

## #3 Viola, Orsino

~~Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;  
Hath it not, boy?~~

VIOLA

~~A little, by your favour.~~

DUKE ORSINO

~~What kind of woman is't?~~

VIOLA

~~Of your complexion.~~

*VIOLA moves her chair closer to his, beginning to lean against him, when they are surprised.*

*Enter CURIO and FESTE from stage rear.*

DUKE ORSINO

~~O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
It is old and plain,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.~~

FESTE

~~Are you ready, sir?~~

DUKE ORSINO

~~Ay; prithee, sing.~~

*BAND MEMBER is about to get her chance for a solo, and there is a silence as she takes time to prepare. She triumphantly blows one note, but it is interrupted by a sudden whistle from FESTE. Enter DRUMMERS stage right, followed by other members of FESTE'S BAND. ALL dance and move to the music, with DUKE ORSINO'S BAND eventually joining in.*

## "Twelfth Night"

~~FESTE (with singers repeating certain words)~~

~~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!~~

*Exit FESTE, SINGERS, BANDS, and CURIO stage right, all dancing and drumming. DUKE ORSINO and VIOLA look on amusedly. They are alone now.*

START

VIOLA

~~My Lord,  
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia . . .~~

DUKE ORSINO

~~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. Make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.~~

**VIOLA** (*crosses to the table and sneaks a look at herself in her pocket mirror*)  
Ay, but I know—

**DUKE ORSINO**

What dost thou know?

**VIOLA** (*turns to face him; walks slightly forward, center stage*)  
Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship. (*throws him a coy, sidelong glance*)

**DUKE ORSINO**

And what's her history?

**VIOLA** (*turns her head away from him again; speaks out to audience*)  
A blank, my lord. She never told her love.  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. (*turns to him*) Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

**DUKE ORSINO** (*walks sympathetically toward VIOLA and puts his arm around her shoulder*)

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

**VIOLA** (*liking his touch but also finding it hard to bear; pulls away, turns, and takes a step forward*)  
I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.  
(*pauses; turns back to him*)  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

**DUKE ORSINO**

Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no delay.

STOP

*Exit VIOLA stage right and DUKE ORSINO stage rear, both stopping to look back at each other as they leave.*

*STAGEHANDS remove throne, move table to center stage, and place two more chairs around the table, setting it with two mugs (one large and one small), bottle of wine, pot, pan, and two wooden spoons.*

*Enter NARRATOR from stage rear.*