

TWELFTH NIGHT

Or... CANDLEMAS – A TWELFTH NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

A pantomime

By

Dave Jeanes

EXCERPT

For the dreamers and the do-ers, who agree to agree...

The Players

Rezny..... A female street person. The fool

Cezario..... Also Viola. The heroine

Parceline..... A gentlewoman

Olivia..... The Countess

Malvolio..... Her steward

Sir Toby Belch..... Her uncle

Sir Andrew Auguecheek..... Her suitor

Antonio..... A sea captain

Sebastian..... Viola's twin

A full Chorus of Deckhands, Courtiers and Guests, Guards and Onlookers

SUGGESTED MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. **Out There** (Rezny & Chorus) *{from Barnum}*
2. **Zing! Went The Strings Of My Heart** (Rezny) *{by James F. Hanley}*
3. **You Ain't Never Had A Friend Like Me** (Rezny & Cezario) *{from Toy Story}*
4. **It's Not Where You Start** (Parceline & Chorus) *{by Barbara Cook}*
5. **I Wish I Were In Love again** (Olivia) *{by Rodgers & Hart}*
6. **You've Got To Pick A Pocket** (Rezny, Toby, Andrew & Parceline) *{by Lionel Bart}*
7. **In Apple Blossom Time** (Olivia & Chorus) *{by The Andrews Sisters}*
8. **You're Never Fully Dressed Without A Smile** (Malvolio) *{from Annie}*
9. **Blow High, Blow Low** (Antonio & Chorus) *{from Carousel}*
10. **One Brick At A Time** (Parceline, Rezny & Chorus) *{from Barnum}*
11. **So You Wanna Be A Boxer** (Parceline, Andrew & Cezario) *{from Bugsy Malone}*
12. **It's Love Again** (Parceline & Olivia) *{by Sam Coslow}*
13. **I'm Not At All In Love** (Toby & Parceline) *{from The Pajama Game}*
14. **The Wind And The Rain** (Company) *{by Roger Quilter}*

Synopsis of scenes

ACT I

1. The Quayside [FULL]
2. At The Manor House Gates [1/4]
3. The Withdrawing Room [FULL]
4. On The Road [1/4]
5. The Garden Party [FULL]

ACT II

6. The Quayside [FULL]
7. On The Road [1/4]
8. The Withdrawing Room [FULL]
9. At The Manor House Gates [1/4]
10. The Dungeons [1/2]
11. At The Manor House Gates (Songsheet) [1/4]
12. The Manor House Ballroom (Finale) [FULL]

ACT I

Scene 1 – The Quayside

(The CHORUS are set OS as DECKHANDS. REZNY is CS)

Song 1 – Out There (REZNY & CHORUS)

(CHORUS move L&R)

REZNY: *(To AUDIENCE)* Anyway, knockabout! Here we are, mums and dads, boys and girls, you at the back. Here for a bright and cheerful night out in the depths of winter. *(Indicates CHORUS with thumb)* Bright and cheerful, this lot? That'll be the day. As for me, well... better a witty fool than a foolish wit, I always say. Well, not always. But I say it. After all, some are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them. In other words, you're born lucky, you get lucky or you think yourself lucky. Now, then, I'd better tell you my name, hadn't I? Always best. It's Rezny. Short for something but I don't remember what. You wanna know how to spell it? Better do. If I see you afterwards and give you my autograph you'll all be puzzling on the way home thinking, "Who was that girl?" I get that a lot. So, it's R, E, Z, N, and Y. Rezny. And, yes, it's Zee not Ess. Rezzzny. Zee for zing. That's me. Here – here's something you down there could do. If you sing, "Zing" I could come running. How about that? Don't have to. But it'd be a long night otherwise, wouldn't it? You don't have to sit down there all night all quiet. You're not at school now, you know. Let's have a little Zing song...

Song 2 - Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart (REZNY & CHORUS)

(CHORUS exit L&R)

RENZY sits on STOOL provided, DSC and begins to peel POTATOES from SACK which he places in BOWL alongside)

REZNY: Anyway, knockabout. Good bunch that lot. But still, here I am. The world at my feet. Alive with colour. Here I am. Peeling spuds. Could be worse, I s'pose. Don't know exactly how but I'm sure it could be. No matter how low and miserable you may be there's always someone who's worse off. Tell me, do you lot like spuds? I've got lots here. *(Stands and picks up SACK)* Heavy though. Cool! Whoever thought these would catch on? Now, where can I put these, out of the way? *(Moves DSL)* How about here? If I leave a sack of spuds here, what's the worst that could happen? You tell me... Well,

how about you look after them and make sure nobody touches my potatoes. And, if anyone does, you sing, “Zing”. Ok? (*Leaves SACK DSL. Moves DC*) Here, have you ever seen a girl juggling three spuds? (*She tries and fails*) You still haven’t! Knockabout! Anyway, I don’t really mind working here but sometimes in life you want a bit of excitement, don’t you? A bit of, “Hello, who’s this?” or, “Who goes there?” Something like that. (*CEZARIO enters DSL*) Oh, hello, who’s this, I wonder? And I wonder it out loud. (*To CEZARIO*) Who are you, I wonder?

CEZARIO: I’m not sure. I’m lost. I think

REZNY: Well, there’s three things you are already. Not sure, lost and thinking. Fair-minded people we are in this part of the world. So, you tell me your name and I’ll tell you mine. Have you got a name?

CEZARIO: Yes, of course. All things have a name. My name is Viola

REZNY: Viola. Cute. Nice name. Like a violin, yes? Or no... A nice shape, I think

CEZARIO: Thank you... I think

REZNY: I meant the word. Viola. It’s got a shape to it. Your shape, however... well, to be honest, few bumps and scrapes here and there. It looks like you’ve been shipwrecked!

CEZARIO: Oh that’s it! I remember now. Well done! Yes that’s how I came to be here, lost. I was in a shipwreck. Our ship was wrecked. I was... lucky...

REZNY: You sure were. Wait a minute – you’re sure you were?

CEZARIO: Many hands were lost

REZNY: (*Gently takes her hand*) But not yours

CEZARIO: No. I’m glad. I’m here

REZNY: And I’m glad you’re here too. You’re here now. Safe and sound

CEZARIO: So I am. You haven’t told me your name

REZNY: So I haven’t, have I? It’s Rezny. I’m Rezny. I am Rezny. (*To AUDIENCE*) Said with a zee for... Zing!

CEZARIO: Zing. Suits you. But, what about me? Can one be a

Viola in these parts?

REZNY: In these parts, yes. In those clothes, no. You need a change. Wait here. *(She goes OFF and returns with CLOTHES)* Here. Grey things. Found them just lying about on a washing line. Abandoned, they were, by some careless owner. Now, former owner. Just your size too, by the look. Here, slip them on

CEZARIO: They're all damp still. Still... *(Puts on CLOTHES)*
There. How do I look?

REZNY: Fine. Just fine. How do they feel?

CEZARIO: Bit tight. Here and there

REZNY: You'll grow. You look marvelous. Just like a proper boy, Viola. Oh, hang on. You need a better name. Something more suitable - now you've got the suit. Something grander. Something like Julius Caesar's name... What was it now? *(Thinks)*

CEZARIO: Julius sounds a bit girly

REZNY: Julius. Jules. Julie. Hmm. P'raps so. What was the other month they named after the Caesars? Julius Augustus. July, August. Augustus. How about that?

CEZARIO: It sounds a bit prim and proper. I had a great aunt Augustus once. It doesn't quite suit me, does it?

REZNY: No, no. you're right. Not quite

CEZARIO: I need something you can call me by. Something short, and sweet

REZNY: True, true. You need a name that'll go short

CEZARIO: Julius was a Caesar

REZNY: True again. So?

CEZARIO: So I could just add an O like you do. I could be a Cesario

REZNY: You could be a Cesario, Viola. I'll give you that. Hmm, suits you. Sounds kind of stylish. Can you do stylish?

CEZARIO: Not in these grey clothes. Maybe if I had a hat

REZNY: Not a hat, no

CEZARIO: You can't see me in a hat? Why's that?

REZNY: A hat makes you look like you're covering something up. Like you're not sure if you're a boy or a girl. You could be taken on as anybody! No sense in you looking like a boy if you're not one, is there?

CEZARIO: None that I can think of

REZNY: Whatever you are, you have to be sure, Viola

CEZARIO: Cesario

REZNY: Cesario. No. Wait! Like me. Cezzzario with a zee

CEZARIO: Cezario. Yes, I see. That works, doesn't it?

REZNY: Cez and Rez. You and me!

CEZARIO: (*Laughs*) Cez and Rez. True friends!

Song 3 – You Ain't Never Had A Friend Like Me (REZNY & CEZARIO)

REZNY: Next thing next though. We need to get you a job...

(*They EXIT DSR*)

PARCELINE enters USL carrying SHOPPING BAGS)

PARCELINE: (*To OFF*) Well, if you'd said we'd landed at the docks I would've got off, wouldn't I of? What? Disembark? I didn't bring the dog. Yes, but... oh, never mind. Westward Ho. Go on, get back behind your poopdeck. I said your poopdeck. I said... oh, forget it. (*To AUDIENCE*) Oh, hello, you down there! How are you? More to the point - why are you? I mean, why are you down there at this time of night? Is it this time of the night down there, where you are? Yes, I thought it might be. Of course, I'm very clever, me. What is it then? Aren't the buses running? You're not... ALL boys and girls down there, are you? Good gracious me. Where are your parents? Out with their parents? Oh, very well. Well now, I'd better pronounce myself, hadn't me? I am a lady-in-waiting. Actually, to be truthful, I'm a lady who's getting tired of waiting but never mind that now. I'm not waiting here, that's for sure as mustard. This is the docks. I don't work here. Far too messy. Like Burnham-on-sea. Smells like they did too! Where I work is up at The Countess Olivia's Manor House up in the hills, not far from here. We'll be up there later. Oh, and what a job it is, boys and girls. Place is always packed to the rafters with celebs and the like. All of them suffering from starvation, it seems to me. Never know what I'm going to be asked to cook up. Puddings and pies one day, custards and creams the next. Stews on Tuesdays, hens on Wednesdays, whirls on

Thursdays, fries on Fridays, naturally, Saturdays off, Sunday roast and Monday's toast. Strike the blinking crows, my loves, I'm all of a soufflé by that time. Main ingredient required by me by then is Radox. It's my back, you see, it catches me... no, wait. You haven't come out for a good time only to hear me rattling on about my back, have you? After all, if you wanted misery and moaning, you could of stayed at home! Here, I've told you what I am, now I'd better tell you who I am. Shall I tell you my name? Yes? Alright. It's Parceline. [*Pronounced par-cell- een*] Yes, I'm known as a carrier, you know. Yes, I've got the bags to prove it. Look. (*Holds up BAGS*) Yes, I get all me own stuff, you know. I don't like those home deliveries, do you, girls? No. Last time, I asked for a pork chop and they brought me a Chop Suey. That's not right, is it? I thought the dog would never finish it. Laying there, slobbering away for hours he was. Dreaming about rice and other things nice. Daft old thing. Took me ages to dry the mat out. (*Looks in BAGS*) Now, then. What have I got in here? Potatoes. That is no good. You can get them anywhere these days, can't you? Of course, I know how to cook them up, you know. I've got all the recipes. I can do mash, chips, bubble and squeak. More mash, more chips, more bubble, more squeak. You want me to do what? Throw you a potato? Oh, sweets. Well, I'm not going to. You can't throw sweets anymore. It's not allowed. I don't care what you did at Weymouth. This is not there. What have I got here? Oh, here's something – Haribo Starmix – picked the right girl there – I am a bit of a star, aren't I? I think they're one of your five a day, aren't they? I can throw those alright without Health and Safety having a cow about it. (*Throws SWEETS to AUDIENCE*) Now. We really must get on... (*CHORUS enter L&R*) Are we all on? Good

Song 4 - It's Not Where You Start (PARCELINE & CHORUS)

DBO

Scene 2 – At The Manor House Gates

(*MALVOLIO enters DSL*)

MALVOLIO: Poor fools. Poor fools. That's all I see. Here. There and everywhere. (*Glowers at AUDIENCE*) And what of me? What is my part? You who see my glowering complexion, take note! I am Malvolio. One and only steward to the beautiful Countess Olivia – to whom my heart is sworn.

There may be troubles ahead. There are those among the staff and guests at the Manor House who do not see me as a worthy suitor to her. But we will see. You will all see! I am in love! The Countess Olivia is a true beauty. Destined to belong to me! And I will make her mine. How could she resist a fine male specimen such as I? Is not my fettle fine? You may well ask. Soon, with fate on my side, her heart will be mine. And do you know what that will mean? Simple! I will be the Count! Count Malvolio! Soon all the lands seen here, near and far, will belong to me! And then there will be some changes made... For everybody! (*Exits DSL*)

REZNY enters DSR)

REZNY: Well, here we are. Oh... No we're not. (*Calls*)
Cezario! Oh, Cezario! Where are you?

(*CEZARIO enters DSR*)

CEZARIO: I have known a good many friends in my life, Rezny. But never one as fast as you! I would have asked you to slow yourself down but I couldn't carry my voice that far, let alone my frame. Anyway, we are here now. Where are we?

REZNY: This is that place I was telling you about. Where they need the help

CEZARIO: Oh, yes. That place. How do you know?

REZNY: My friends down on the quayside told me about this place. It belongs to the Countess Olivia

CEZARIO: Ah! And she wants a man? Such as me?

REZNY: Such as you. I mean, no. She doesn't want a man

CEZARIO: What am I doing here, then? I am a man

REZNY: You sure are. Cezario, Cezario. It doesn't matter what she thinks of you. You don't work for her

CEZARIO: I don't?

REZNY: You don't. You work for the Duke

CEZARIO: I do?

REZNY: You do

CEZARIO: But I've never met him

REZNY: That doesn't have to matter either. I've met him

CEZARIO: I see. Is he a friend of yours?

REZNY: Of mine? What? Me and the Duke? Friends? Oh, I should say so. That is... no. He's not a friend of mine

CEZARIO: Why are we here then?

REZNY: Because, Cezario, the Duke wishes to court the Countess. All you have to do is bring her flowers. That is all. For now

CEZARIO: I see! And that will make her fall in love with him!

REZNY: Hopefully

CEZARIO: Perhaps we should venture up to the house? We can be gathering flowers as we go

REZNY: Venture up? Oh, my dear Cezario. You're gonna fit in here a treat. Come on (*She exits DSL followed by CEZARIO*)

DBO

Scene 3 - The Withdrawing Room

(*A TABLE is set CS*

OLIVIA is CS trying on HATS.)

OLIVIA: (*Sings quietly*) Falling in love again. Never wanted to... What am I to do... (*CEZARIO enters USL with BOUQUET*) Yes? Can I help it? I mean, can I help you? Whoever you are?

CEZARIO: I am the Duke's, er... man. His page, milady

OLIVIA: And what is it that brings you here, young page?

CEZARIO: I have brought flowers, milady. A bouquet, for you. I am told you like flowers

OLIVIA: A strange turn for a young page, do you not think? A flower delivery boy

CEZARIO: The Duke, forgive me, my employer, thought you might like flowers

OLIVIA: The Duke, I think, believes that the heart of any woman may be purchased with flowers

CEZARIO: This is not the case?

OLIVIA: This is not the case, not always, in any case

CEZARIO: Not in this case, milady. I am sorry, milady

OLIVIA: I like you. You're funny. I like the way that you call me, milady, too. Call me it again

CEZARIO: Milady

OLIVIA: Have you a name, young page? I shouldn't be standing here calling you "young page" all afternoon. We might never become acquainted

CEZARIO: My name, milady? Ah, it is... Cezario

OLIVIA: A boyish name, Cezario

CEZARIO: Yes. I thought so too

OLIVIA: What do you think of this headgear, then? I suppose, as a young male, you have no interest in hats

CEZARIO: On the contrary. It makes you look young, milady

OLIVIA: Really? How kind. How old do you think I am?

CEZARIO: A gentleman should never question a lady about her age, milady

OLIVIA: Quite right. You are a canny page, young page. Your eyes show me that the sea is in your blood

CEZARIO: I have sailed the seven seas, milady

OLIVIA: Seven already... And were you scared of the cruel sea? I am

CEZARIO: I have respect for the sea, milady. Who wouldn't?

OLIVIA: The sea is like a gracious lady. It looks lively, restless, unfathomable. It should be viewed with respect. For who knows what lies beneath those cool waters. Were you alone when you travelled?

CEZARIO: No, milady. My twin sailed with me

OLIVIA: You have a twin? How clever. Is it of the same gender?

CEZARIO: As who?

OLIVIA: As you, silly. Is he a boy too?

CEZARIO: Yes, milady. Sebastian is... also a boy. At least, I hope he is. There was a deep storm. I lost sight of him

OLIVIA: I am sure he will return to you. You have the look of hope. That is all you will need, for now. Look at me. Look into my eyes. You have the look of a man but the eyes of a child. It puzzles me

CEZARIO: A person's look can sometimes appear deceptive, milady. Not deliberately

OLIVIA: You are right. A face is not revealed by its comportment. Clothes do not make the man

CEZARIO: Would you like me to light the fire?

OLIVIA: A fire? Here? Why?

CEZARIO: You've gone all shivery. Unless you're nervous about something

OLIVIA: Nervous? Me? Of whom? You? I am a full-grown woman. You are a mere boy. What have you to make me feel nervous of? It is the night air drawing in. Time to be battening down the hatches. Did you do those things at sea, young page? Labour in vain?

CEZARIO: I was merely travelling, milady. There was no need for me to work

OLIVIA: Lucky page

CEZARIO: If there is nothing further you require, milady. Perhaps I should leave. I have yet to travel to my quarters for the night

OLIVIA: Perhaps you should. I need to sleep. Tell your Duke I am grateful for his... gift to me. I will see you again, young page. First though, before you go. Say it to me one more time. Your voice will warm my dreams. Wish me good night, in that way you have, when you call me, milady

CEZARIO: Goodnight, milady

OLIVIA: Milady. Goodnight, young page. (*CEZARIO exits USL*) Cute. Came to deliver his master's love but gave me his own instead. Oh, goody! I'm in love again

Song 5 – I Wish I Were In Love again (OLIVIA)

(*OLIVIA exits USR*)

TOBY & ANDREW enter DSL)

TOBY: Well, well, Sir Andrew. My dear and constant companion. What ails you this mellow morning?

ANDREW: (*Bleary-eyed...*) What's that?

TOBY: I mean, what's what? How are you, man? Isn't it grand to be alive?

ANDREW: I don't know. I'll let you know when I am

TOBY: Brave Sir Andrew. A loose tile after a night on them. Come, come. To The Elephant again! The watering hole!

ANDREW: More drinking, Sir Toby? Not at this hour, surely? Anyway, I've forgotten what we were celebrating

TOBY: Your eternal good health, your Andrewship. What else? We're going to drink to everybody else's health until we ruin our own. You're gaining weight, Sir Andrew! Methinks you'll be slowing me down. After all, we are up and awake. What could be better?

ANDREW: Bitter?

TOBY: Better

ANDREW: I've noticed, the more I eat meat, the less I am well met. My wit diminishes. I fear, Sir Toby, that old age has me putting on weight

TOBY: Old age, Sir Andrew? I'll hear none of it. You hold as many years as me

ANDREW: You've worn better than me, Sir Toby. The years have been kinder to you. My years have tricked me into believing myself a young athlete, when, in reality, an old man gyrates lamely before you

TOBY: I'll hear none of it, I say! Look at yourself in the light of this room. You're lit better here, for a start...

ANDREW: You could be right, I'll say. Perhaps you are, at that.

This leg, in particular, does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock

TOBY: Indeed?

ANDREW: Yes, indeed. I could have played for the Manchester United football club but for one thing

TOBY: Which was?

ANDREW: I have no idea where Manchester is

TOBY: Time's a wasting. A beautiful Countess awaits your pleasure

ANDREW: Lucky thing... Whereabouts?

TOBY: Yonder

ANDREW: Is this nearby?

TOBY: Calm, calm. Sir Andrew. One can lead a horse to water but not a fish

ANDREW: Well, quite...

TOBY: The game is fresh. We must press on

ANDREW: We must? Oh, Sir Toby. This life of abandon empties me. I would head for home if I knew where it was

TOBY: Your head?

ANDREW: My home. The spirit may be willing but the flesh is weak, at least once this week...

TOBY: Yes, yes. We may be losing track. I have a plan

ANDREW: A plan? For me? Go on

TOBY: Like all my great plans, it is a *leetle* complicated. I'd explain it to you over a drink but...

ANDREW: No, no. Tobester. No more supping ales for the time being. What is the plan?

TOBY: You marry her

ANDREW: Famous stuff. Surely, that is the very end of the plan? What before?

TOBY: Well, before all of the nuptials, there has to be some

swing time

ANDREW: Interesting... You know this Countess well?

TOBY: She has the luck to be my niece

ANDREW: Wait! I have a familiarity with your nieces of old, Sir Toby. Why would she want an uncle such as you to represent her?

TOBY: She's lonely, poor soul. Her only husband left her less than a year since

ANDREW: Stout fellow. Sick of the sight, no doubt

TOBY: Sick and tired. He is no more

ANDREW: Ah! She mourns. I see your plan, Tobester. My course is clear. I must impress her

TOBY: With your looks and charms

ANDREW: Well, quite

TOBY: When I think of the times and the girls in your past, I grow quite weak with mirth. A towel, a towel for my eyes

ANDREW: Fair swap... ah! Here's one on the table here

(TOBY grasps the tablecloth and removes it from the table. He moves DSR, oblivious to the fact and is followed by an equally oblivious ANDREW. The billiard table is revealed)

TOBY: Of course, I never take on

ANDREW: Who would? You never married yourself, Sir Toby?

TOBY: I did consider it, of course. But, the church, Sir Andrew. The church

ANDREW: A lovely old thing

TOBY: Would have been nice... Better than nothing... *(They turn UC and see the table)* And... Great Scott! Who left that there?

ANDREW: Scotty stuff! And, how, more's to the point, did it come to be there? It was not there before

TOBY: Not the sort of thing one could overlook. It's a billiard table, isn't it? I saw one once. In India...

ANDREW: But, then, how?

TOBY: Maybe someone crept on?

ANDREW: With a billiard table? And how, pray, does one creep on with a billiard table?

TOBY: Well, I'll admit...

ANDREW: It could be a gift

TOBY: A gift? In what way a gift?

ANDREW: Well... Well... I know, a gift by one who likes to make his presents felt! Har de har!

TOBY: Felt? It's baize

ANDREW: Well, one who likes to make his presents baize... no, that doesn't quite work

TOBY: Apropos that. I used to be quite a hand at the billiards, you know. Back in the day

ANDREW: Really? Which day was this?

TOBY: Before your time, Sir Andrew. I could spin and shift. Hawk and turn

ANDREW: Hawk?

TOBY: And turn. I could give a man the best of three hundred and be in the cue rack before he knew the time

ANDREW: Impressive stuff. Sounds it, anyway

TOBY: What about a game?

ANDREW: But, Toby. We have not got the balls

TOBY: Good point

ANDREW: A point!

TOBY: I mean, what shall we use for the balls?

ANDREW: Ah! Oh... Another good point. What's over here? It looks like a sack of potatoes...

(REZNY enters DSL)

REZNY: Oy. Oy. Somebody say Zing? What's occurring here, gentlemen?

ANDREW: Ah! These spuds, young fool. Do they to you belong?

REZNY: These potatoes are my possession, Sir Andrew. If that is the information that you forage for. (*To AUDIENCE*) Talk funny, these two, don't they? Like Obi Wan Kenobi sometimes

TOBY: We mean to play at yon table, young fool. The game of *billy ards*

ANDREW: (*Gravely*) This game requires balls

TOBY: Like potatoes

REZNY: Me too - especially as chips... Oh, I get you. You want to use potatoes in the place of balls

ANDREW: Yes, that's what we mean, young fool. That is what we mean, Sir Toby, ist?

TOBY: Of course ist. Young fool, how many spuds... I mean, potatoes, shall we require?

REZNY: Three is normal for bill yards, Sir Toby

ANDREW: Three? For us two?

REZNY: And one for the pot. A red one (*REZNY hands out POTATOES and CUES from OFF*) Here, take your cue from me

ANDREW: A red potato!

REZNY: Not something you hear every day. Yes, Sir Andrew. Sir Toby and your good self, need a white ball each. The third is red. You get three for that

ANDREW: I'm confused

TOBY: It's all in the potting, Sir Andrew. I pot yours or mine for two and if I pot the red I get three

ANDREW: But...we're running out of potatoes. You've got two and I've got three... and this one has an eye

TOBY: So much the better, Andros. The eye will help you to spot your ball from mine. Mine has no eye. There

ANDREW: I see... Astute. Astute

TOBY: Bless you. Now, then, first and foremost

ANDREW: The first being first
TOBY: And the fourth being most
TOBY: Could you clear the table?
ANDREW: As easily done as it was said. Of course, I shall need a run-up
TOBY: I don't mean like that. Give me a break... Rezny! More singing required. Save the ale to quench our thirsts after the event

ANDREW: Perhaps a little running on the spot first, by way of exercise

Song 6 – You've Got To Pick A Pocket (REZNY, TOBY & ANDREW)

(MALVOLIO enters USL He stands CS as the others dance around him)

MALVOLIO: What, in the name of all that's holy, what the devil is going on here? It is the middle of the night

ANDREW: The best part, the best part

MALVOLIO: For you, good sirs but not for the rest

TOBY: A rest! He said a rest!

ANDREW: I am under arrest?" Geddit? I am under a rest! Har de har!

MALVOLIO: Drink has clearly been taken this eve. Gentlemen! Some need to sleep without caterwauling jeers and cheers

TOBY: What of it man? Are you to say that because you are virtuous there will be no more cakes and ale?

MALVOLIO: Perhaps your party mood would be better suited to the, let us see, to the street? *(He exits DSL)*

TOBY: *(Deflated)* He can't talk to us like that

ANDREW: He just did

TOBY: Well, yes. He can talk to you like that. But not me. I am family

(PARCELINE enters DSR)

PARCELINE: A family assortment, it seems

ANDREW: If we're being thrown out, do we get a drink now or what?

TOBY: Yes, yes. Of course. Rezny, my dear musician. Feed the parched swallow would you? I need time to think

(REZNY fetches DRINKS from OFF)

PARCELINE: Really, Sir Toby? The sun is nearly up already

TOBY: You'll see, my good woman, what a man armed with wit and bluster may achieve. Why, if I held my breath and counted to ten, great men would quake in their boots

ANDREW: Me too, me too. If I held my breath I could count to a hundred

PARCELINE: If you hold your breath, we'll ALL count to a hundred

ANDREW: A clever wench, this one. Tobias. Could she pass for a Countess, though?

PARCELINE: No. But I can write like she does

REZNY: Aha! What a thought!

TOBY: Good thinking, gentlewoman. I can see you may adopt a cunning ruse! That would show this supercilious Malvolio a thing or two

PARCELINE: And more besides

ANDREW: Wait! I've got an idea...

TOBY: We've ALL got an idea, Anders

ANDREW: Yes but...

TOBY: No buts. You're thinking, why don't we get Parceline to write a letter for Malvolio and make it look like it's from the countess

ANDREW: Am I? Oh, yes. Yes. Admirable idea. Famous stuff!

PARCELINE: Well done you

TOBY: Quite a brain you've got there

ANDREW: Oh, well, you know. It keeps the rain off...

PARCELINE: And I can put in all her favourite expressions. All her thisses and thats

ANDREW: And the other
PARCELINE: Well, quite
TOBY: Think you can get it all done by nightfall?
PARCELINE: Easily
TOBY: Till tonight then. Good night, clever wench
PARCELINE: Good evening, friends!

(ALL exit DSR)

DBO