

Side One - Orsino & Viola

Orsino: Thou know'st all, Cesario; I have unclasped
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:
She will attend it better in thy youth.

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 (Touching her lip), thy voice small and shrill,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
Prosper in this, and call my 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!

Side Two - Malvolio & Olivia

Malvolio: Madam, yon young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he seems to understand so much and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Olivia: Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Malvolio: He has been told so, and says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Olivia: What kind o' man is he?

Malvolio: Why, of mankind.

Olivia: What manner of man?

Malvolio: Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Olivia: Of what personage and years is he?

Malvolio: Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Olivia: Let him approach

Side Three - Viola & Olivia

Viola: 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. **(Unveiling)** Look, sir: is't not well done?

Viola: Excellently done, if God did all.

Olivia: 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola: Lady, you are the cruell'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 shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey 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.

Olivia: He knows my mind: I cannot love him.

He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola: If I did love you, in your denial

I would find no sense.

Olivia: Why, what would you do?

Viola: Make me a willow cabin at your gate;
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night.
Holoo 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!

Side Four - Maria, Andrew, Toby

Maria: (Calling) Go shake your ears!

Andrew: I'll challenge him!

Maria: Be patient: I know I can gull him.

Toby: Tell us.

Maria: He thinks that all who look on him, love him, and on that will I work my revenge. I'll drop in his way epistles of love, where he shall find himself personated. I can write very like my lady.

Toby: He shall think, by the letters that thou shalt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Andrew: O, 'twill be admirable!

Maria: I will plant you where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed. **(Exit.)**

Andrew: Before me, she's a good woman.

Toby: She is. And she adores me: what o' that?

Andrew: I was adored once too.

Toby: Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Andrew: If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Toby: Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut. Come, we'll go burn some sack. 'Tis too late to go to bed.