

Twelfth Night — Audition Sides

CESARIO (*Viola*) — Side 1

CESARIO (*Viola*)

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd 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.
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.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love.
As I am woman (now, alas the day!),
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

CESARIO (*Viola*) — Side 2

DUKE ORSINO

*Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.*

CESARIO (*Viola*)

But if she cannot love you, sir—

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answer'd.

CESARIO (*Viola*)

Sooth, but you must.
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 answer'd?

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DUKE ORSINO — Side 1

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 odor. Enough; no more.
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

DUKE ORSINO — Side 2

DUKE 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 call'd 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.

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LADY OLIVIA — Side 1

LADY 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 divulg'd, free, learn'd, 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.

LADY OLIVIA — Side 2

LADY OLIVIA

“What is your parentage?”
“Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman.” I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee fivefold blazon. 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.

Twelfth Night — Audition Sides

SIR TOBY BELCH

SIR TOBY BELCH

What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours. You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in.

MARIA

That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA

What's that to th' purpose?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year!

MARIA

Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool and a prodigal.

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FESTE

CESARIO

Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE

No, sir, I live by the church.

CESARIO

Art thou a churchman?

FESTE

No such matter, sir. I do live by the church, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

CESARIO

So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.

FESTE

You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

CESARIO

Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

FESTE

I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

CESARIO

Why, man?

FESTE

Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton.

CESARIO

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?

FESTE

No, indeed, sir. The Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no Fool, sir, till she be married, and Fools are as like husbands as pilchers are to herrings: the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her Fool but her corrupter of words.

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MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state — calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed where I have left Olivia sleeping — and then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby — seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me — I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control — saying “Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech — you must amend your drunkenness. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight — one Sir Andrew.” (*seeing the letter*) What employment have we here? By my life, this is my lady’s hand! These be her very c’s, her u’s, and her t’s, and thus makes she her great P’s. It is in contempt of question her hand. “To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes” — Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft. And the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal — ’tis my lady! To whom should this be?

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SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

SIR TOBY BELCH

O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

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.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

What is "pourquoi"? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

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MARIA

MARIA

For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but 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.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter, we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I smell a device. 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.

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FABIAN

FABIAN

She did show favor to the youth in your sight 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, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

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SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun.
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant.
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service.
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
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad—
Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does.

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ANTONIO

SEBASTIAN

Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

*I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.*

ANTONIO

Would you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea fight 'gainst the Count his galleys
I did some service, of such not indeed
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

SEBASTIAN

Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANTONIO

Th' offense is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

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VALENTINE — CURIO — OFFICERS — CAPTAIN — PRIEST — ATTENDANT

*Please choose any side for another character,
and indicate your preference for this role on the audition form.*