

Level 4 **The Green Room** by Robert Campbell

*Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare  
Extract from Act V Scene I

*Setting: The street in front of Olivia's house.*

**ORSINO**

Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.  
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

**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**

Gracious Olivia, –

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

**OLIVIA**

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

**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 faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out  
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

**OLIVIA**

Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

**ORSINO**

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it.  
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,  
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy  
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

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And that I partly know the instrument  
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,  
 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 crowned in his master's sprite.  
 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.  
 [Orsino leaves.]

**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;  
 If I do feign, you witnesses above  
 Punish my life for tainting of my love!

**OLIVIA**

Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

**VIOLA**

Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

**OLIVIA**

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?  
 Call forth the holy father.

**ORSINO**

[To VIOLA] Come, away!

**OLIVIA**

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

**ORSINO**

Husband?

**OLIVIA**

Ay, husband, can he that deny?

**ORSINO**

Her husband, sirrah?

**VIOLA**

No, my lord, not I.

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