

# Twelfth Night

*William Shakespeare*



The background of the slide is a detailed illustration of a stone archway. The arch is decorated with intricate floral and vine patterns. Below the arch is a stone balustrade with a series of rounded balusters. On the balustrade, there are four lit candles: two on the left and two on the right. The scene is filled with soft, glowing particles, giving it a magical or ethereal feel. The text 'Chapter 1 Shipwreck' is centered within the archway.

# **Chapter 1**

## **Shipwreck**

Viola struggled ashore, her dress soaking. All around were breaking waves and broken bits of wood – the remains of the ship she and her brother had been on.



“Sebastian,” she called desperately. But her beloved twin did not answer. “He’s not here,” came a gruff voice. It was the ship’s captain. “But I saw him clinging to the wreckage, so he may have survived.” Viola blinked back her tears.

“Where are we?” she asked.

“Illyria,” replied the captain. “Duke Orsino’s country.”



“What can I do now?” wondered Viola.

“Perhaps the duke will give me a job. But he’s more likely to hire a man... I know, I’ll dress up as a boy and call myself Cesario.”

With the captain’s help, she was soon on her way.



At his palace, Duke Orsino was lightening to love song and dreaming about Lady Olivia. He was hopelessly in love with her – but she had refused to see him since her brother, the count, had died.

“What a heart,” thought the duke, “to love a brother so much... Oh, if I could only make her love me!



Just then, Viola came in, dressed as Cesario, and asked for a job. Orsino took one look at 'his' friendly face and hired 'him' on the spot.

Orsino spent the next three days telling his new servant Cesario all about Olivia, and how much he loved her.

Viola's heart melted as she listened. "How could any woman refuse such a man?" she wondered.



“Now Cesario, will you go and see Olivia or me?” said the duke at last. “She’s bound to listen to you!”

Viola bit her lip and nodded. She thought her heart would break. In just three days, she had fallen in love with Orsino herself.





# **Chapter 2**

## **Fools and Lovers**

“Olivia’s house was in uproar. Her uncle, Sir Toby, had been making merry all night with his friends, Sir Andrew and Fester the jester.

“Olivia is very cross with you all,” warned Maria, the maid. “Look out, here she comes with Malvolio, that snobby steward of hers.”



“Greetings, lady,” said Fereste. But Olivia was in no mood for her jester. “Take away the fool,” she sighed.

“Yes – take her away!” cried Feste boldly, pointing at Olivia. “I said take away the fool,” snapped Olivia.

“So did I!” said Feste. “Let me explain. Why do you mourn, lady?”  
“For my brother’s death, fool.”

“Is he in Hell, lady?” “No, he is in Heaven, fool.”

“The more fool you, to mourn for your brother being in Heaven!”

Despite herself, Olivia smiled. Malvolio sniffed disapprovingly.



There was a knock at the door and Malvolio went to answer it.  
It was Viola, dressed as Cesario. She bowed to Olivia. "Fair lady,  
Orsino's heart is like a book..."

"Yes, yes, I've read it," yawned Olivia. "He loves me."

"With thunderous groans and sighs of fire..." insisted Viola.

"But I don't love him," Olivia interrupted, shrugging.



“If I were Orsino, I wouldn’t give up so easily,” said Viola.

“Why, what would you do?” Olivia asked.

“I’d build a willow cabin at your gate, and call upon you every day.  
I’d sing sad love songs all night and cry out your name... Oh, you  
would have no rest, until you pitied me.”

Olivia gazed dreamily at the messenger’s pretty face. “Tell Orsino I  
cannot love him and then come back, er... to tell me how he takes  
it!” she added hastily.



After Cesario had left, Olivia couldn't stop thinking about him.  
"Am I falling in love?" she wondered.



Viola, for her part, was worrying about Olivia. “Poor lady, I think she’s fallen for my disguise – while my master adores her and I love him... What will become of this?”



Back at Orsino's house, the talk was all about love.

"I've been in love too," Viols told the duke. "What was your loved one like?" he asked. Viola blushed. "Very like you," she blurted.

Orsino laughed. "If only Olivia shared your taste! But women don't feel things as strongly as us men."



“That’s not true,” said Viola hotly. “My father’s daughter loved a man, but couldn’t tell him – and her feelings ate away at her, like a worm in the bud...”

The duke listened thoughtfully. “This boy really understands love,” he told himself. “If only I could find a girl like him.”





# **Chapter 3**

## **Making Mischief**

Later that night, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew were in a very jolly mood. They shouted for Maria to bring ale and Feste to play a song. Soon they were singing, loudly and not very tunefully.

“Are you crazy?” came an angry voice. It was Malvolio in his night gown. “Do you know how late it is?” “You can’t stop us,” snorted Toby. “I’ll tell Lady Olivia about this,” snarled Malvolio, stalking off.



Toby shook a fist after him. Maria laid a hand on Toby's arm. "I know how to pay Malvolio back. I'll fake a love letter from Olivia and let him find it. He's so vain, he'll think she's in love with him!"



The next morning, Maria, Toby and Feste hid behind a bush to watch Malvolio. Malvolio was thinking aloud. "I know Olivia admires me," muttered. "If she married me, I'd be far richer than Toby."

"The rogue..." spluttered Toby.

"But what's this?" went on Malvolio, spotting the letter.



He began to read...

To my beloved M,

I am in love, if you are reading this, don't be afraid. I may be your lady but, when we are married, you will be my lord. Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them!

So be proud and put on airs and graces. And don't forget to wear your yellow stockings and cross garters – you know I adore them.

“My lady,” exclaimed Malvolio, kissing the letter. “I will!” He was so excited, he didn't hear the giggles coming from the bush.



A loud rat-a-tat sounded on the front door. “Hello, is anyone there?” It was Viola.

“Cesario, is that you?” Olivia heard the voice and came running. Viola bowed. “Dear lady, I come to tell you of Orsino’s love...”

“Stop!” commanded Olivia. “I don’t want to hear about him.”

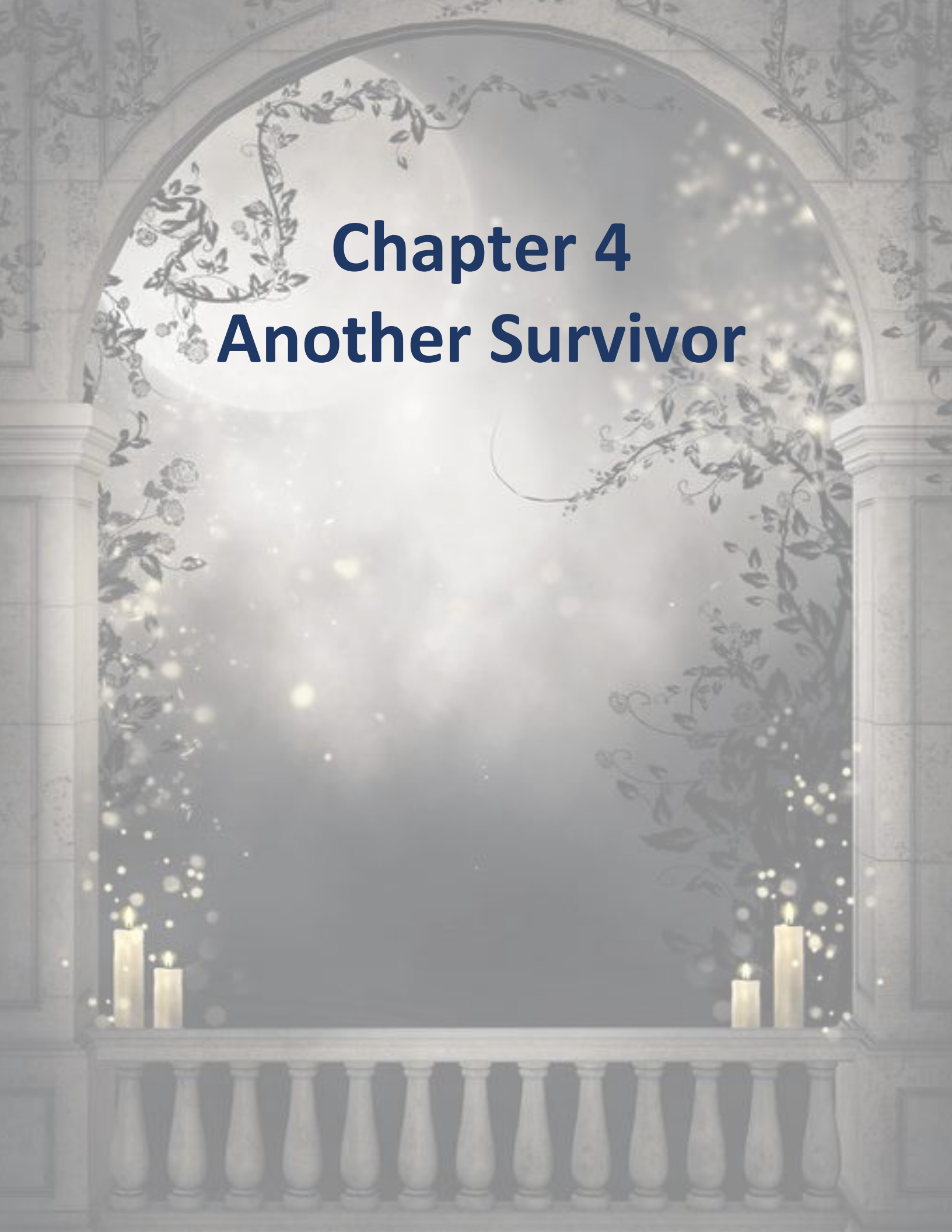
“You see,” she went on, “I’ve realized I’m in love with you, Cesario!”

Viola shook her head. “I swear I’ll never marry a woman.”

“Think about it anyway,” begged Olivia.

“And please, come back soon!”





# **Chapter 4**

## **Another Survivor**

Down by the seashore, two men were talking. One was a young sailor named Antonio and the other was the double of Cesario. It was Viola's twin brother, Sebastian. "I owe you my life," Sebastian was saying.

"If your ship hadn't found me..."

"I'm glad to have helped you," replied Antonio. "And I'd come with you now to see the town, but I must stay out of sight. My city is at war with Duke Orsino and I'll be arrested if I'm found here."

The sailor pulled out a jingling bag. "Here, take my purse in case you need money. You can give it back to me tonight at our inn."

Sebastian hesitated, then accepted gratefully. "Until tonight," he called, as he set off.



Olivia was thinking sadly about Cesario when Malvolio came in. “Sweet lady, ho ho,” he simpered. He waggled a yellow-stockinged, cross-gartered leg at her.

“Malvolio, what’s the matter with you?” gasped Olivia.

“Why, nothing,” he answered. “These garters are a bit tight, but that doesn’t matter at all if you like them.”

Then he tried to kiss Olivia’s hand. Olivia snatched it away and ran out of the room – straight into Maria, Toby and Feste, who had been listening at the door.



“Go and look after Malvolio,” she told them. “He needs help.”

The three plotters nodded, doing their best to look serious.

“We’ll send for the doctor. And until he arrives, we’ll lock Malvolio in a dark room,” promised Toby, his eyes glinting. “For his own safety, of course.”



But one prank wasn't enough for Sir Toby. He and Feste were soon plotting another – a duel between Sir Andrew and Cesario.

“It should be quite a sight,” chuckled Toby.

“The two most timid men in Illyria!”



He went to find Cesario. "Look out for Sir Andrew," he warned.  
"He wants to fight a duel with you. He's already killed three  
men..."

Viola turned pale.



Feste, meanwhile, was talking to Sir Andrew. “Cesario can’t wait to fight you,” he said. “He’s skilled with a sword...”

Sir Andrew trembled.



Toby and Feste were pushing the reluctant fighters at each other when the sailor, Antonio, walked past. As soon as he saw Viola, he drew his sword and leaped to defend her.



All the noise brought two officers running.  
They grabbed Antonio. "You're under arrest!" they shouted.



Before he was led away, Antonio turned to Viola. “I’m sorry, my friend, but I’ll need my purse back.”

“What purse?” said Viola. “I can lend you some money, but...”

“You refuse – after all I’ve done for you!” cried Antonio.

“What? I’ve never seen you before in my life,” exclaimed Viola.

The officers dragged Antonio away, leaving Viola puzzling over his words. “Could it mean... is Sebastian still alive?”





# **Chapter 5**

## **More Mix-Ups**

Sebastian wasn't finding the town quite as he'd expected.  
Strangers kept acting as if they knew him.

"So your name isn't Cesario?" laughed a jester. "No and I'm not Feste and this isn't my nose."

"Look, here's a coin," said Sebastian at last. "Now go away!"



But no sooner had one man left than two more appeared – Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

“Cesario,” squealed Sir Andrew. “There’s for you!” and he ran at Sebastian, his fists flailing. Bewildered, Sebastian was forced to defend himself. “There’s for you, and there and there!” he cried, beating Sir Andrew back.

Then Sir Toby joined in the fight.



“Stop!” Olivia was flying towards them. “Are you hurt?” she begged Sebastian – who shook his head wordlessly.

“Toby, Andrew, out of my sight!” she ordered.



Then she held out her hand. “Dear Cesario, let me take you home.”

Sebastian blinked in confusion. “Maybe I’m crazy,” he thought. “Or maybe this is a dream.” But Olivia was so beautiful and so determined to help, he decided it must be all right. “I’ll come,” he agreed.



Since Olivia had stopped his fun, Sir Toby went to visit Malvolio. His old enemy was locked up in the cellar and Feste was taunting him.

“What ho,” Feste called out in a strange, gruff voice. “I am Dr. Topaz, come to visit Malvolio the lunatic.”

Toby stifled his laughter. “Dr. Topaz, I’m not a lunatic!” pleaded Malvolio through the door. “I’ve been tricked and locked up here in darkness.”

“There is no darkness but ignorance,” the ‘doctor’ replied solemnly. “You had better stay there until you see the light.”



Then Feste began to sing in his own voice.

“Hey Robin, jolly Robin...”

“Fool!” cried Malvolio. “Is that you? Please, bring me a pen and paper, so I can write to Olivia.”

Sir Toby sighed. “Maybe we should let him write,” he told Feste. “I don’t want to get into more trouble with Olivia.”



Back upstairs, alone in Olivia's rooms, Sebastian pinched himself. He could hardly believe it – Olivia was very beautiful and obviously a great lady, but they had only just met and already she wanted to marry him!

“What should I do?” wondered Sebastian.

“I wish I could ask Antonio, but I can't find him anywhere.”



Now Olivia was coming back, with a loving smile. “The priest is ready to marry us,” she said softly.

Sebastian looked into her shining eyes, drew a deep breath and decided. “I’ll do it!”





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