

**William Shakespeare**

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

*or What you will*

translated by Stanisław Barańczak

**CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:**

**ORSINO**, duke (or count) of Illyria

**VIOLA**, later disguised as Cesario

**SEBASTIAN**, Viola's brother

**OLIVIA**, an Illyrian countess

**MARIA**, her waiting-gentlewoman

**SIR TOBY BELCH**, Olivia's kinsman

**SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK**, Olivia's competitor

**MALVOLIO**, Olivia's steward

**FOOL** Feste

Adapted and directed by Waldemar Modestowicz

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*Announcement:* The Polish Radio Theatre

*(Music. Mediterranean garden. Birds singing, cicadas.)*

**FOOL:**

*(singing)*

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.

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*Announcement:* William Shakespeare “Twelfth Night or What you will”

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*(Waves, seacoast, Viola approaching)*

**VIOLA:**

Is it Illyria? And what should I do in Illyria?  
 My brother he is in Elysium.  
 Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?  
 O poor Sebastian!... perchance was he saved too?!  
 After our ship did split,  
 When myself and those poor number saved with me  
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw my brother,  
 Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
 To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;  
 Perchance may he be saved. I hope...  
 Know'st thou this country?

It is governed  
 By a noble duke Orsino. They say  
 He did seek the love of fair Olivia.  
 And herself, having lost her father and her brother,  
 Hath abjured the company  
 And sight of men. I must disguise.  
 I'll serve this duke:  
 I shall present myself as an eunuch to him:  
 For I can sing  
 That will allow me very worth his service.  
 What else may hap to time I will commit;  
 Only shape your silence to my wit.  
*(Viola exits. Music changes.)*

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*(At Olivia's house: Sir Toby Belch, enters Sir Andrew Aguecheek)*

**TOBY:**

O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

**ANDREW:**

Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. 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. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

**TOBY:**

*Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

**ANDREW:**

What is '*Pourquoi*'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

**TOBY:**

Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

**ANDREW:**

Why, would that have mended my hair?

**TOBY:**

Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

**ANDREW:**

But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

**TOBY:**

Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

**ANDREW:**

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

**TOBY:**

Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

**ANDREW:**

As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

**TOBY:**

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

**ANDREW:**

Faith, I can cut a caper.

**TOBY:**

And I can cut the mutton to't.

**ANDREW:**

And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong  
as any man in Illyria.

**TOBY:**

Wherefore are these things hid? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

**ANDREW:**

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

**TOBY:**

What shall we do else? Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! Excellent!  
*(Exit dancing and jumping. Music.)*

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*(Duke Orsino's palace)*

**ORSINO:**

Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd  
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 fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

**VIOLA:**

Sure, my noble lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

**ORSINO:**

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds  
Rather than make unprofited return.

**VIOLA:**

Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

**ORSINO:**

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 aspect.

**VIOLA:**

I think not so, my lord.

**ORSINO:**

Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation 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:**

I'll do my best  
To woo your lady: (*aside*)  
yet, a barful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.  
(*exits*)

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*(Music. Olivia's house, garden: Fool, Olivia and Malvolio)*

**FOOL:**

God bless thee, lady!

**OLIVIA:**

Take the Fool away.

**FOOL:**

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

**OLIVIA:**

Go to, you're a dry Fool. I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

**FOOL:**

Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend. For give the dry Fool drink, then is the Fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.

Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The Lady bade take away the Fool.

Therefore, I say again, take her away.

**OLIVIA:**

What think you of this Fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

**MALVOLIO:**

Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better Fool.

**FOOL:**

God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly!

**MALVOLIO:**

I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. He will get put down with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone.

*(Enters Maria)*

**MARIA:**

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

**OLIVIA:**

From the Count Orsino, is it?

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

*(Enters Viola)*

**VIOLA:**

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

**OLIVIA:**

Speak to me. I shall answer for her. Your will?

**VIOLA:**

Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage.

**OLIVIA:**

Are you a comedian?

**VIOLA:**

No, my profound heart. And yet by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

**OLIVIA:**

If I do not usurp myself, I am. What would you?

**VIOLA:**

What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

**OLIVIA:**

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

*(All exit)*

Now, sir, what is your text?

**VIOLA:**

Most sweet lady...

**OLIVIA:**

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

**VIOLA:**

In Orsino's bosom.

**OLIVIA:**

In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

**VIOLA:**

In the first of his heart.

**OLIVIA:**

O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

**VIOLA:**

Good madam, let me see your face.

**OLIVIA:**

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

*(She removes her veil.)* Look you.

**VIOLA:**

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive  
 If you will lead these graces to the grave  
 And leave the world no copy.

**OLIVIA:**

O, sir, 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:**

I see you what you are. You are too proud.  
 But if you were the devil you are fair.  
 My lord and master loves you. O, such love  
 Could be but recompensed though you were crowned  
 The nonpareil of beauty.

**OLIVIA:**

How does he love me?

**VIOLA:**

With adorations, fertile tears,  
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

**OLIVIA :**

Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.  
 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
 In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,  
 And in dimension and the shape of nature  
 A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him.  
 He might have took his answer long ago.

**VIOLA:**

If I did love you in my master's flame,  
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
 In your denial I would find no sense.  
 I would not understand it.

**OLIVIA:**

Why, what would you?

**VIOLA:**

Make me a willow cabin at your gate  
 And call upon my soul within the house,  
 Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love

And sing them loud even in the dead of night,  
 Hallow your name to the reverberate hills  
 And make the babbling gossip of the air  
 Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest  
 Between the elements of air and earth  
 But you should pity me.

**OLIVIA:**

You might do much.  
 What is your parentage?

**VIOLA:**

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.  
 I am a gentleman.

**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.

**VIOLA:**

I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.  
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,  
 And let your fervor, like my master's, be  
 Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.

*(She exits)*

**OLIVIA:**

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions...  
 Not too fast! Soft, soft!  
 Unless the master were the man. 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 County's man. He left this ring behind him,  
 Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.  
 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.

**OLIVIA:**

I do I know not what, and fear to find  
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
 Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.  
 What is decreed must be, and be this so.

*(Music)*

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*(Malvolio, catching up with Viola)*

**MALVOLIO:**

She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my pains to have taken it away yourself. 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:**

She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

**MALVOLIO:**

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned. (*He throws ring.*) If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

(*He exits*)

**VIOLA:**

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?  
 Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!  
 She made good view of me, indeed so much  
 That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
 She loves me, sure! The cunning of her passion  
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
 None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none!  
 I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,  
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness  
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
 How easy is it for the proper false  
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
 For such as we are made of, such we be.  
 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,  
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I.

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

*(She exits. Music)*

*(Evening, cicadas, Olivia's house: Fool, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek.)*

**TOBY:**

But shall we make the welkin 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. I am dog at a catch.

**FOOL:**

By 'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

**ANDREW:**

Most certain. Let our catch be "Thou Knave."

**FOOL:**

"Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee "knave," knight.

**ANDREW:**

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me "knave." Begin, Fool. It begins "Hold thy peace."

**FOOL:**

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

**ANDREW:**

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

*(Catch sung. Enters 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.

**TOBY:**

My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and (*Sings*) "Three merry men be we..." Tillyvally! "Lady"! (*Sings*) "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady."

**FOOL:**

Beshrew 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 day of December..."

**MARIA:**

For the love o' God, peace!

(*Enters Malvolio*)

**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 make an ale-house of my lady's house, that you squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Sir Toby, though my lady harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you cannot separate yourself and your misdemeanors, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

**TOBY:**

(*Sings*)

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

**MARIA:**

Nay, good Sir Toby.

**FOOL:**

*(Sings)*

“His eyes do show his days are almost done.”

**MALVOLIO:**

Is ’t even so?

**TOBY:**

“But I will never die.”

**FOOL:**

“Sir Toby, there you lie.”

**MALVOLIO:**

This is much credit to you.

**TOBY:**

“Shall I bid him go?”

**FOOL:**

“What an if you do?”

**TOBY:**

“Shall I bid him go, and spare not?”

**FOOL:**

“O no, no, no, no, you dare not.”

**TOBY:**

Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

**FOOL:**

Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i’ th’ mouth, too.

**TOBY:**

Thou ’rt i’ th’ right.—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.

*(He exits.)*

**MARIA:**

Go shake your ears! A time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself, 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, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady; 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:**

Ass, I doubt not. I will plant you two where Malvolio shall find the letter.  
Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed. Farewell.

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*(Music. At Orsino's palace: Viola and Orsino)*

**ORSINO:**

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

**VIOLA:**

A little, by your favor.

**ORSINO:**

What kind of woman is 't?

**VIOLA:**

Of your complexion.

**ORSINO:**

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

**VIOLA:**

About your years, my lord.

**ORSINO:**

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:**

I think it well, my lord.

**ORSINO:**

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.  
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
 Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

**VIOLA:**

And so they are. Alas, that they are so,  
 To die even when they to perfection grow!  
 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
 As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;  
 You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

**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; 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:**

Ay, but I know—

**ORSINO:**

What dost thou know?

**VIOLA:**

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. She never told her love,  
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek.

**ORSINO:**

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

**VIOLA:**

I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
 And all the brothers, too—and yet I know not.  
 Sir, shall I to this lady?

**ORSINO:**

To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say  
 My love can give no place, bide no denay.

*(Music)*

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*(Olivia's house, garden: Maria, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are hiding. Then Malvolio approaches.)*

**MARIA:**

Get you into the boxtree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half hour. Lie thou there for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

**MALVOLIO:**

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.

**TOBY:**

Contemplation makes a rare turkeycock of him.

**ANDREW:**

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

**TOBY:**

Peace, peace!

**MALVOLIO:**

To be Count Malvolio!... Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed where I have left Olivia sleeping... and after a demure travel of regard, and I ask for my kinsman Toby. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me. I extend my hand to him thus, saying: "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative to say that you must amend your drunkenness."

What employment have we here?

*(Taking up the letter)*

By my life, this is my lady's hand!

"To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes—Her very phrases!

To whom should this be?

*(Reads)*

Jove knows I love,

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.

I may command where I adore,

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

"In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open

their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. Go to, thou art made, if

thou desir'st to be so. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling;  
thy smiles become thee well. Therefore still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.”

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

*(Music)*

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*(At Olivia's house, garden: Viola and Olivia)*

**OLVIA:**

What is your name?

**VIOLA:**

Cesario is your servant's name, fair lady.

**OLIVIA:**

My servant, sir? You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

**VIOLA:**

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

**OLIVIA:**

For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,

Would they were blanks rather than filled with me.

**VIOLA:**

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

**OLIVIA:**

O, by your leave, I pray you.

I bade you never speak again of him.

But would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that

Than music from the spheres.

**VIOLA:**

Dear lady...

**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?  
 Have you not set mine honor at the stake  
 And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts  
 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving  
 Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,  
 Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

**VIOLA:**

I pity you.

**OLIVIA:**

That's a degree to love.

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:**

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship.  
 I am not what I am.

**OLIVIA:**

I would you were as I would have you be.  
 Your love reveals who you are.  
 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 fether:  
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

**VIOLA:**

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
 And that no woman has, nor never none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
 And so adieu, good madam. Nevermore  
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.  
 (*She exits*)

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(*Boxtree in the garden at Olivia's house: Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek*)

**ANDREW:**

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

**TOBY:**

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

**ANDREW:**

Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the Count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon me.

**TOBY:**

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

**ANDREW:**

As plain as I see you now.

**TOBY:**

This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

**ANDREW:**

'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

**TOBY:**

She did show favor to the youth 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 with some excellent jests, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it. No love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor. There is no way but this.

**ANDREW:**

Should we bear a challenge to him?

**TOBY:**

Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and brief. About it.

*(Exit. Olivia comes. Malvolio follows her)*

**OLIVIA:**

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

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.

I speak too loud...

*(Enters Malvolio, Maria follows him)*

**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? If it please the eye of one, it is...

**OLIVIA:**

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. We do know the sweet Roman 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! "Be not afraid of greatness. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so..."

**OLIVIA:**

Am I made? Why, this is very midsummer madness!

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Let some of my people have a special care of him.

*(Olivia exits running. Maria goes to see Sir Toby Belch)*

**MALVOLIO:**

O ho, do you come near me now? You send Toby so that I may appear stubborn to him. "Cast thy humble slough, put thyself into the trick of singularity." I have limed her, Jove make me thankful! And going away now, "Let this fellow be looked to." "Fellow!" Not "Malvolio!"

*(Toby runs in together with Maria, then Sir Andrew Aguecheek approaches)*

**TOBY:**

Which way is he? How do you, Malvolio? How is 't with you?

**MALVOLIO:**

*(speaks dignified)*

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

**MARIA:**

Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you?

**TOBY:**

Go to, go to! Peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. How do you, Malvolio? How is 't with you? What, man, defy the devil! He's an enemy to mankind.

**MALVOLIO:**

Do you know what you say?

**MARIA:**

La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched! Carry his water to th' wisewoman.

**TOBY:**

Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do you not see you move him?

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

**MALVOLIO:**

Sir!

**MARIA:**

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

**MALVOLIO:**

My prayers, minx?

**MARIA:**

No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

**MALVOLIO:**

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

*(Exits)*

**MARIA:**

Why, we shall make him mad indeed. The house will be the quieter.

**TOBY:**

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. But see, but see!

*(Sir Andrew runs in with the paper)*

**ANDREW:**

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

**TOBY:**

Is 't so saucy? Give me.

*(He takes the paper and reads)*

“Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. 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 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. look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

Andrew Aguecheek.”

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily. Swear horrible, for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood approbation. Away!

*(They exit. Music)*

=====

*(Street. In front of Olivia's house: Cesario and Fool)*

**FOOL:**

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

**SEBASTIAN:**

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

**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:**

I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else.

**FOOL:**

Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a Fool. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

**SEBASTIAN:**

There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

*(Throws money for him)*

**FOOL:**

By my troth, thou hast an open hand.

*(Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch approaching)*

**ANDREW:**

Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you.

*(He strikes Sebastian)*

**SEBASTIAN:**

Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

*(returning the blow)*

Are all the people mad?

**FOOL:**

This will I tell my lady straight.

*(The Fool exits. Sir Toby Belch seizes Sebastian)*

**TOBY:**

Come on, sir, hold!

**ANDREW:**

Nay, let him alone. I'll have an action of battery against him. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

**SEBASTIAN:**

Let go thy hand!

**TOBY:**

I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron.

**SEBASTIAN:**

I will be free from thee.

*(He pulls free)*

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

**TOBY:**

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

*(They draw their swords. Olivia enters)*

**OLIVIA:**

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

**TOBY:**

Madam.

**OLIVIA:**

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.  
Rudesby, begone!

*(Exit Sir Andrew and Sir Toby)*

I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me.

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!

He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.

**SEBASTIAN:**

What relish is in this? How runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

**OLIVIA:**

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

**SEBASTIAN:**

Madam, I will.

**OLIVIA:**

O, say so, and so be!

*(They exit. Music)*

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*(At Olivia's house. Basement. Darkness. Malvolio behind the door, imprisoned.*

*Maria and Fool in front of the door. Peephole in the door.)*

**MARIA:**

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir

Topas the curate. Do it quickly.

**FOOL :**

Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in 't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

*(Maria exits. The Fool puts on gown, opens the peephole, changes his voice)*

What ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

**MALVOLIO:**

Who calls there?

**FOOL:**

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

**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! Sayst thou that house is dark?

**MALVOLIO:**

As hell, Sir Topas.

**FOOL:**

Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

**MALVOLIO:**

I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell. I am no more

mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

**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:**

Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam.

**MALVOLIO:**

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

**FOOL:**

*(sings, in his own voice)*

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.

**MALVOLIO:**

Fool!

**FOOL:**

My lady is unkind, perdy.  
Alas, why is she so?

**MALVOLIO:**

Fool!

**FOOL:**

She loves another...

Who calls, ha?

**MALVOLIO:**

Good fool, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

**FOOL:**

Master Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO:**

Ay, good Fool.

**FOOL:**

Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

**MALVOLIO:**

Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

**FOOL:**

Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a Fool.

**MALVOLIO:**

Good Fool, convey what I will set down to my lady.

**FOOL:**

I will help you to 't. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

**MALVOLIO:**

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, begone.

**FOOL:**

*(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."

*(He exits. Music)*

*(A chamber in Olivia's house: Sebastian)*

**SEBASTIAN:**

This is the air; that is the glorious sun.

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't.

For though my soul disputes well with my sense

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes...

*(Enter Olivia and a Priest)*

**OLIVIA:**

Blame not this haste of mine. 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. He shall conceal it  
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
 What time we will our celebration keep  
 According to my birth. What do you say?

**SEBASTIAN:**

I'll follow this good man and go with you,  
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*(Exit. Music)*

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*(A chamber at Olivia's house: Orsino and Viola. Enters Olivia)*

**ORSINO:**

Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on Earth!

**OLIVIA:**

What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—  
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

**VIOLA:**

Madam?

**ORSINO:**

*(together with Viola)*

Gracious Olivia...

**OLIVIA:**

What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord...

**VIOLA:**

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

**ORSINO:**

Still so cruel?

**OLIVIA:**

Still so constant, lord.

**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.

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.

**VIOLA:**

And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

**OLIVIA :**

Where goes Cesario?

**VIOLA:**

After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More by all mores than e'er I shall love wife.

**OLIVIA:**

Hast thou forgot thyself?

Cesario, husband, stay.

**ORSINO:**

Husband? Her husband, sirrah?

**OLIVIA:**

A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of our hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by interchangement of our rings.

**ORSINO:**

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be  
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

**VIOLA:**

My lord, I do protest...

**OLIVIA :**

O, do not swear.

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*(Enters Sir Andrew Aguecheek)*

**ANDREW:**

For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

**OLIVIA:**

What's the matter?

**ANDREW:**

Has broke my head across, and Sir Toby's too. Help!

**OLIVIA:**

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

**ANDREW:**

The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. He's the very devil incarnate.

**ORSINO:**

My gentleman Cesario?

**ANDREW:**

'Od's lifelings, here he is!

**VIOLA:**

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.

**ANDREW:**

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me.

Here comes Sir Toby. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

*(Sir Toby Belch enters heavily)*

**ORSINO:**

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

**TOBY:**

That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's th' end on 't. An ass-head, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull...

**OLIVIA:**

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*(Exit Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Enters Sebastian.)*

**SEBASTIAN:**

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,

But, had it been the brother of my blood,

I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you.

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

**ORSINO:**

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!  
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

**OLIVIA:**

An apple cleft in two is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Most wonderful!

**SEBASTIAN:**

I never had a brother,  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature  
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.  
Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

**VIOLA:**

Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father.  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too.  
So went he suited to his watery tomb.  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

**SEBASTIAN:**

A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek  
And say "Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola."

**VIOLA:**

My father had a mole upon his brow.

**SEBASTIAN:**

And so had mine.

**VIOLA:**

And died that day when Viola from her birth  
Had numbered thirteen years.

**SEBASTIAN:**

O, that record is lively in my soul!

*(Viola and Sebastian hug each other)*

**OLIVIA:**

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

**ORSINO:**

Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.  
Viola, I quit you; and for your service done,  
So much against the mettle of your sex,  
And since you called me "master" for so long,  
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

**OLIVIA:**

A sister! You are she.

*(Fool and Malvolio enter)*

How now, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO:**

Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

**OLIVIA:**

Have I, Malvolio? No.

**MALVOLIO:**

Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand.

*(Olivia reads the letter)*

**OLIVIA:**

This is not my writing,

Though I confess much like the character.

But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

It was she first told me thou wast mad.

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

**FOOL:**

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,*

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

*A foolish thing was but a toy,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,*

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

*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas, to wive,*

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

*By swaggering could I never thrive,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds,*

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

*With tosspots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

*(Music. Final announcement)*

=====

The „Thelfth Night” by William Shakespeare prepared by the Polish Radio

Theatre, casting female actors:

ORSINO – Katarzyna Dąbrowska

VIOLA – Justyna Kowalska

SEBASTIAN – Ewa Prus

OLIWIA – Maria Wągrocka

MARIA – Monika Węgiel

TOBIASZ CZKAWKA – Anna Chodakowska

ANDRZEJ CHUDOGEBA – Wiktoria Gorodeckaja

MALVOLIO – Olga Sarzyńska

BŁAZEN – Jadwiga Jankowska-Cieślak

Translation: Stanisław Barańczak

Music: Jarek Gawlik

Acoustic realization: Maciej Kubera

Adaptation and direction: Waldemar Modestowicz