

PLAYS FOR
New Audiences

A Division of Children's Theatre Company

Twelfth Night

by William Shakespeare

Edited by Toby Hulse

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria*

VIOLA, *later disguised as Cesario*

SEBASTIAN, *her twin brother*

OLIVIA, *a countess*

SIR TOBY BELCH, *Olivia's kinsman*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *Sir Toby's companion*

MALVOLIO, *Olivia's steward*

FESTE, *a clown*

PRIEST

Originally adapted for Bristol Old Vic Theatre School for a cast of six, doubling as follows:

ACTOR 1	Orsino, Malvolio
ACTOR 2	Viola
ACTOR 3	Sebastian, Sir Andrew Aguecheek
ACTOR 4	Olivia
ACTOR 5	Sir Toby Belch, Priest
ACTOR 6	Feste

The cast on stage.

FESTE *[To us.] Twelfth Night, by William Shakespeare.*

A tale of the stupid things that people do when they are in love. In love with the wrong person, in love with the right person, in love with themselves, in love with their stomachs...

It begins with a storm at sea, and a pair of twins, Sebastian and Viola, a brother and sister who love each other very much.

A storm at sea.

*The ship in which **VIOLA** and **SEBASTIAN** are travelling is split in two, and brother and sister are separated, perhaps for ever.*

***SEBASTIAN** disappears beneath the waves: **VIOLA** is washed on to the unfamiliar shores of Illyria.*

VIOLA O, my poor brother!
Perchance he is not drown'd.

FESTE It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

VIOLA What country is this?

FESTE This is Illyria.

VIOLA And what should I do in Illyria?

***FESTE** shrugs.*

Who governs here?

FESTE A noble duke, Orsino.

*We are treated to a glimpse of **ORSINO**, sick with love...*

ORSINO If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it.

FESTE He seeks the love of fair Olivia.

ORSINO O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence.

VIOLA Olivia? What's she?

... and of **OLIVIA**, deep in self pity.

FESTE A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since,
For whose dear love
She hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

OLIVIA I will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

VIOLA O that I serv'd that lady...

SIR TOBY lurches drunkenly across the stage.

Who's this?

FESTE Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.

SIR TOBY [*Belches.*] A plague o'these pickle-herring!

VIOLA swiftly changes her mind.

VIOLA I think I'll serve the duke.

FESTE Good choice.

VIOLA Conceal me what I am,
And present me as a pageboy to him.
What else may hap, to time I will commit.

VIOLA exits with **FESTE** to change into Cesario: **SIR TOBY** remains. He tries in vain to raise a smile from **OLIVIA**.

SIR TOBY [*To us.*] What a plague means my niece to take the death of her father thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

OLIVIA You must come in earlier o' nights. I take great exception to your ill hours. That quaffing and drinking will undo you. And who is that foolish knight that you brought here to be my wooer?

SIR TOBY Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

OLIVIA A very fool and a prodigal. And he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY With drinking healths to you, my niece! Look, here comes Sir Andrew Aguecheek!

OLIVIA I'll none of him.

***OLIVIA** exits. **SIR ANDREW** enters.*

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY What shall we do else? Let me see thee caper. Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

***SIR TOBY** and **SIR ANDREW** dance off somewhat wildly.*

***FESTE** returns with **VIOLA** dressed as Cesario.*

FESTE [To us.] I hope you're following it so far. Orsino's in love with Olivia, who isn't interested in him as she lost her dad a while back. Sir Toby is Olivia's uncle, and he's brought Sir Andrew in to woo Olivia. She's not interested in him either. Hardly surprising really when you look at him. And poor Viola has lost her twin brother in a shipwreck, been washed up here in Illyria, and decided to dress up as a man and work for Orsino as his pageboy. It's the sort of thing they do in Shakespeare, don't worry. All clear? Okay then, three days later...

***ORSINO** and **VIOLA**.*

ORSINO Cesario –

FESTE [To us.] She's called herself Cesario, by the way. Or should that be he's called himself Cesario? She's called himself Cesario? Anyway...

ORSINO Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
I love Olivia.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her,
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.