

Twelfth Night
or
What You Will

Written by William Shakespeare

Edited by Nathan J. Criman

Performance Rights

It is an infringement of the federal copyright law to copy or reproduce this script in any manner or to perform this play without royalty payment. All rights are controlled by Encore Performance Publishing, LLC. Call the publisher for additional scripts and further licensing information. The author's name must appear on all programs and advertising with the notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Encore Performance Publishing."

PUBLISHED BY

ENCORE PERFORMANCE PUBLISHING

www.encoreplay.com

© 2002 by Nathan J. Criman

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing

<https://histage.com/twelfth-night>

STORY OF THE PLAY

Twelfth Night is one of the most carefully plotted and expertly written of Shakespeare's romantic "Golden Comedies." The festive, gently satirical comic plot centers around a series of practical jokes and mistaken identities. The role of Viola is a challenging one for any actress as Viola finds herself shipwrecked on a strange coast where she must disguise herself as a young man to get along in society. This tale of love and courtship, mistaken identity, pride, and practical jokes is edited to 90 minutes. The action flows quickly and the archaic terms are eliminated. This is a fine version for actors from junior high school through college to perform.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Large, flexible cast, approx. 14m, 3f + courtiers, attendants and servants

ORSINO: Duke of Illyria

VALENTINE: Attendant to the Duke.

CURIO: Attendant to the Duke.

CAPTAIN: A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VIOLA: A lady of Messaline, twin sister to Sebastian.

SIR TOBY BELCH: Uncle to Olivia.

MARIA: Olivia's woman.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK: Suitor to Olivia.

FESTE: Olivia's Clown.

MALVOLIO: Steward to Olivia.

OLIVIA: A countess of Illyria in mourning for her brother.

SEBASTIAN: Twin brother to Viola.

ANTONIO: A sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

FABIAN: Servant to Olivia.

SERVANT: Servant to Olivia.

PRIEST

FIRST OFFICER

SECOND OFFICER

ATTENDANTS:

MUSICIANS

MERCHANTS

TOWNS PEOPLE

MERCHANTS

OLIVIA'S LADIES-IN-WAITING

LOCATION: A city in Illyria and the sea coast near it.

SCENE SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Scene 1 – Duke Orsino's Court
Scene 2 – Adriatic seacoast
Scene 3 – Estate of Lady Olivia
Scene 4 – Duke Orsino's Court
Scene 5 – Estate of Lady Olivia

ACT II

Scene 1 – The seacoast
Scene 2 – A street in the city of Illyria
Scene 3 – Estate of Lady Olivia
Scene 4 – Duke Orsino's Court
Scene 5 – Estate of Lady Olivia

ACT III

Scene 1 – Estate of Lady Olivia
Scene 2 – Estate of Lady Olivia
Scene 3 – A street in the city of Illyria
Scene 4 – Estate of Lady Olivia

ACT IV

Scene 1 – A street in the city of Illyria
Scene 2 – Estate of Lady Olivia
Scene 3 – Estate of Lady Olivia

ACT V

Scene 1 – Estate of Lady Olivia

ACT I
Scene 1

(Duke Orsino's Court. AT RISE: Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending.)

DUKE ORSINO: 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:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! How quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO: Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO: What, Curio?

CURIO: The hart.

DUKE ORSINO: Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. *(Enter VALENTINE.)*
How now! What news from her?

VALENTINE: So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk.

DUKE ORSINO: O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. *(Exeunt.)*

END OF SCENE

Scene 2

(The seacoast. Enter VIOLA, A CAPTAIN, and SAILORS.)

VIOLA: What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN: This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA: And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium. Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you?

CAPTAIN: It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA: O my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN: True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, 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, I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

VIOLA: For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN: Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA: Who governs here?

CAPTAIN: A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA: What is the name?

CAPTAIN: Orsino.

VIOLA: Orsino! I have heard my father name him: he was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN: And so is now, or was so very late;

For but a month ago I went from hence, And then 'twas fresh in murmur,

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA: What's she?

CAPTAIN: 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 company and sight of men.

VIOLA: O that I served that lady

And might not be delivered to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, what my estate is!

CAPTAIN: That were hard to compass;

Because she will admit no kind of suit, no, not the duke's.

End of Freeview

Download your complete script from Eldridge Publishing

<https://histage.com/twelfth-night>

Eldridge Publishing, a leading drama play publisher since 1906, offers more than a thousand full-length plays, one-act plays, melodramas, holiday plays, religious plays, children's theatre plays and musicals of all kinds.

For more than a hundred years, our family-owned business has had the privilege of publishing some of the finest playwrights, allowing their work to come alive on stages worldwide.

We look forward to being a part of your next theatrical production.

Eldridge Publishing... for the start of your theatre experience!