illyria

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From Shakespeare’s Twelfth Night

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Gently

ly-ri-a, love-ly isle. Some years ago I anchored there a-

while. Something in the air there must have an odd ef-

fect. For

Every kind of idle fancy grows unchecked in Il-ly-ri-a...

FESTE: Home to the
greatest fools on earth!

FESTE: Of course, not all of them are professionals such as myself.
But if you give audience, I’ll unfold you a tale concerning two of our foremost amateurs...
ORSINO: That strain again! It had a dying fall...

Here in Illyria...

FESTE: Duke Orsino, the ruler of Illyria. My

Tempestuous

heart, hungry as the sea, is fed on only dreaming,

filled with endless appetite for love. All my thoughts are rivers to that

sea, turbulent and teeming, as they'll ever be 'til she is
FESTE: This was the name of his beloved

OLIVIA: Let the doors be shut. I'll receive no one, not even the Duke.

FESTE: The Countess Olivia.
For the sake of her dearly departed brother,
she had vowed to mourn for seven years.

FESTE: She was no less enamored of her melancholy than the Duke.
And so she filled her days with lachrymose lament and doleful dirge.

OLIVIA

Dear brother of mine.

See how my room is your shrine.
OLIVIA exits to her private chamber. MALVOLIO and MARIA are slowly closing the doors behind her. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, trying to get MARIJA's attention.

Toby: Psst.  
Maria: Shhh.

Toby: Psst!  
Maria: Shh!  
Malvolio: Shh!

Slowly

Malvolio: Sir Toby, my Ladyship will no longer tolerate your drinking. Apart from a glass of wine with your meals, any drink you desire you must pay for out of your own pocket. I have made strict account of our present stores, so I will know exactly how much you consume. Maria, see to it that he pays.

Maria and Toby exchange glances.

Toby: What shall I do in Illyria? I am
spent with lament o'er my nephew.
It's been ages since any bit of fun could be

found 'round here.
I say it's time we were cheerier, and I'll

bet that my nephew would agree.
Come let me have a cup, so I can offer up a

MARIA: Neither your purse nor your paunch can afford another cup.
TOBY: Sir Andrew will be here soon. I'll have the money from him.
MARIA: I've no doubt you will. But please, Sir Toby, for my sake, won't you be more moderate? This drinking will undo you.
TOBY: Oh, it's already undone me. Last night a button off my britches nearly put out Sir Andrew's eye.

toast to my dear ex-host.
Maria

What shall you do in Illyria, when at last you are cast out the door, sir? If you

anger my mistress any more, Sir Toby, the day may come. Life in this house will be

drearier, when there's none left to marvel at my wit. Please, sir, be moderate.

Mend your ways, just a bit. Error: Sir Andrew

Aguecheek, in a lather. Andrew:
That does it! Andrew:
I'm leaving!
TOBY: Wait, Sir Andrew! You mustn't run off like this. Come, we'll have a drink, and you'll tell us what's the matter...

What shall I do in Illyria? Will your niece never cease in her grieving? Shall I stay when the lady's not receiving me, and even the Duke is met with rebuke? Rubato

TOBY: My niece will warm to you. I'm certain of it. ANDREW: But how can I be, as you say, the most ineligible bachelor in Illyria, when the Duke himself is a suitor?

TOBY: Ha! The Duke is hardly a rival for a man of your distinction. ANDREW: I know, Sir Toby. But sometimes I have my doubts—

Do you know how to dance a gavotte? I do. And you are rather tall, are you...
not? That's true. And you know how to speak both in Latin and Greek. And in French... "un peu."

Then tell me, how could a knight so superior ever doubt that he'd fail to succeed? What's a rebuff or two? Sooner or later you will gain what you seek. Well, perhaps one more week.
Toby: Excellent! Then let us drink to your imminent engagement. Maria, pour us a round. Sir Andrew will pay! Feste: So matters stood and so they might have stayed were it not for a change in the weather.

One particular day, dark clouds gathered as a ship passed near the coast.

On board were a brother and sister, Sebastian and Viola. Born of a single hour, the two constant companions were travelling abroad for the first time in their young lives.

And though Illyria was not their destination, it was their destiny nevertheless.

Quite suddenly, the storm broke upon them. Growing Tempestuous The sky turned to lead, and the sea became savage.

Wave upon wave crashed against the hull,
until at last the ship split apart.

The girl could not swim, so her brother bound her to a broken mast.

But no sooner had he done this, than the sea tore him from her grasp.

FESTE: She awoke on the shores of Illyria. Where are you, Sebastian?

FESTE: Her brother was nowhere to be found.
FESTE: Fearful of what dangers might await a young girl on her own, Viola took refuge in the only protection she knew.

Viola sees her brother's coat on the shore and picks it up. What country is this? Viola puts on the coat, and slowly exits.

ILLYRIA

FESTE

Il-ly-ri-a, love-ly isle. Some years ago I

OTHERS appear as they join, singing.

OLIVIA Dear broth-er of mine,

anchored there a while. Some-thing in the air there must see how my room is your shrine.

ORSINO My love for O-
have an odd effect. For every kind of idle fancy grows and

Long in my mem'ry the image of you will live on.

Stay another week. I will!

Liv-ia is as lofty and large as the sky up a-

grows and grows and
dear... though you're gone,

Win her with your charm. And skill. She may seem a - loof. But still...
grows and grows and grows
dear, You'll(He'll) live on and on and on and

M A R I A

Ne-ver give up hope Un-ti... fin-al-ly there comes a day when we hear the

M A L V O L I O

men loco

B u t when will O-li-vi-a

A N D R E W

A L L T H R E E

a tempo

and grows and grows.
on and on

W O M E N

l a-dy say "A-n-drew, you have cap-tured my heart."

I l-lyr-i-a,

M E N

love me?

I l-lyr-i-a,

rall:
land of fools. Where clarity's a rarity and madness
land of fools. Where clarity's a rarity and madness

rules. Many men steer clear of those shores.

Ah, but Illyria, I'm still yours.
Sebastian
(Viola)

Applause segued

Simply

Sebastian, please understand.

I was alone. I didn't know what I should do. I thought if

Only you were there to see me through, I might survive.
Sebastian, the days go by, and I begin to settle into something new. And though I know I'm not so good at being you, it helps to say that in a way you're still alive.\[\]

ORSINO: (offstage) Sebastian!
VIOLA: Here, my Lord.
How These Things Start
(Orsino, Viola)

Colla Voce

ORSINO: Bear in mind, this is only a first effort.

My love for Olivia is like nothing that the world has ever known. My love is a miracle...

ORSINO: You don’t like it. I can tell. VIOLA: No, it’s beautiful, but...
ORSINO: Out with it. You know how much I value your opinion, Sebastian.

VIOLA: My Lord, in these poems you speak often of your feelings, but perhaps you ought sometimes to speak of her feelings as well as yours.
ORSINO: Her feelings? VIOLA: You must remember, my Lord, she is in mourning for her brother. ORSINO: Ah, yes. That.

ORSINO: Let me think, then. Perhaps if I changed this first line here...

(ORSINO makes a few abortive attempts at a rewrite...) ORSINO

... then crumples up the parchment in frustration.) a tempo

Can you tell me what I ought to say? How I might begin to win my way into her heart?

I have tried so long and ev’ry thing I do seems wrong. So
how do these things start?  
VIOLA: I have no particular skill, my Lord.  
You could tell me

just the opening line, help me for a while. And I'll be fine playing the

part. I've thought all about everything from there on out.

But how do these things start?
You'd say hello...
How are you?
You'd say I
Hello?
How are you...

I know... no, that's not true.

So then you ask.

About her feelings.

I ask what?  Ah,
All you need are yes, I remember now. Her feelings!
simple words at first, if you let each one be un-rehearsed. Speak from your heart. Try to be her friend. And who knows where it all may end.
But that's how these things start.

I'd say hello.
lo.
Still sad, my Lord. And you?

How are you?
I'm well. Well,

no. For truth to tell my heart is wracked by love that grows
cresc. poco a poco
deep-er day by day and fills me with such feel-ings...

Freely

But I'd rather hear about your feel-ings.
How it happens who could ever teach?

Two begin a

And soon they each find their own part.  Improvise in
tune, and soon they each find their own part.  Improvise in

Making song in perfect time.  Then it
rhyme.  Then it starts,
How These Things Start / 8

Who knows how? Who knows why?

Who knows how? Who knows

Passionately

Maybe now

when? But it starts. Now I see I've been un-

wise, and all the while your eyes saw through me, they saw right
through me to how my foolishness was fear of letting you come

nearer to me. Yes, I tried my best to hide my heart away but you always knew me.

ORSINO: What would she say to that?
VIOLA: (mesmerized) Who?
ORSINO: Olivia, of course.

VIOLA: Oh, I'm sure she would receive it well, my Lord.
ORSINO: Don't flatter me, Sebastian. I know I haven't the gift for this kind of talk.
VIOLA: No, you spoke very well.

ORSINO: With your guidance, perhaps. Left to my own devices, I would no doubt fare miserably. But you, you have such delicacy in your manner, Sebastian. I know she would be pleased by it. You will go to the Lady Olivia and plead my suit to her!
VIOLA: Oh, no my Lord. It's your heart that must plead—
ORSINO: You know it better than I do myself. This afternoon you
will go to her and play this same scene that we have rehearsed.

VIOLA: But, my Lord— ORSINO: Go to it then!
VIOLA: I'll do my best to win your lady.
Exit ORSINO.

Something happens, quicker than a wink.

Suddenly but sublime, no time to

think whether it's smart. No way for you to tell if it all will turn out well.

But that's how these things start.

Segue
Moderately

FESTE sneaks up on MARIA...

... and surprises her.
Silly Little Syllogisms

(Feste, Olivia)

Cue:
FESTE: Oh, don’t be cory, Mistress Mary.
If Sir Toby would ever leave off drinking long enough,
I have no doubt you’d make as witty a wife as any in Illyria.

MARIA: Peace! I hold no hope for that.
Sir Toby would never marry beneath his rank.

FESTE: Is the Lady Olivia still in mourning?

MARIA: Dear brother of mine,
As ever, good fool.

FESTE: This has gone on far too long. I must put a stop to it.

Morn-ing and even-ing I pine...

MARIA: It’s no use. She is completely abandoned to her melancholy.

Dear brother of
FESTE: You heard her, sir. Take away the lady. OLIVIA: Sir, I asked him to take away you.
FESTE: No, no. For mere motley does not a fool make. My lady, let me prove you a fool.
OLIVIA: Can you do it? FESTE: With pleasure.

Here we see a sister's grief for the brother she loved so well. Brought about by
her belief that her brother has gone to hell. But if such were the case, then it must imply that to

mourn would be holy treason. For the lady should trust that the Lord on high had him

damned for a damn good reason. Silly little syllogisms of this school

Fool, your

generally generate a useful rule to separate the sober-headed from the fool.
reasoning is flawed, I fear. You seem to have forgotten that that dear brother of mine was blessed with a spirit so fine, it's hard to im-

Imagine a soul more divine than that dear brother of mine.

FESTE: Forgive me, my lady. I see now I began from false premises. Please, let me try again.
Witness here a sister weep for a brother gone home to God. Thus, it's clear she wished to keep him beside her on earthly sod. But if this should be so, then what would drive any sister to be so spiteful as to wish him below and thus deprive him of company so dear?

A bit faster

Silly little syllogisms of this ilk follow on a filament as
fine as silk to a pre-dicate as pre-cious as a mo-ther's milk. For if 'A' is a-live and 'B' is dead. And

'C' is a fool, or so it's said. Then 'A' should be gay and not like 'B.' For in-deed, to be dead, a-ny

Quite Fast

'C' can see, is a B-A-D i-de-a to be. Sil-ly lit-tle syl-lo-gis-ms of this sort

bat-ter at the bat-tle-ments of rea-son's fort, in-hi-bi-ting in-ha-bi-tants from all re-sort to ex-
hu-be-rant ex-li-bit of a smart re-tort.  FESTE dances a triumphant fig.
Cue:
OLIVIA: And Feste, look to my uncle, if you would.

_Lightly_
A flurry of activity. FESTE exits, escorting TOBY. MALVOLIO exits to fetch VIOLA.

_Gently_
MARIA enters with a veil for OLIVIA then departs. MALVOLIO presents VIOLA and leaves the two alone.

_Vamp until ready_
Cue:
OLIVIA: Very well, then.
We shall draw the curtains and show you the portrait.
(OLIVIA lifts her veil.)

Here you see Olivia,
painted as she was just now.
Is not the work beautiful, from the alabaster chin to the ivory brow?
VIOLA: You are beautiful, madam. And yet your beauty lives neither in your chin nor your brow, but in a certain sadness that haunts your eyes, an inconsolable grief for a brother lost.

OLIVIA: You see a great deal. You seem to have a better understanding than I would expect of a man—especially at your tender age. VIOLA: No, in truth I can hardly understand you at all.

If I were loved the way my master loves you, I'd ask no other joy in life.

Instead of driving him away as you do, I'd gladly go to be his wife.

But if I cared for you as deeply as he, and found my overtures de-
clined, I have no doubt that I could find the means to change your mind. I'd

Gently

build myself a cabin there at your gate, Olivia. And

like a lonely sentinel I would wait, Olivia. And

from your room you'd hear me crying "Olivia, Olivia be my love."
A thousand songs of woeful love I would write,

And sing them loud the darkest hour of the night,

And teach the babbling brook to cry out "O-

li-va, O- li-va, be my love."

The hills and hol-
lows all around would echo with "Olivia,"

O - li-vi-a." And all the earth would soon resound

with "O - li-vi-a..." Olivia.

Finally you'd come down from your hide-away high a -
OLIVIA: You would do much. VIOLA: No more than any true lover ought. OLIVIA: Yet more than the Duke has done. VIOLA: My lady, I can bear witness to his passion—the sighs, the groans, the tears. Such love should be requited—OLIVIA: And yet I cannot love him. Let him send no more—only, perhaps you might come again, to tell me how he takes it. OLIVIA: (offering a coin) Here. For your pains... VIOLA: Keep your money! It is my master, not myself, who lacks recompense. Farewell, cruel Olivia. (exit VIOLA)
hills and hollows all around would echo with "Olivia.

O - l i - v i - a." And all the earth would soon resound

with "O - l i - v i - a..." And

(She looks at a ring on her finger.
Then, with a sudden impulse,
she slips off the ring and runs to the door.)

OLIVIA: Malvolio!

finally I'd come down from my hide-away high above...
OLIVIA: Malvolio!

Segue as one
Crossovers
(Sebastian, Viola)

Segue as one

Vi-o-la, you stay in my mind.
Many used to say that we truly were two of a kind.

But they were blind.
Vi-o-la, so young and so
fair.

Nothing of my person within or without could compare to you.

How can I do without you?

You were drowned in the salt water then, but I seem to drown you again each day with

(Enter ANTONIO.)

ANTONIO: Sebastian, I cannot in good conscience leave you here.

This land is dangerous for the lone traveler.
SEBASTIAN: Kind Antonio, I cannot trouble you further.
You saved my life, and now you've brought me here to Illyria. You've done enough.
ANTONIO: At least tell me where you are bound.
SEBASTIAN: To the court of Duke Orsino. I'll offer myself to him as a servant.
ANTONIO: Orsino! The man's a sworn enemy of mine. I would hate to see you involve yourself with him.
SEBASTIAN: On what grounds is he your enemy?
ANTONIO: I have on occasion quarreled with the Duke's navy, and these disputes have cost him several ships.
Now he brands me a pirate and would happily see me hanged. It is very dangerous for me even to have brought you here.
But come with me—we can leave this land together.
SEBASTIAN: No, Antonio. Whatever fate is left me, I feel it must unfold in Illyria.
My sister lost her life in these waters, so I will live out mine on these shores.
ANTONIO: Then let me accompany you at least until you find lodging.
SEBASTIAN: I see you won't be persuaded otherwise. So lead me on.

(SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit as VIOLA enters.)
Vi-o-la... Se-bas-tian... I can't say why... Some-times I find he's on my mind in stead of you. Can some-one be in love and be in mourning too? It makes no sense.

Cut off on:
MALVOLIO: You there!
Cue:
MALVOLIO: So be it.  
I therefore let it fall upon the ground. 
(He drops the ring.)
Let it be his who finds it.  
(Exit MALVOLIO. VIOLA picks up the ring.)

ILLYRIA

The Ring
(Viola)

I left no ring. This all is folly, unless...  It couldn't be! And yet she seemed to mark my manner and dress...  It couldn't be! Alas the day, if she be smitten with...  Sebastian! It can't be true. Are women's
hearts such fickle parts to falter so? Can someone fall in love yet

mourn a brother— Oh! But God forbid, for if she did,

(She pockets the ring. Exit VIOLA.)

what happens now?

Applause segue
ANDREW: Still, it worries me, Sir Toby. For I have always heard that it is wicked not to be abed after midnight.

TOBY: Fool, speak sense to the man.

FESTE: During Feste's ditty, TOBY slyly extracts a coin from ANDREW's purse.

Surely sir, you've heard it said by the provident and the wise, early, sir, to go to bed and be ear-her still to rise. So a man who's a-wake when the hour is late should re-
member to take that warning, and should not go to bed, but instead should wait 'til it's early in the morning.

TOBY: Excellently spoken, fool. (giving him the coin) And worth a sixpence.

ANDREW: Yes. This is the best kind of fooling. You'll have sixpence from me too.

(HE gives FESTE another coin.)

Only I wonder what your niece will think of our keeping such ill hours.

TOBY: She won't think of it at all. She's asleep.

Segue as one
Cakes and Ale

(Toby, Andrew, Feste, Maria)

**ILLYRIA**

Piano/Vocal

Direct segue

Toby

Some go car-ly to bed, like my sis-ter's daugh-ter. Some are hap-pi-ly fed

just on bread and wa-ter. I have fi-gured a way life can be much ri-cher, the

ANDREW: I do indeed get the picture, Sir Toby.
TOBY: Of ale. ANDREW: Oh.

sec-ret of which I will con-vey, if you get the pit-cher.

Slowly

First, you take a ti-ny swig of ale, your thirst to
slake, but then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake. Bid the bitterness—good-bye. But now your mouth is dry! So first you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake. Bid the bitterness—good-bye.
Cakes and ale! Let the morally minded rant and rail.
All their hollering is to no avail, for I for
one won't fail to get my cakes and ale.

First, you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

First, you take a swig of ale
then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, Bid the
Have some cake?
The taste is stale

bitterness goodbye. Right! So first you take a
But now my mouth is dry!
So first you take a

tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale, so now to
tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale, so now to
make it better have some cake. Bid the bitterness good-bye. But now your mouth is dry so

first you take a swig of ale your thirst to slake. The taste is stale. So

now, to make it better have cake. Bitterness, good-bye. Now your mouth is dry. So
first you take a swig of ale, your thirst to slake. The taste is stale. So now, to

make it better have cake. Bitterness, good-bye. Your mouth is dry, so first to slake your

thirst you take a swig of ale. The taste is stale, so now to make it better have cake.

thirst you take a swig of ale. The taste is stale, so now to make it better have cake.
Bitterness, bye!
First, Ale, Cake, Try, Cakes and
Mouth, dry! thirst! stale! take! dry!

Bitterness, bye!
thirst! stale! take! dry!

ale!
Why go wandering over hill and dale on a

Cakes and ale!
hill and dale.

Cakes and ale!

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mission to find the Holy Grail, when there’s a well-worn trail that leads to cakes

and ale?

MARIA: What in God’s name is going on down here?

Toby: Hush, woman. We are conducting very important research here. Maria: Well your research has awakened the whole house, and I have no doubt Master Malvolio is on his way even now to throw you all out.

Toby: But listen, Maria. We have made a discovery. Maria: What is that? Toby: Observe.
First, you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake.

But then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake.

Bid the bitterness good-bye.

You know how it goes, boys. Cakes and ale! When you're having 'em by the
MALVOLIO: My masters, are you mad?! Have you no respect for persons, place, or time?

TOBY: We did keep time, sir—in our music.

MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, I must be round with you. Though my lady harbors you as a kinsman, she has little patience for your habits. And if you do not amend yourself, I will very happily throw you and your drunken rabble out of the house.

TOBY: Are you anything more than a servant? Do you think because you a virtuous that there will be no more cakes and ale?

Go! Rub your chain with crumbs.

MALVOLIO: Mistress Mary, if you had any consideration for Lady Olivia, you would put a stop to this drunken riot rather than encouraging it.

MARIA: I came down here for that very purpose, Master Malvolio. I have been scolding them, pleading with them, threatening them. The truth of it is, I have spoke so many words trying to maintain order in this house that now... my mouth is dry!

TOBY: May I make a suggestion?

MARIA: By all means, Sir Toby.
First, you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

Maria: Yes, it is rather.

then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake. Bid the

then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake. Bid the

then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake. Bid the

bitterness good-bye. But now your mouth is dry...
First, you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but
First, you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but
First, you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

MALVOLIO: All four of you, united in your depravity.
then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake.
then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake.
then the taste is stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake.
A cake in the face for MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO: My lady shall hear of this!
And bid the bitterness... good

(They wave goodbye to MALVOLIO as he exits.)

bye!
My mouth is dry...

bye!
bye!
bye!
bye!

Atacca playoff
Cakes Playoff
Patience
(Viola)

Cue:
VIOLA: And they die even as they grow to perfection.
ORSINO: Good night, Sebastian.
(Exit ORSINO)

So shall I join the pot-ted plants,

and perch upon your shelf for years?

Im-prisoned not in pot, but pants, and wa-ter-ing my-self with
tears, with brine. With-ered by the salt,

knowing that the fault is mine.

Patience... a change will come.

Patience... I must de-pend u-pon the pend-u-lum, and pray
a change will come some day,

how.

You'd think that dressed the way I am,

I'd play the part and plead my suit.

But since this suit of mine's a sham, discretion says I need be
mute. And oh, I could-n’t bear to breach your trust.

While I’m in breeches, then, it must be so...

Patience... it’s only time.

Patience... I’ll let my passions play in pantomime. Abide,
and speak my love, as an aside.

Day after day, I hear you speak of dreams that don't incline me. Will they ever include me?

Even at night, in my own dreams, I reach for you and you -
lude me, elude me.

Still you elude me. But

patience... I’ll hold you yet.

Patience... I’ll stay as still as any silhouette and
wait And leave the rest to fate.

rit. poco a poco

Patience...

Segue
The Man Is Mine
(Maria, Toby, Andrew, Feste)

ANDREW: The man's an insufferable prig. I have a notion to challenge him to a duel.
ANDREW: And then not show up, to make a fool of him. TOBY: Do it, Knight. Write him a challenge, and I'll deliver it.
MARIA: Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. My Lady was unsettled after the visit from the Duke's boy, and she needs her sleep.

MARIA: As for Monsieur Malvolio, leave him to me.
Bright Bounce TOBY: Why? What do you have in mind?

Let me tell you all a little
of him, for I've observed an interesting quirk. He

thinks that all who look at him must love him. And this is where my

method goes to work. I know his type. The man is vain.

The man's a ripe tomato hanging on the vine.
A little luck, a little pluck will make it plain in time.

TOBY: What will you do?
MARIA: I can write very much like my lady. In fact, the untrained eye can hardly make distinction between our hands.
TOBY: I smell a plot. ANDREW: I have it in my nose too!

The man is mine.

MARIA

I will set some pretty words before him. And he will seize upon 'em like a clue.

Assuming as he does that all adore him, his
only thought will be to find out who. And just like that,
the man's a meal.

The man's a fat delicious mackerel on the line.

A little bait, a little bite, and then I reel him in.

TOBY: He will think, from a letter you write, that my niece is in love with him!
MARIA: My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.
ANDREW: And your horse will make him an ass!

The man is mine.
MARIA: Ass, I doubt not. He'll be a fool

by being what he wants to be. He is a fool

ah

I only need to set him free

ah
to be a fool for all the world to ooh ah

see. He'll be a fool for me. ooh ah

The man's a goose, and she's a swan. their harmony dissolves into laughter.
No, she's the pearl you have to hurl before the swine. A little hot.

be-neth the pot and then the goose is cooked. The pig is poked.

The fish is hooked. The chicken's choked. The to-

ma-to's plucked. The pearl is hurled. The oyster's shucked. And all the world is
fine.

The man is mine!
Cue:

VIOLA: But sometimes even true love must go unrequited.
ORSINO: Impossible.

Suppose some lady, as perhaps there may be, has chanced to fall in love with you.
Your heart is given so it's easy to see that hers must break, however true.
This lady's case bears no relation to mine. And while it's sad her heart must
break, there's no comparison to make to my undying ache. We men have feelings so intense. Our love is lofty and immense. But woman, frail vessel, a mortar lacking pestle, could hardly hope to wrestle with love like our own. We men are
fa- shioned on a frame de- signed to hold with- in it pas- sion's hot- test

flame. No wo- man could suf- fer like we whose hearts are tough- er. We

men are of- ten-times too proud. We love to

cry our love a- loud. While wo- men's, un- spo- ken, leaves
only tears in token of how the heart is broken. We men are bolder in approach. Our love's a matter that we're unafraid to broach. We set love in motion with shows of devotion. We men may promise all the earth, and prove how little all our pretty words are worth. Our
turmoils and torments are mostly performance.

No woman could capture the

We men have no notion of honest emotion and heartfelt devotion but I know!

compass is something no woman can know. do you know?
I know too well what love a woman can feel, I know their passions like my own.

And I assure you that their love is as real as any you or I have known.

My father's daughter fell in love with a man, In her devotion she was true. She felt what I might feel for you, were I a woman too.

ORSINO: But what happened to your sister?
She let the longing grow inside, but knew that it was unreturned.

And so to spare her foolish pride, she never told the one she yearned to tell.

And so this love of hers was doomed. And so the flower of it bloomed and fell.
VIOLA: I am all that’s left of my father’s children.
ORSINO: Sebastian, this story of yours has inflamed my passion.
To think that my Olivia might suffer the same fate. That she, like your sister, might be unable to speak her love.
VIOLA: Oh, my Lord, I don’t think that’s the case with Lady Olivia.
ORSINO: No, Sebastian, you must go to her again. Tell her that if she has secretly pined for me, that she need no longer hide her heart away. Quickly, Sebastian—fly to her. She must not be allowed to suffer any longer.
VIOLA: (resignedly) I go, my Lord. (Exit VIOLA.)
The Love Letter
(Malvolio, Olivia)

Cue:
MALVOLIO: What have we here?
(picking up the letter,
and reading the outside)

"To the unknown beloved."
To whom could this be?
(He slips off the ribbon,
and unrolls it.)

There’s no seal, so I don’t
think I do wrong to open it.

TOBY: Oh, please,
let him read it aloud!
MALVOLIO: It looks
to be... a poem

long to tell the world how well I love you.
And of my love the world may know in time.
In

fortune, I am someone high above you.
And so, til now, I’ve told not how I pine.
How I pine...

'Pine' and a tempo

time' do not rhyme... but I do like the line.

(OLIVIA appears in tableau as MALVOLIO imagines her.)

MALVOLIO

OLIVIA

Before today I've seen you play the servant.

writing resembles my lady's hand.

But some were meant to circumvent their
have n't a doubt it's my la dy's hand. And I am a serv ant in her command.

fate.

So if for

me your love would be as fervent,

I'll

see that you rise equal to my state.

quasi solo

Until you come to save me by and by,
(Lights down on OLIVIA.)

MALVOLIO

A M I... A M I...

That could be the French 'a-mi.' But it would seem by the plan of the scheme of the scan there's a need to read each syllable separately.

A M I...
With the first two reversed, M A I...
If the
I were an L... it would start to spell M A L...
So
that's her game! Not quite the same, but
rall.
how can I doubt that it's me it's about when A M I are all in my own name!
It seems this folio Malvolio has found is Madam's poetry, below a tree discarded on the ground. And her pentameter, though amateur, is eager to record in every iamb how I am adored!

'Neath my servility, virility she smelt. She gave that
brat a gem, a stratagem to show me how she felt. And now the dutiful and

beautiful and proper thing to do is to tell my love that I love her too!

And I will be proud.

I will be counted. I will amend life around
here no small amount. That uncle of

hers, no more shall he ca-

rouse. For I will see the

souse is tossed from out my—
MALVOLIO: Hold on—what's this? A section in prose!
"Remember who praised your yellow stockings when you wore them cross-gartered".
MALVOLIO: "Then cast off your menial trappings and let me see you as I would have you be."
This is proof positive! She did praise my yellow stockings; she did comment especially on my wearing them cross-gartered!

MALVOLIO: Well, well, well . . .

If in such tri-vi-a O-li-vi-a de-lights, if from my li-ver-y she's shi-ver-y and tip-sy from my tights, well then in de-fer-ence to pre-fer-ence to-
mor-row she will see how ver-y yel-low
her fel-low can be!

MALVOLIO: Good heavens, there is a postscript!
If we shall be to-geth-er in a while, then
let me find my an-swer in your smile. Oh,
I will do all, just as she
asks. For my lady's sake I'd undertake no end of tasks.

I'll shrug off all signs of status base or vile, adopt a finer style,

and oh, how I will smile!
And I will be stout. You can be sure everyone else will see the change. Yes, I will do all I possibly can to ensure that...
soon, very soon, I will be the man.
Cue:
ANDREW: I'll come too.
(exit ANDREW)

OLIVIA: (to persons offstage) Shut the doors, and let no one disturb us.

OLIVIA: (to VIOLA) Sir, I am very pleased that you've come back.
VIOLA: Your humble servant, my lady.
OLIVIA: No, not mine. You are the Duke's servant.
VIOLA: And he is yours. And what's his must be yours.
OLIVIA: I had hoped that perhaps you returned for your own sake rather than his.
I'll hear no more of the Duke's suit. But if you have come to undertake another suit... that, I would very willingly hear.

Moderately

VIOLA: Madam, are you feeling well? Your manner seems strange.
I have of late descended to a state of pure distraction.

I spend my days enveloped in a haze of stupefaction.

I know the cause, but still it gives me pause each time I try to name the reason.
why came

undone, undone.

gradual unravelings begun. I have no doubt you'll figure out the

one who laid me low and made me so un-
calm, uncool. Unable to be other than a

fool. Unstable as a table or a stool that's one leg

shy am I. Once I was pale and

unassailable. Under a veil and unavailable.
Then came a man who went beyond the pale and brought me out into the sun un...

OLIVIA: Come, give me your hand, sir, and tell me—what is your name?
VIOLA: Sebastian, my lady. OLIVIA: Sebastian, the last time you came here
I sent a ring after you, which you knew was neither yours nor the Duke's.
I wonder what you must think of me. VIOLA: I'm beginning to fear the worst.

done.

The way you spoke, your honesty awoke a flame within me.

VIOLA

I can't recall quite what I said. I think you may have been misled.
Your brazen ways and penetrating gaze began to win me.

You seemed to see the never meant to win you, madam. I am not what you think I am.

very depths of me I was afraid to plumb. That's how you
made me

My lady this is your mistake. I came here for my

come undone, undone,

master’s sake. I swear I never meant to make you come undone.

done. No more to wear my hair up like a nun. And
you're the pup who loosened up my bun You set me free and

let me be unchained, unchaste.

No

You wo-men, you fall in love too

more to let my chances go to waste.

This fast.

What man could think such love would
lady who was always too strait-laced is all askew for

last?

So flight-y, so flit-y, what you.

It's time the pose of modesty slipped. It's can I feel but pity for you.

time to let the bodice be ripped. It's time to let the
VIOLA: Lady, I have but one heart. And it will never belong to any woman, only myself.
If you cannot love my master, then I have no more business here.
OLIVIA: But stay, Sebastian. Teach me to love more wisely!

VIOLA: Goodbye, my lady. I won't come again.
To be off would be wrong. Here with me would be where you belong. Don't me mad any more. We'll go
back and we'll be as be fore. I'll be host. You'll be guest. You'll stay here. I'll stay dressed. I'll be have

as be - fits some-one well in her wits. I'm al - read - y be - reft.

so don't let me be left un - freely

done.
Feste and Viola

Cue:
TOBY: Go. Write it with a martial hand.
(Exit ANDREW, MARIA and TOBY.)

Lights up on FESTE, drawing lines in the dirt. Enter VIOLA.

VIOLA: Excuse me, sir. May I pass?
Cue:
FESTE: And may the Duke
find his way safely to you.
(Exit FESTE.)

Gently, in 4

You are as I'd have you be in ev'-ry re spect, save one.

You have ev'-ry qua li ty I ask in a mate, save one. Your on ly flaw that

I can see is you are not in love with me, but you are as I'd have you be, ex-

act ly as I'd have you be in ev'-ry re spect, save one.
I have felt no pang of love for any I've met, save one. My ideal was high above the whole of the world, save one. I hardly thought I'd ever find the paragon I had in mind, but you were as I dreamed you'd be, exactly as I dreamed you'd be in every respect, save one.
All my life, I've always been the wise one. Cool and calm, while others played the fool. Now, in you, I've found the one exception to my rule.

You are as I'd have you be in every respect, save one. You have every
ev'ry res-pect, save one.
qual-i-ty I ask in a mate, save one. Your on-ly flaw that I can see is

you are as I'd
you are as I'd have you be, ex-
you are not in love with me, but you are as I'd have you be, ex-act-ly as I'd

have you be, ex-act-ly as I'd have you be in ev'-ry re-spect, save
act-ly as I'd have you be in ev'-ry re-spect, save
have you be in ev'-ry re-spect, save
one. All my life, I've always been the wise one. Cool and
one. All my life, I've always been the wise one. Cool and
one. All my life, I've always been the wise one. Cool and

calm, while others played the fool. Now, in you, I've
calm, while others played the fool. Now, in you, I've
calm, while others played the fool. Now, in you, I've

found the one exception to my rule. And there may come a
found the one exception to my rule. And there may come a
found the one exception to my rule. And there may come a
wed·ding day, when some-one else will hear you say the hap·pi·est phrase, bar
there may come a wed·ding day, when some-one else will hear the hap·pi·est phrase, bar
none. And all will re·joice, save one.
none. And all will re·joice, save one.
none. And all will re·joice, save one.
SEBASTIAN: No, I'm resolved, Antonio.
I must present myself to the Duke.
I'll be servant to him if he'll have me.
ANTONIO: But go afterwards to the Countess Olivia's, and I'll call upon you there.
I'd like to know that you are safely established before I return home.
SEBASTIAN: I will.
ANTONIO: And please, take this gold of mine. You may need it.
SEBASTIAN: Antonio, what more can I say but thank you, and thank you again?
ANTONIO: Farewell, Sebastian. May God protect you.

End of Act I
Entr'acte

Top of Act 2

Tempestuously

Fade into scene
Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

OLIVIA: Malvolio?! Is that you?

My lady calls...?

Does my lady blush to see me yellow in my leg, after she was purple in her prose?

Does the blood not rush to bring a
crimson to her cheek? Does she feel a tingle in her toes, as I might were the

straps not so tight? What strange new colors are these that passion dares to paint?

Are you feeling faint? Well, never fear... for here I

am, ready to be commanded, privy to certain preferences you
Malvolio's Tango / 3

ILLYRIA

"Be not afraid," that's what someone once told me. I'm not afraid, but I still may need someone to hold me.

OLIVIA: What's gotten into you, Malvolio?
MARIA: Why do you behave with this ridiculous boldness?
Yesterday the trusted servant under your control, worthy not to touch my lady's glove. All at once I'm thrust into a more exalted role, lifted up to serve you from above, or beside, or perhaps from a stride. What strange new poses are these that soon we two may strike?
Use me as you like. I'm still your slave.
And if I should mis-be-have...

OLIVIA: I think perhaps you ought to go to bed, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO: To bed...? Ay, madam!

Here I am,

ready to do your bidding,

happy to have your pillows fluffed, your linens freshly laid.

Dear, my lamb, I will arrange your bed-ding.
OLIVIA: Maria, go fetch Sir Toby and have him look to this fellow. The man requires some special kind of attention. He is very important to this house and I would not risk losing him. (Exit OLIVIA and MARIA.)

MALVOLIO: "Have Sir Toby look to this fellow," she said. Not "this man" or "this steward," but "fellow..."

Yesterday the lowly steward at their beck and call, scamping off to
fetch Sir Toby's tea.

Little does Sir Toby know he's riding for a fall.

And from now on he will tend to me.

TOBY: Malvolio, my niece has asked that I take special care of you.
MALVOLIO: I am aware. And I trust some new accommodations have been prepared for me.
TOBY: It's been arranged.

MALVOLIO: Then you may conduct me thither.
li-vers the life they co-vert. All it de-mands is fear-less-ness to see your for-tune


When I re-tire, my toes may re-quire some aid. But luck-y for me,

\textit{mp more freely}

\textit{mf}

\textit{a tempo}

\textit{(TOBY and MARIA lead MALVOLIO off.)}

orders will be o-beyed.

Apply segue
Orsino's Theme

Play until ORSINO: "Enough music!"

Passionately

[Sheet music image]

- 131 -
Whoever You Are
(Orsino)

Enter SEBASTIAN [arpeggio]
SEBASTIAN: Forgive this intrusion, my Lord.
But at the gates they told me I should come to you.

ORSINO: Somewhat freely, not too slow
There you are, the one that I've been waiting for. For-

give me if I never let you go again. Stay with me. There's

so much we can talk about, just we men.
Smoothly, Steadily—in 2

Whoever You Are / 2

ILLYRIA

You... whoever you are... You are a mystery... What brought you here to me? Some lucky star? And why do I find I can speak my mind to you, and only you, whoever you are?

SEBASTIAN: I beg your pardon. I am Sebastian, my Lord.
ORSINO: And I am Orsino—and so you shall call me from now on. For, though my title gives me dominion over this land and its people, as kindred spirits you and I stand as equals.
SEBASTIAN: You misunderstand. I came here to be your servant.
ORSINO: So it was when you came. But you are so much more than that, Sebastian.
Look at you—— you're nothing like I thought you'd be. You're not some fairy
princess from a tale or song. Could it be the one that I was
looking for all along is you,

who-ever you are? It isn't hard to tell. We get along so well,
Whoever You Are / 4

at least so far, I'm willing to bet that the best is yet to be for you and me, whoever you are.

You walked in that door, found me all alone, but you brought a charm into my life. I'm asking for more.
WHOOVER YOU ARE / 5

ILLYRIA

need you for my own. Sebastian, be my wife, or whatever you'd be.

Can't you see that I need you.

ORS: Take this ring—no, please. You don't have to wear it. But for all you've given me, let me give this one small thing back to you.

ORS: A token— SEB: I must go. I am expected at the Countess Olivia's. ORS: I don't want you to go to her. Stay with me. I order you.

SEB: I am not your servant. Nor do I want to be anymore. ORS: Alas—it's true. How can I have rule over someone to whom I have given my heart?
ORSINO: But when will you return, Sebastian? SEBASTIAN: Never. (exit SEBASTIAN)

ORSINO: Sebastian! Freely

There you go...

never to return to me. I hadn't thought that you would be like her. But

there you go... whoever you were...

Segue
The Duel

(Toby, Andrew, Maria, Viola, Antonio, Sebastian, Olivia)

ANDREW: Here’s the challenge. I warrant there’s vinegar and pepper in it!

MARIΑ: Saucy, is it?

ANDREW: You’ll see.

Recit Style

ANDREW

Youth, who-ever you are, I don’t know who you think you are, but

TOBY: Good!

take it from me, I know you are a rogue! What, you may ask, is my

reason? Do not ask— I will give you no reason. This
morn-ing you came to the lady O-li-vi-a and were pre-ferred o-ver me, but that is not the

p

MARI A: Cleverly worded.

reas-on.__ So, we will fight to the death. Pos-si-bly

mf

mine, though I hope it is yours. But if it is mine, that is on-ly ad-

mf

di tion al pro of that you are, as I've called you, a rogue. Your friend, and sworn e-ne-my, An-drew

C

- 139 -
ANDREW: What do think?
TOBY: I think that when the gentleman reads this
he'll know exactly the kind of adversary he's dealing with...
ANDREW: Go then, give it to him.
MARIA: I think, Sir Toby, it might be better if you delivered the challenge by word of mouth.
TOBY: Ah! Yes, of course.
(Enter VIOLA.)

MARIA: Here he comes now.
TOBY: Sir Andrew, wait here while Maria and I deliver the challenge. If you see him look your way, swear a horrible oath to further frighten him.
ANDREW: No problem there. I'm a devil at swearing.
TOBY: Excellent. Wait here.

ANDREW: God...
ball... you!

best be on your guard. Draw your blade, sir, for the enemy... bears you.

Your
I'm afraid, sir, as an

friend must be confused. There's no one I've abused.

e-nemy he hates you. Whatever you've done, he's ready to run you through.

beg you, sir, talk sense to him. I never meant offense to him, I swear.
TOBY: Maria, stay here with the young gentleman. I will try to broker a peace.
VIOLA: This is very strange. I swear, I don't even know the man.
MARIA: That's hard to believe, sir. Everyone knows him.
VIOLA: Who is he?

He's a knight unmatched by any in Illyria. In a
fight he's fearless as can be.
In temperament so furious, in
method so injurious, I must admit I'm curious to see what he'll do to you.
ANDREW: Well? Does he pant and look pale?

Toby

He'll engage, Sir Knight. But the

cresc.

enemy is skilled, as talented with blade as a paladin by trade.

Andrew

By the

In his rage, Sir Knight, with such

look of the lad you would think he was only a child!
venom he is filled, so keen for the attack that I scarce could hold him back.

I would

Though his
never have meddled if someone had told me the boy was so wild.

age is slight, he's like ten of me combined. You'd be horrified to find how
many men he killed

This altercation has to stop before the use of force. So

TOBY: Maria!

(MARIA crosses; TOBY speaks to her aside.)

TOBY: I have his horse into the bargain.

Right!

let him let the matter drop, I'll let him have my horse.

[MARIA]

And I have persuaded the youth that he is matched against the devil himself.

He's as fierce a foe as any in Illyria. He can
pierce the thickest armor through.
The kind of man I'd classify im-
possible to pacify. Sir Knight, I'd watch my ass if I were you!

No thing to be done, young man, he says he's sure there's no mistake.

God help me!
No-thing to be done,____ Sir Knight, he says he'll fight for ho-nor's
I ne-ver fought in my life.

sake, **ANDREW**

No thing to be done,____ my friends,

God help me! Why did I e-ver want a wife?

ex-cept to turn and walk to-wards...____

Cen-tle-men—
The Duel / 11

ANDREW and VIOLA fight—both terrified.

ANTONIO

Enter ANTONIO. I ask you, sir, to drop your sword or I will gladly chop your sword in two!

ANDREW: I know the man—
he's a pirate. He'll murder us all!

TOBY

And who the hell are you?

I'm a

[vamp]
fiend and foe to many in Illyr, but a friend to him in troubled times. What he's done or said, I'll answer in his stead, for I've committed far worse crimes.

(Then GUARDS seize ANTONIO.)

GUARD 1: Antonio, I arrest you in the name of Duke Orsino.

ANTONIO (to VIOLA): This comes of looking out for you.

Well if I can't win my freedom with steel, it may yet be had for gold. Let me have my purse.

VIOLA: What purse?

GUARD 1: Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO: This is no time to joke, boy.

VIOLA: I'm in earnest. I have no purse of yours. We've never met.

ANTONIO: Would you deny me? I saved your life!

VIOLA: And I'm grateful to you, but I swear I have no money to give you.

GUARD 2: Enough—let's go.

ANTONIO: Oh, you treacherous boy! How I misjudged,
to think that you were worthy of the risks I took on your behalf. Keep the gold then, if you value it more than our friendship.

(Exit GUARDS escorting ANTONIO.)
Underscore in on:
VIOLA: Sir Knight, I don't know what wrong I may have done you, but I hope after everything that has transpired we might let the matter drop. ANDREW: Gladly. And I'll be as good as my word: he's a fine mount and rides easily.
VIOLA: (confused) Excuse me? MARIA: (hastening to intervene) Come, Master Sebastian. The Countess expects you. But let me first take you to freshen yourself. You seem a bit the worse for your exertions. VIOLA: Thank you, madam.
(Exit MARIA and VIOLA.)
ANDREW: Well, that was a fortunate turn of events.
TOBY: Fortunate for the boy, perhaps.
ANDREW: What do you mean?
TOBY: He escaped grievous injury at your hands.
ANDREW: Oh, I hardly think so.

Quite Slowly

TOBY

He's a knave, my friend. And his cowardice is clear. You

ANDREW: That was rather un-gallant of him, but still, I wouldn't try him again...
saw how he betrayed the friend who gave him aid.  He is

[vamp]
brave, my friend, when his ra-pi-er is near. You'd find him far less tough in man-ly fist-i-cuff.

ANDREW: Well, I am a devil at boxing. But I never really had a quarrel with the boy in the first place—

Ne-ver cave, my friend. That's in-di-ca-tive of fear. If you've

[vamp]

ho-nor at all, you'll make it a sol-emn vow.

ANDREW

I pro-mise I'll get back at him. Just give me one more crack at him some-
SEBASTIAN: Excuse me, gentlemen. I'm looking for a friend of mine who may have come this way.

Briskly

What luck! I see him coming now.

ANDREW

So, we meet again, you rogue. Well, this time the laugh will be on us. On you. Now, we'll fight like
men, you rogue. And I will boldly strike you thus. And I'll requite it thus, and thus, and thus, and thus, and thus.

(TOBY seizes SEBASTIAN. They struggle.)

TOBY: I've got him, Sir Andrew. Come, have at him!
ANDREW: No, I'll go another way with him. I'll have him arrested for assault and battery if there's any law in Illyria!
TOBY: Never mind, I'll deal with him myself. But Dear God, the boy is wiry!

(Enter OLIVIA.)
OLIVIA

Hold! What have you done to poor Sebastian? Are you all right, my darling? Go! Out of my sight, barbaric wretches! You mustn't fight, my darling. I will always be there to protect you from now on.

(EXIT ANDREW AND TOBY.)

SEBASTIAN: You called me Sebastian.
OLIVIA: I know it's wrong of me to be so familiar, but in the short time we've spent together, you've become very dear to me.

OLIVIA

Get you gone!

Come with me, Sebastian.
bاستیان.

I'll bind your wounds. We can pretend that I can mend them with a kiss.

And I will try my best to comfort you, like this,

if you will come with me.

Sweet lady, I will.

Segue
The Lunatic
(Feste, Malvolio)

Brightly

Silly little syllogisms of this school

ge-ner-ally gen-erate a use-ful rule to se-pa-rate the sober-headed from the fool...

To

Fool!

Very Slowly

se-pa-rate the sober headed from the fool...

FESTE: Who calls?
MALVOLIO: It is I, Malvolio.

Fool! Fool, I say!

more deliberately
FESTE: Master Malvolio? What are you doing in there?
MALVOLIO: Sir Toby and his pack of hooligans have imprisoned me in this dark cell like some sort of lunatic.
FESTE: Poor Master Malvolio! How did you happen to lose your mind?
MALVOLIO: I am as well in my wits as you, fool.
FESTE: Only that well? I am sorry to hear it, sir.
MALVOLIO: I am no madman. Never has a man been more wronged than I.
Once I am free of this cell, I will make sure that my tormentors are punished—and my friends rewarded.
FESTE: It's an admirable plan, sir. And if I understand you correctly, it all depends on me.
MALVOLIO: That's right.

---

Gentle Soft Shoe

Oh, oh, Mal-vo-li-o... Mal-vo-li-o...
What a be-wil-der-ing im-

broglie Mal-vo-li-o is in. One can't help but won-der whether the man has tru-ly
slipped his tether. The scenario is sickish. Getting to see him in this

pickleish ridiculous and yet, one can't help but feeling sorry

too, ooh, for poor Malvolio—lioliolio. What'll we do with you?

MALVOLIO: Fool, you know I've always held you in very high esteem.
FESTE: Truly? It often seemed to me that you would have gladly had me out of the house.
MALVOLIO: Oh, never you, good fool. My quarrel was with that dastardly Sir Toby.
FESTE: Shh!
FESTE: Careful what you say. The Holy Father is coming!

Rather Fast—in 2

MALVOLIO: Father, I’m so glad you’re here.
I must be allowed to see my lady.

PRIEST: Silence!

MALVOLIO: Mal-vo-li-o, we have been told your manifold sins regarding the lady. Mal-vo-li-o,

you must purge this wickedness from your soul. Mal-vo-li-o... Mal-vo-li-o! Mal-
PRIEST: Mad, you say?
MALVOLIO: No, Father. It's not true.
PRIEST: Madness is caused by demonic possession.
We must perform an exorcism at once.

PRIEST: Belzebub, and Lucifer,
I give you warning as a crucifier that who's ever inside had better get
out of there and quick. Begone from my Malvo-li-o-l-i-o-li-o. That ought to do the

MALVOLIO: Father, I am neither mad, nor possessed, nor anything but terribly wronged.

FESTE: He is here, sir.
PRIEST: Who are you that interrupts my exorcism?
JUDGE: I am the High Magistrate, sent to make determination on this man’s case.
He has been charged with lewdness and gaudiness.
FESTE: But, your Honor, he can’t be tried as a criminal. He’s crazy!
MALVOLIO: I’m not crazy! I’m not crazy!
A man with your powers of judgment and reason will very easily see that my own are unimpaired.
JUDGE: Well, we shall very soon determine if that is so.
FESTE: How?
With a clever little catechism I've devised, by means of which a subject may be analyzed to determine if his reason has been compromised.

MALVOLIO: Ask me anything. I will answer you with complete sanity. JUDGE

What is the color of the sky?

MALVOLIO

Blue.
What is the sum of one and one?  What is the sound that a cow makes?

Two.

JUDGE: Remarkable—he got them all wrong.

MALVOLIO: Woof.

dog? Mal-vo-li-o, A-ve Ma-ri-a. One can't help but... De-us ex ma-chi-na. What is the sound of an
an-gry dog? Mal-vo-li-o... What is the sound of a dog when he howls at the moon?

MALVOLIO: Owooo!!

JUDGE: Well, gentlemen—I'm afraid the man's a barking lunatic.

FESTE, PRIEST and JUDGE all laugh at the joke

FESTE


JUDGE

FESTE, PRIEST and JUDGE all laugh at the joke

PRIEST

FESTE

What'll we do with you?

I am good!

Segue
The Lady Must Be Mad
(Sebastian)

Applause segué

Moderately, in 4

SEBASTIAN and OLIVIA kiss passionately.

Exit OLIVIA, leaving a somewhat dazed SEBASTIAN alone onstage.

Smoothly

Is that the glorious sun shining high above me? Is that the radiant sky?
Does the lady truly love me? All around,

Is this the blessed air? And there beneath my feet, so solid and so sweet, is that the honest ground?

Oh, the lady must be mad!
All the same, how is it she called me by my name?

She knew my face.

If we'd met, I don't think I'd easily for-

get a creature of such grace.
And if she's mad, why can I not see
any other sign but her love for me?
Is this a beautiful dream? Am I home in
bed now?

Have I gone out of my mind?

Is this all inside my head now?

Well, if

so,

why not a purple sky?

And why not have the
moon and stars come out at noon. Something so I'd know...

No! The lady must be mad! Have I died?

Travelled over to the other side?
Could it be an

angel came and pulled me from the sea?

if I’m dead,

living was a bore.

This is more alive
The Lady Must Be Mad / 8

ILLYRIA

than I've been before.

That is the glorious sun.

shining high above me.

That is the radiant sky and the lady seems to
love me. So if this is error,

let her stay mistaken. If I'm dreaming,

let me never waken from the sweetest dream I've had.

And whether or not I'm living or dead,
whether I'm in or out of my head, all that I know is none of it feels so bad.

Who cares if the lady may be mad?
Second Act Finale
(Company)

MARIA: I’m sorry. She has given strict orders that she not be disturbed.
VIOLA: Every other time I’ve come here she’s begged me to stay,
yet now she refuses even to see me? It makes no sense. [vamp begins]
MARIA: I heard it whispered about the house that she is trysting with a young gentleman.
VIOLA: But just the other day she swore that she loved me!
MARIA: Oh, poor Sebastian . . .

[briskly]
MARIA

To fall in love with some-one of the high class is

[break]

very near the worst thing you could do. For though their sort will some-times sport with

our class, they’re bound to break your heart before it’s through. I know the type...
VIOLA: Explain what, my Lord?

There you are! You must let me explain myself. Just hear me out and I will make a...

VIOLA: I'm listening.

I'm in love, but maybe we could get along just as friends...

VIOLA: I'm relieved to hear you say that. A friendship would be wiser, I think, since Olivia has already provided for the other kind of love.
ORSINO: What do you mean?
VIOLA: Oh, it breaks my heart to tell you, but just now she was in the arms of a certain young gallant.
ORSINO: Who?

OLIVIA: Oh—Duke Orsino...

this is unexpected.
ORSINO: You, Sebastian?!
You needn't bow to him for My Lord, this is pure fancy. I swear she's never been with me.

now you're mine instead. And loving me will set you

ORSINO: You're marrying this boy?
VIOLA: I never said I'd marry you!
OLIVIA: What? Will you rob me of my virtue?
VIOLA: No, you're both mistaken. I am not who you think I am-

free when we are wed.
Youth, whoever you are
I don't know who I thought you were but now I can see you truly are a

knave.

What you've committed is treason—
of the heart— even so it is

I sent you in suit to the lady Olivia whom you seduced and disgraced and that I must call

So, though it tears at my heart, to uphold the law— I must punish your
And what other choice have I now but to send you away or to send you at once to your grave. I cannot live if you despise me.

VIOLA: Then let it be the grave. I choose banishment.

ORSINO: You will be on the first ship leaving port tomorrow. After that, never show your face in my country again.

GUARD 1: Happy day, sir. Take a look at what we found—

GUARD 2: I remember his face, though I last saw it through the smoke of cannons. We lost a great many of our ships that day. Where did you capture him?

pirate of ill-fame, Antonio by name. He was here, sir. On Il-
ORSINO: Remarkable! To find the this salt-water thief on dry land!
ANTONIO: I am neither thief nor pirate. We are enemies—and that is all I will all ly-ri-a's own ground. We pulled him from a fray not half a league a-way.

Won't you say, sir, by what pow-er you were brought to pur-sue a course so fraught with the

ANTONIO I came here to pro-tect that lad, and see how I'm re-paid. I threat of be-ing caught?
Second Act Finale / 7

ANDREW

85 gave him all the gold I had and he refused me aid.

ORSINO

Oh! Some-body

Ah! Another he's betrayed...

90 run and fetch a doctor!

OLIVIA

No! Not in the least, nor is Sir

Are you all right, Sir Andrew?

94

TOBY

I had only dealt the boy a

Was there a fight, Sir Andrew?
ANDREW: The Duke's boy, Sebastian. ORSINO: You mean him, sir?
ANDREW: Dear God—there he is! VIOLA: I never touched you.
ANDREW: I suppose a broken head and a bloody nose are nothing to you?
Here comes Sir Toby. If he hadn't been drunk, he would have tickled you otherwise.
ORSINO: How now, sir? Are you hurt badly? TOBY: I'll know tomorrow morning. Where's the doctor?
MARIA: It's nothing so bad, Sir Toby. This, and Sir Andrew's wounds,
I can tend to as well as any doctor. But as for the boy, he couldn't have hurt you. He's been here with me.
OLIVIA: Then who has done this to them?

SEBASTIAN: Madam, I have hurt your uncle
and his friend. But they set up on me, and I
was forced to defend myself. [vamp begins]
You look at me strangely.
ORSINO: One face, one voice, and two persons.
OLIVIA: Most wonderful!
Vi- o-la...? Could it be?
Se- bas- tion... it’s you!
accel. poco a poco

Is it really you, or is it me?
Can this be true?
I thought you

No, I was found by that gentle- man there.
drowned.

Oh, I know him.
He
That's impossible. He saved me! Oh, I see. But saved me too.

No, not at sea.

who saved you? Dressed like me? Very

I don't know. I've been here in Illyri-a. In your clothes,

queer. But that explains a lot. And

I suppose. And now there's not a
nothing's wrong as long as we're together.

THey embrace.

thing I lack because we're back together.

SEBASTIAN: So it seems that you were mistaken, lady. In vain, you courted a woman. But now she has come back to you as a man. (He offers the ring to OLIVIA.)

Vi-o-la...?  

OLIVIA

Se-bas-tian...?

SEBASTIAN: I hope it fits. OLIVIA: I'm sure it will.

VIOLA: How did you get that ring, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN: Sister, there's something you ought to know. Before coming here, I called upon the Duke, who spoke to me in a manner that, while very unsettling to my ears, might have been sweet music to yours—
SEBASTIAN: since you were, I believe, his intended audience. You, whoever you are,

though we began as friends, now as our story ends, will you be mine?

As long as I have Violin, I've always been yours.

then every thing turns out

I have Sebastian, then every thing turns out
Wrong! You've done wrong to me, madam.

FESTE: I beg your pardon, madam.
The madman begged for a chance to plead his case in person,
and I, fool that I am, took pity on him.

OLIVIA: Is he still in his distracted state?

MALVOLIO

In my hand I hold the very letter that you wrote,
urging me to each abnormal deed.

Will you now pretend to me that this is not your note,
when the proof is
here for all to read? Yes, and gladly, my dear.

Give it here.

OLIVIA: This is not my writing. MALVOLIO: Oh, come. Whose else could it be?
MARIA: My Lady, I must confess, the handwriting is mine. MALVOLIO: What?
MARIA: Though the words are Sir Toby’s.

TOBY: What?

MALVOLIO: Now I see! The two have conspired against me. Hoping to make an ass of me, they played their little prank.
OLIVIA: Toby, if this true, then you have gone too far. If this was a cruel trick on Malvolio, my faithful steward, I'll have no choice but to throw you out!

MARIA: My Lady, he's done no wrong. It was a simply a love letter that he wrote—to me. And when I had worn the original parchment thin with reading it over to myself, I re-copied the letter in my own hand.

MALVOLIO

Lies! More lies! All you need do is read it. As you will see, the authors had me in mind.

OLIVIA

The I long to tell the world how well I love you.
relevant matter is up ahead. You'll see how they meant me to be misled.

They wrote it to seem like it came from you. You'll of my love the world may know in time.

see what I mean in a line or two.

In fortune I am someone high above you,
bove you...

Some-one high. Some-one low. You and I! There you and so 'til now I've told not how I pine.

go! Now you see, it was me that they meant—Oh no!

Before today I've seen you play the servant.
MALVOLIO: But the letters A. M. I are But some were meant to circumvent their all in... your name!

fate. MALVOLIO: But the yellow stockings, cross-gartered...

be as fervent, I'll see that you rise

And just like that, the man is equal to my state.
ORSINO: Another couple joins us at the already overcrowded altar. It seems that some of this thrice-magnified good fortune ought to spill over onto those around us. Antonio, I am told that you came to the rescue of both brother and sister. For this valiant service, I grant you your freedom.

OLIVIA: But poor Malvolio! He has suffered so terribly. How can we make it up to him?

MALVOLIO: It’s no use. I shall never recover.

TOBY: Cheer up, man. If you’ve lost some dignity—well, the better for you. Meanwhile, what you’ve lost, I’ve somehow gained, so pity me—I may die a respectable man!

MALVOLIO: I’ll keep my pity to myself, thank you.

The pirate is pardoned; you and everyone else will be married. What comfort’s there for me?

TOBY: Might I make a suggestion?

---

First you take a tiny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is

stale. So now, to make it better, have some cake. Bid the bitterness good-

- 193 -
MALVOLIO: But now my mouth is dry. bye...

So first you take a tiny swig of ale, your

thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale. So now, to make it

better, have some cake. Bid the bitterness good-bye... But now your mouth is dry. So

first you take a tiny swig of ale your thirst to slake, but
then the taste is stale. So now to make it better have some cake. Bid the

GROUP 1 But now your mouth is dry.

GROUP 3 Now your mouth is dry.

GROUP 2 Now your mouth is dry.

WOMEN Cakes and ale! Let the merriment and the mirth pre-

MEN Cakes and ale! Let the merriment and the mirth pre-
vail. And a wonder-ful way to tip the scale would be to top our vail. And a wonder-ful way to tip the scale would be to top our tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale by hav-ing cakes and tale 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illy-ri-a... love-ly isle.

Some years a-go I an-chored there a-while. Some-thing in the air there must have an odd ef-fect. For ev-ry kind of i-dle fan-cy grows un-checked.

in illy-ri-a... land of fools. where cla-ri-ty's a ra-ri-ty and
madness rules. Many men steer clear of those shores. Ah, but Illyria, 

I’m still yours.

End of show
Bows & Exit Music

Lively

(ON CUE: JUMP TO CODA)

(CODA)