with melancholy**.

TOBY

Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally sheep-**biter** Malvolio come by some notable shame?

FABIAN

I would exult, man. You know he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bearbaiting here.

TOBY

To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him **black and blue**, shall we not, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW

An we do not, it is **pity of our lives**.

Enter Maria.

TOBY

Here comes the little **villain**.—How now?

MARIA

Get you all three into the box tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practicing behavior to his own **shadow** this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!

They hide.

Lie thou there,

Putting down the letter.

for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

She exits.

Enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

TOBY

Aside.

Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN

Aside.

O, peace!

ANDREW

Aside.

'Slight, I could so **beat** the rogue!

TOBY

Aside.

Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio.

TOBY

Aside.

Ah, rogue!

ANDREW

Aside.

Pistol him, pistol him!

TOBY

Aside.

Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

TOBY

Aside.

O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed where I have left Olivia **sleeping**—

TOBY

Aside.

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

Aside.

O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

And then, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—

TOBY

Aside.

Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN

Aside.

O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO

Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me—

TOBY

Aside.

Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN

Aside.

Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar **smile** with an austere regard of control—

TOBY

Aside.

And does not Toby take you **a blow o' the lips** then?

MALVOLIO

Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—"

TOBY

Aside.

What, what?

MALVOLIO

"You must amend your drunkenness."

TOBY

Aside.

Out, **scab**!

FABIAN

Aside.

Nay, patience, or we **break the sinews** of our plot!

MALVOLIO

"Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—"

ANDREW

Aside.

That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO

"One Sir Andrew."

ANDREW

Aside.

I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO

Sees the letter.

What employment have we here?

FABIAN

Aside.

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

TOBY

Aside.

O, peace, and the **spirit of humors** intimate reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO

Takes up the letter.

By my **life**, this is my lady's hand! These be her very c's, her u's, and her t's, and thus she makes her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

ANDREW

Aside.

Her c's, her u's, and her t's. Why that?

MALVOLIO

Reads.

"To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes"—

Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft.

He opens the letter.

To whom should this be?

FABIAN

Aside.

This wins him, **liver and all**.

The Sea Captain grabs Fabian from behind and drags him silently off.

MALVOLIO

Reads.

"Jove knows I love,

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers altered! "No man must know." If this should be thee, Malvolio!

TOBY

Aside.

Marry, **hang thee**, brock♥[1]!

MALVOLIO

Reads.

"I may command where I adore,

But silence, like a **Lucrece knife**,

With **bloodless stroke my heart doth gore**;

♥[1] "Brock" is a proverbially stinking badger.

M.O.A.I. doth sway my life."

TOBY

Aside.

Excellent wench, say I.

FABIAN

A strangled cry from off.

MALVOLIO

Momentarily listens… and continues his thought.

"M.O.A.I. doth sway my life." Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN

A weaker, more desperate cry.

MALVOLIO

Glances…then.

"I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me! Softly! "M.O.A.I."—

TOBY

Aside.

O, ay, make up that.—He is now **at a cold scent**.

FABIAN

A gargled cry.

MALVOLIO

Decides to ignore the strange sounds. He reasserts himself.

"M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that begins my name!

FABIAN

An almost death rattle…

MALVOLIO

"M." But then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation. "A" should follow, but "O" does.

FABIAN

Gasping…

MALVOLIO

And then "I" comes behind.

FABIAN

Dies.

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.

He waits for an interruption. Hearing none. He 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 thrown upon 'em.
Thy fates open their hands. Let **thy blood and spirit embrace them**.
Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy **tongue tang** arguments of state. _
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 desir'st 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**."
Daylight 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,

Fabian shambles from the bushes.

Malvolio calls to him joyously, like Scrooge at the end of A Christmas Carol.

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.

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.

Ignores Fabian again. Returns to his purpose.

I will be **strange**, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. **Jove and my stars be praised**! Here is yet a postscript.

He reads.

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy **smiling**; thy **smiles** become thee well. Therefore in my presence still **smile**, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee! I will **smile**. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

He exits, followed by Fabian.

TOBY

I could marry this wench for this device.

ANDREW

So could I too.

TOBY

And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

ANDREW

Nor I neither.

Enter Maria.

TOBY

Wilt thou set **thy foot o' my neck**?

ANDREW

Or o' mine either?

TOBY

Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must **run mad**.

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she **abhors**, and cross-gartered, a fashion she **detests**; and he will **smile** upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being **addicted to a melancholy** as she is, that it cannot

but turn him into a **notable contempt**. If you will see it, follow me.

TOBY

To the gates of **Tartar**, thou most excellent **devil** of wit!

ANDREW

I'll make one, too♥[1].

They trio exits.

The Sea Captain appears and follows them, covered in the gore of Fabian.

♥[1] I.e., "I'll join you," making one of your number.

ACT III

SCENE 1

Enter Viola and Feste, the Fool, evading her, using his tabor and pipe like a cross.

FOOL

Sir, I live by the **church**! I do live by the **church**, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the **church**.

VIOLA

Snarls.

FOOL

You have said, sir.

To see this age!

VIOLA

Makes a horrible sound and face.

FOOL

Sir, I do care for something. But in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, **I would it would make you invisible.**

The Fool throws his coat over her face. She snarls, entangled again.

The Fool marvels at this.

Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say "**element**," but the word is overworn.

The Fool exits.

Viola starts to pursue him.

Sir Toby and Sir Andrew enter.

TOBY

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

Turns toward them.

ANDREW

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA

Groans appreciatively. Sir Andrew looks like easy prey.

ANDREW

Unnerved, and thinking perhaps the sounds were French.

I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

TOBY

Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola falls down; her coordination is deteriorating.

Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

VIOLA

Groans from the ground, reaching for them.

TOBY

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA

Groans in frustration, approaching rage.
Enter Olivia, and Maria, her Gentlewoman.
Viola makes it to one knee as she sees Olivia.
She groans ***"Awwwwrrrr...."***

ANDREW

Aside, impressed.

That youth's a rare courtier. ***"Awwwrrrr,"*** well.

VIOLA

Gutteral sounds, as if she is decomposing.

"Inch! Inch! Awwwrrrr!"

ANDREW

Aside, impressed.

"INCH! INCH! AWWWRRRR!"

I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA

Also impressed by how feelingly Viola expresses herself.

Let the garden door be **shut**, and leave me to my hearing.

Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria exit.

Give me your hand, sir.

Viola tries to bite Olivia's hand. Olivia recoils in delight.

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last **enchantment** you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Let me hear you **speak**…

VIOLA

Groans so annoyed that she can never seem to eat Olivia.

OLIVIA

…That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

Viola roars at the heavens as in, 'I am The Monster!'
She looks with blazing eyes at Olivia.

OLIVIA

Convinced that Viola does not love her in return.

Why then methinks 'tis time to **smile** again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should **be a prey**, how much the better
To **fall** before the lion than the wolf.

Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to **reap** a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

Viola begins to leave the way Olivia suggests, swept up by Olivia's emotions.

Stay. I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIOLA

Not turning to Olivia yet, grunts with some frustration about what to do.

OLIVIA

If you think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA

Mutters, shambling away, giving up.

OLIVIA

Longing, and hoping to stop Viola.

I would you were as I would have you be.

VIOLA

Wrenches herself around again, growls furious with Olivia.

OLIVIA

Aside. Overwhelmed by the force of Viola's passion, even though she perceives it as scorn toward herself.

O, what a deal of **scorn looks beautiful**

In **the contempt and anger of his lip**!

A **murd'rous** 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, honor, truth, and everything,
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 is better.

Viola begins to exit, overwhelmed and confused by Olivia's overtures.

Yet come again, for **thou perhaps mayst move**
That heart, which now abhors, to like your lord.

They exit in different directions.

Act III, Scene 2

Thunder and lightning.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Fabian can be seen outside, a zombie.

ANDREW

No, **faith**, I'll not stay a jot longer.

TOBY

Thy reason, dear **venom**, give thy reason.

FABIAN

Outside, Fabian bangs on the window

'YOUR REASON.'

ANDREW

Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the Duke's servingman than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw 't i' th' orchard.

TOBY

Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

ANDREW

As plain as I see you now, sir.

TOBY

She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to **exasperate** you, to awake your dormouse **valor**, to put **fire in your heart** and **brimstone in your liver**. You

should then have **accosted** her, and you should have **banged** the youth into **dumbness**.

FABIAN

Fabian bangs again.

TOBY

This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked. Now you will **hang** like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of **valor** or policy.

ANDREW

An 't be any way, it must be with **valor,** for policy I hate.

TOBY

Why, then, challenge me the Duke's youth to **fight**. **Hurt him in eleven places**.

FABIAN

Fabian bangs again.

ANDREW

Calls to Fabian.

Will you bear me a challenge to him?

TOBY

To Andrew.

Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and brief. Go, about it. Let there be **gall** enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

TOBY

Meaning himself and Fabian.

We'll call thee at the cubiculo♥[1]. Go.

Sir Andrew exits.

FABIAN

Fabian bangs at the window.

Makes horrible monster sounds.

TOBY

Calls to Fabian.

By all means **stir** on the youth to an answer.

I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together.

For Andrew, **if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.**

Enter Maria.

♥[1] Little chamber.

Look where the youngest wren of mine comes.

MARIA

If you desire the **spleen**, and will laugh yourselves into **stitches**, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is in yellow stockings.

TOBY

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most **villainously**. 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.

TOBY

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

The trio exits.

Fabian tries to find his way to where they are going.

Act III, Scene 3

Enter Sebastian and Antonio. Sebastian has all but given up trying to eat Antonio.

SEBASTIAN

A manly, walking groan.

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you. My desire,
More sharp than filèd 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♥[1] what might befall your travel,
Being skill-less in these parts, which to a **stranger**,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of **fear,**
Set forth **in your pursuit**.

SEBASTIAN

A weary groan.

ANTONIO

You are weary, and 'tis long to night.
Best first go see your lodging. I pray you,

♥[1] Here the word means suspicion, doubts, worry.

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 answered.

SEBASTIAN

A bloody-minded groan. Perhaps he'll try to eat Antonio once more.

ANTONIO

As if in answer to this insinuation.

Th' offense was not of such a **bloody** nature,

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel

Might well have given us **bloody** argument.

It might have since been answered in repaying

What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,

For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,

I shall pay dear.

Sebastian succeeds in grabbing Antonio, which he interprets as affection.

Antonio frees himself; Sebastian begins to stagger in a different direction.

ANTONIO

Hold, sir, here's my purse.

Holding out some money.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our **diet**

Whiles you beguile the time and **feed** your

knowledge with viewing of the town.

There shall you have me.

Antonio offers Sebastian money, who is thinking as a monster would, 'indeed I shall'; Antonio puts the money into Sebastian's pocket.

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase, and your store,

I think, is not for **idle markets**, sir.

SEBASTIAN

A come-hither groan, Antonio is so near to him now.

ANTONIO

To th' Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

A groan of hearty agreement, and then rage as Antonio pats him on the back,

sending Sebastian stumbling,

disappointed, toward an opposite exit.

Act III, Scene 4

Enter Olivia and Maria.

OLIVIA

Aside.

I have sent after him. He says he'll come.

How shall I **feast** him?

Off, someone screams hysterically.

I **s**peak too loud.—

Where's Malvolio? He is **s**ad and **c**ivil

And **s**uits well for a **s**ervant with my fortune**s**.

Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He's coming, madam, but in **very strange manner**. He is sure **possessed**, madam.

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

MARIA

No, madam, he does nothing but **smile**. Your Ladyship were best to have some **guard** about you if he come, for sure the man is **tainted in 's wits**.

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

Maria exits.

I am **as mad** as he,

If sad and merry **madness** equal be.

Enter Maria with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho!

OLIVIA

Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the **blood**, this cross-gartering… but what of that?

OLIVIA

Already more concerned about Malvolio's behavior than she has been with any of Viola's.

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

MALVOLIO

Not **black in my mind**, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be **executed**. I think we do know the sweet hand.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA

God comfort thee! Why dost thou **smile** so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws!

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

"Be not afraid of greatness." 'Twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

"Some are born great—"

OLIVIA

Ha?

MALVOLIO

“Some achieve greatness—”

OLIVIA

What sayst thou?

MALVOLIO

“And some have greatness thrown upon them.”

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

“Remember who commended thy yellow stockings—”

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

“And wished to see thee cross-gartered.”

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO

“Go to, thou art made, if thou desir’st to be so—”

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

“If not, let me see thee a servant still.”

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer **madness**!

Enter Servant, looking haggard and disheveled.

SERVANT

Gasping for breath.

Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is returned... I could not entreat him back… He attends your Ladyship's… pleasure.

OLIVIA

Elated.

I'll come to him.

Servant exits, warily.

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my Cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Olivia and Maria exit in different directions.

MALVOLIO

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:

"Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy **tongue tang** with arguments of state." 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, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple—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.

Enter Toby and Maria.
Fabian may now be somewhere in the distance, along with other zombies.

TOBY

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

MARIA

Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? How is 't with you, man?

MALVOLIO

Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA

To Toby.

Lo, how hollow the **fiend** speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady **prays** you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO

Aha, does she so?

TOBY

To Maria.

Go to, go to! Peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? How is 't with you? What, man, **defy the devil**! Consider, **he's an enemy to mankind**.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

To Toby.

Look you, an you **speak ill of the devil**, how he **takes it at heart**! **Pray God** he be not **bewitched**!

MARIA

My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say….

MALVOLIO

How now, mistress?

MARIA

O Lord!

TOBY

Prithee, **hold thy peace**. This is not the way. Do you not see you move him? The **fiend** is rough and will not be roughly used. Let me **alone** with him.

To Malvolio.

Why, how now, my bawcock? How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO

Sir!

TOBY

Ay, biddy, come with me.—What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with **Satan**[1].

MARIA

Get him to say his **prayers**, good Sir Toby; get him to **pray**.

MALVOLIO

My **prayers**, minx?

MARIA

To Toby.

He will not hear of **godliness**.

---

[1] A children's game, competitively trying to toss cherry pits into a hole.

MALVOLIO

Go **hang** yourselves all! You are idle, shallow things. I am not of your **element**. You shall know more **hereafter**.

He exits.

Fabian and the other zombies move off in his direction.

TOBY

If this were played upon a stage now, I could **condemn** it as an improbable fiction. Let's pursue him. We shall make him **mad** indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

Zombie sounds, off.

TOBY

Come, we'll have him in a **dark room** and **bound**. My niece is already in the belief that he's **mad**. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of **breath**, prompt us to have **mercy** on him. But see, but see!

Enter Sir Andrew.

MARIA

More matter for a May morning.

ANDREW

Presenting a paper.

Here's the challenge. Read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

MARIA

Is 't so saucy?

ANDREW

Ay, is 't. I warrant him. Do but read.

TOBY

Give me.

> "Youth, **whatsoever thou art**, thou art but a **scurvy fellow**."

Good, and valiant.

> "Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy **throat;** that is not the matter that I challenge thee for.
>
> I will **waylay thee** going home, where if it be thy chance to **kill me**, thou **kill'st me** like a rogue and a **villain**."

That keeps you o' th' windy side of the law. Good.

> "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, and thy **sworn enemy**, Andrew Aguecheek."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him myself.

MARIA

You may have very fit occasion for 't. He is now in some commerce with my lady and will by and by depart.

TOBY

Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner of the orchard. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, **swear horrible**. **Away**!

Fabian comes up close behind Andrew.

ANDREW

Brushing Fabian aside.

Nay, let me alone for **swearing**.

Sir Andrew exits for the orchard, followed by Fabian.

TOBY

Now will not I deliver his letter, which, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no **terror** in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor, and drive the gentleman into a

most **hideous** opinion of his **rage**, skill, **fury**, and **impetuosity**. This will so **fright** them both that thy will **kill** one another by the look, like **cockatrices**.

Enter Olivia and Viola as Cesario.

MARIA

Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

TOBY

I will meditate the while upon some **horrid** message for a challenge.

Toby and Maria exit.

OLIVIA

To Viola, who seems resigned about not eating Olivia. She shuffles in relative quiet beside her.

I have said too much unto a **heart of stone**
And laid mine honor too unchary on ’t.
There’s something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA

Groans wearily.

OLIVIA

Here, wear this jewel for me. 'Tis my picture.

Refuse it not. It hath no **tongue** to vex you.

And I beseech you come again tomorrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

She puts the jewel around Viola's neck with difficulty and near-misses.

VIOLA

Groans first in her attempts, and then in her disappointment.

OLIVIA

Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Olivia exits, much moved by the melancholy of Viola, as Cesario. Viola watches her go.

Enter Toby.

TOBY

Gentleman, **God save thee**.

VIOLA

Groans almost in greeting; a new prospect for a meal.

TOBY

That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't. Of what **nature the wrongs** are thou hast done him, I know not, but Sir Andrew, **bloody as the hunter**, attends thee at the orchard end. Be yare in thy preparation, for **thy assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly**.

VIOLA

Groans, pleased to think that she will eat Sir Toby.

She is advancing on Sir Toby, who retreats.

TOBY

If you hold your **life** at any price, betake you to your guard, for Sir Andrew hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and **wrath** can furnish man withal.

VIOLA

Growls hungrily.

TOBY

Continues defensively.

He is a knight, and 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 **sepulcher**… …"Hob, nob" is his word; "give 't or take 't."…

ANDREW

From off, a blood-curdling scream
followed by a gurgling
"Hob, nob, hob, nob…" for help.

TOBY:

Nervously.

I will go find the man.

Fabian staggers on; he has just bitten
Sir Andrew.

Signior Fabian, stay you by this… gentleman till my return.

Toby exits, quickly.

VIOLA

Groans conversationally.

FABIAN

Groans conversationally in return.

VIOLA

Groans conversationally, a question?

FABIAN

Groans conversationally, an agreement.
Viola and Fabian exit.
Enter Toby and Andrew.
Sir Andrew has been bitten and is
pretending that everything's fine.

TOBY

Meaning Viola.

Why, man, he's a very **devil**. I have not seen such a **firago**.

ANDREW

Pox on 't! I'll not meddle with him…

TOBY

Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder…

Fabian and Viola can be heard in the distance together. Another scream.

ANDREW

Plague on 't! An I thought he had been valiant, I'd have seen him **damned** ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet…

Andrew dies standing up.

TOBY

I'll make the motion.

Propping him up.

Stand here, make a good show on 't. This shall end without **the perdition of souls.**

Aside.

Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you…

Fabian and Viola stagger back on; fresh blood on their faces.

Toby crosses to meet them.

Aside to Fabian.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a **devil**.

FABIAN

Groans as if greeting an old friend he will be happy to eat.

TOBY

Aside to Viola.

There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake. Therefore, draw for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not **hurt** you.

VIOLA

Groans as if in protest.

FABIAN

Groans in agreement with Viola.

TOBY

Aside to Andrew.

Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you. But he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not **hurt** you. Come on, to 't.

ANDREW

Sir Andrew awakens in a ghastly way; he is now a zombie.

A 'creature feature' roar.

VIOLA

Answers Sir Andrew with another 'creature feature' roar.

Enter Antonio.

ANTONIO

Stop, both of you. If this young gentleman
Have done offense, I take the fault on me.
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

All have turned toward Antonio.

TOBY

You, sir? Why, **what are you**?

ANTONIO

Drawing his sword.

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

TOBY

Drawing his sword.

Nay, if you be an **undertaker**, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

FABIAN

Roars at the Officers in epic 'creature feature' fashion. He is immediately behind Sir Toby. The Officers are no longer happy to be here.

TOBY

Startled by Fabian, to Antonio.

I'll be with you anon.

Scurries away from Fabian.

VIOLA

Makes 'conversation' with Sir Andrew, like dinosaurs talking together.

ANDREW

'Chats' in return with Viola about the action so far.

FIRST OFFICER

Extremely anxious to get this done and get out.

This is the man. Do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER

Shares the First Officer's mind about this.

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke Orsino.

ANTONIO

You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir, no jot. I know your favor well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—

Take him away. He knows I know him well.

ANTONIO

I must obey.

To Viola, whose behavior bothers him much more than Sebastian's.

This comes with seeking you.

There's no remedy. I shall answer it.

My necessity makes me to ask you

In grief, for my purse... Do you stand amazed?

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

To Viola.

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

Turns away from Antonio, confused by him, and toward the anxious Officers.

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now? Is 't possible

After those kindnesses that I have done you?

Antonio grabs her shoulder, beseechingly, she turns and lunges at him.

You tempt my misery. O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, I **pray you go**.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little.

The Officers are in agony as they wait politely for Antonio.

This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the **jaws of death**,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image,

Viola is making a horrible face.

which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I **devotion**.

Several zombies are closing in on the officers…

FIRST OFFICER

What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!

ANTONIO

Resisting.

But O, how **vile an idol** proves this **god**!

Thou hast, Sebastian, **done good feature shame**.

Viola is making another horrible face.

In nature there's no blemish but the **mind;**

None can be called **deformed** but the **unkind**.

Virtue is beauty, but the **beauteous evil**

Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the **devil**.

FIRST OFFICER

The man grows **mad**. Away with him.—Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO

Lead me on.

Antonio and Officers exit, pursued by Andrew, Viola, and Fabian.

Gun shots are heard off, shouts of disbelief, and then gurgling screams.

The Officers are being eaten.

ACT IV

SCENE 1

Enter Sebastian and Feste, the Fool.

FOOL

Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN

A manly zombie groan.

FOOL

Well held out, i' faith. No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my **nose** neither. **Nothing that is so is so.**

SEBASTIAN

A strange groan.

FOOL

I prithee now, ungird thy **strangeness** and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I **vent** to her that thou art coming?

Sebastian unintentionally flings
Antonio's money to the ground.

By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give Fools money…

Enter Toby running through the scene, pursued by Andrew and Fabian. Sebastian joins the other zombies in following Toby.

TOBY

Hold, sirs!

FOOL

Aside.

I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

The Fool exits.

Sebastian seizes Toby and they grapple.

TOBY

Come on, sir, hold!

Toby pulls free and draws his sword.

What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sebastian bites Toby.

What, what? Nay, then, I must have **an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you**.

Enter Olivia.

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby! On thy **life** I charge thee, hold!

TOBY

Nursing his wound.

Madam.

Sebastian moves in Olivia's direction.

OLIVIA

To Sir Toby.

Will it be ever thus? Out of my sight!—

To Sebastian.

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

To Sir Toby.

Rudesby, begone!

Toby exits, bleeding.

Andrew and Fabian stagger off after him.

Sebastian lurches toward Olivia.

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby

Mayst **smile** at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.

Do not deny. **Beshrew** his **soul** for me!

He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.

SEBASTIAN

Aside. An impressed groan, as in, 'some DISH.'

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

A big manly groan, as in, 'I am he who shall eat you.'

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Olivia exits, overjoyed.

Sebastian follows with determination.

Act IV, Scene 2

Enter Maria and Feste, the Fool.

MARIA

To The Fool.

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas **the curate**. Do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

She exits.

FOOL

Well, I'll put it on and **I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown**.

He puts on gown and beard.

The competitors enter.

Enter Maria, followed by Toby, heavily bandaged, and out of breath.

TOBY

Jove **bless** thee, Master **Parson**.

FOOL

Bonos dies, Sir Toby. I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson.

TOBY

To him, Sir Topas.

FOOL

Disguising his voice.

What ho, I say! **Peace in this prison**!

TOBY

The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

MALVOLIO

Within.

Who calls there?

FOOL

Sir Topas **the curate**, who comes to visit Malvolio **the lunatic**.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady—

FOOL

Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

TOBY

Aside, breathlessly.

Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am **mad**. They have laid me here in **hideous darkness**—

FOOL

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the **devil** himself with courtesy. Sayst thou that house is **dark**?

MALVOLIO

As **hell**, Sir Topas.

FOOL

Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO

I am not **mad**, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is **dark**.

FOOL

Madman, thou errest. I say **there is no darkness but ignorance.**

MALVOLIO

I say **this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell.**

FOOL

…What is the opinion of **Pythagoras** concerning **wildfowl**?

MALVOLIO

…That the **soul** of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

FOOL

What thinkst thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO

I think **nobly of the soul**, and no way approve his opinion.

FOOL

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in **darkness**. Thou shalt hold the opinion of **Pythagoras** ere I will allow of thy **wits**, and **fear** to **kill** a woodcock♥[1] lest thou **dispossess** the **soul** of thy grandam. **Fare thee well.**

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

TOBY

Wincing.

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

FOOL

Nay, I am for all waters.

♥[1] A proverbially foolish bird, implying that Malvolio is the grandson of a fool and hence a fool himself.

MARIA

Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not…

TOBY

I would we were well rid of this knavery. Come by and by to my chamber.

Toby exits, leaning on Maria.

MALVOLIO

Calling desperately from within.

Help me to some light and some paper. They keep me in **darkness**! I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FOOL

Calls, in his own voice.

Welladay that you were, sir!

MALVOLIO

Fool! I tell thee true.

FOOL

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a **madman** till I see his **brains**.

Sings.

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 **"aha!" to the devil;***

*Like a **mad lad**, "Pare thy nails, dad!*

*Adieu, goodman **devil**."*

The Fool exits, leaving Malvolio alone in the darkness.

ACT IV, SCENE 3

Enter Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Zombie Monologue.

The original text begins: "This is the air; that is the glorious sun."

Enter Olivia, and a Priest.

OLIVIA

To Sebastian, who turns toward them as they arrive.

Blame not this haste of mine.

He stops.

If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this **holy man**

Into the **chantry** by. There, before him

And underneath that **consecrated roof**,

Plight me the full assurance of your **faith**,

That my most jealous and too doubtful **soul**

May **live at peace**. What do you say?

Sebastian mauls them both and drags them off.

ACT V

SCENE 1

Enter Feste, pursued by Fabian.

FOOL

Aside.

Do not desire to see this!

Enter Orsino.

ORSINO

An oblivious and neighborly man.

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FOOL

Struggling with Fabian.

Ay, sir, we are some of her… trappings.

ORSINO

I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

A herd of Viola, Curio, and Lords enter separately.

FOOL

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

ORSINO

Oblivious.

Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

FOOL

No, sir, the **worse**.

ORSINO

How can that be?

FOOL

Marry, sir!...

He dodges Fabian again.

ORSINO

An amused and good-natured man.

Why, this is excellent.

FOOL

By my troth, sir, no—though it please you to be one of my friends.

ORSINO

Giving a coin.

Thou shalt not be the **worse** for me! There's gold.

The Fool accepts the coin and runs away, pursued by Fabian and zombie Lords… Others scatter in different directions

Enter Antonio, fighting for his life with the zombie Officers.
Viola appears behind Orsino, approaching him with slow determination.
Thunder and lightning.

ORSINO

Seeing Antonio.

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.
Notable pirate, thou saltwater thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so **bloody** and so dear,
Hast made thine **enemies**?

Antonio fights desperately while Orsino is miraculously untouched.

ANTONIO

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

Orsino notices Viola's presence, now immediately behind him, without alarm.

From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was.
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. 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**;
Where, being apprehended, his **false cunning**
—Not meaning to partake with me in **danger**—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance
– How could it be!—and denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA

Hisses, looking off toward Olivia's coming entrance.

ORSINO

To Antonio. Meaning Viola.

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord; and for three months before,

No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,

Both day and **night** did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and her Lady Attendants – all zombies.

ORSINO

Here comes the Countess. Now **heaven walks on Earth!—**

To Antonio.

But for thee, fellow: fellow, thy words are **madness**.

Three months this youth hath tended upon me—

But more of that anon.

To a zombie Officer, meaning Antonio.

Take him aside.

Antonio fights his way through the zombies and exits.

OLIVIA

Groans demurely.

ORSINO

Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA

A coquettish, insolent groan.

ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Groans in bursts like a big dog barking.

ORSINO

What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious **altars**

My **soul** the **faithful'st off'rings** have **breathed out**

That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

Olivia gets stuck on something while trying to eat Orsino.

ORSINO

A man who is not responding to the current situation, but to heartache.

Why should I not, had I the **heart** to do it,

Kill what I love?—

Meaning Viola as Cesario.

a **savage** jealousy

That sometime **savors** nobly? But hear me this:

Since you to nonregardance cast my **faith**,

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your **favor**,

Live you **the marble-breasted tyrant** still.

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 crownèd 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.

Enter Priest as a zombie.
Orsino is more embarrassed by his murderous thoughts before a holy man, than he is aware, at all, of the fact that the Priest is a zombie.

O, welcome, father.

The Priest screeches.
Enter Sir Andrew, a zombie.

ORSINO

Seeing Andrew. Sees that perhaps something is wrong with this man.

Sir Andrew, what's the matter?

Sir Andrew howls, fearfully.
The Fool runs screaming through the scene, followed by Sir Toby, a zombie, limping.

ORSINO

Begins to see that something may be the matter with Sir Toby, too.

Here comes Sir Toby halting.

How now, gentleman? How is ’t with you?

Sir Toby’s leg falls off.

FOOL

O, he’s **dead**, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i’ th’ morning…

Sir Toby howls.

Olivia joins the howl.

And Sir Andrew.

They turn as one toward The Fool, who has just fought his way off.

Enter Sebastian, who draws Orsino’s attention by standing still in the midst.

ORSINO

Astonished by the similarity between Sebastian and Viola—nothing else.

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

How have you made division of yourself?

An apple **cleft in two** is not more twin

Than these **two creatures**.

The Fool tears through the scene, from the direction we left Malvolio.

Antonio tears across from the other side.

FOOL

The Fool delivers the madman!

Malvolio comes center, whether heavily armed or otherwise, he is ready for battle.

ORSINO

Turns upstage to see. A pleasant man.

How now, Malvolio?

Viola tears out Orsino's heart and eats it.

Or, Viola and Sebastian tear Orsino in two.

MALVOLIO

Angry about being imprisoned and gaslit by these 'people.'

You have done me **wrong**,

Notorious wrong.

Why have you suffered me to be **imprisoned**,

Kept in a **dark house**, visited by the **priest**…

Tell me why!

Of course Olivia does not answer him.

Antonio is devoured.

Malvolio prepares.

“Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.”

The Fool is besieged by the Priest.

Maria appears! She is still alive.

Maria saves the Fool from the Priest.

Then Maria is devoured by Olivia.

The Fool runs away.

I’ll be revenged on the whole pack of you!

Malvolio annihilates the zombies.

Whether it be by a medley of several defensive arts (or what you will) he demonstrates extraordinary talent, ingenuity, and luck.

After the last corpse falls, he stops, looking about him.

It is done.

…*The hand of a fallen zombie grabs his ankle.*

It trips Malvolio to the ground and manages to bite him badly.

Malvolio destroys the zombie’s brains, but it is too late for Malvolio now.

He sits in the midst of the carnage, nursing his wound.

FOOL

Re-enters now that the coast is clear.

Sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

MALVOLIO

Joins the Fool.

For the rain it raineth every day.

Malvolio dies.

FOOL

A great while ago the world begun,

With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

*But **that's all one**…*

The Fool picks some money out of someone's pocket, crosses himself, and exits tripping around the corpses. The Fool sings as he exits.

*'O' the **twelfth night** of December, my true love gave to me…*

Malvolio's zombie hand rises up from the carnage.

FINIS.

Twelfth Night of the Living Dead

or what you kill

the steward's revenge



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