Orsino
Scene 1

Orsino: O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, methought she purged the air of pestilence.

[Enter Viola]
Viola: I'll serve this duke. Present me as a servingman.

Orsino: [to Viola] Unfold the passion of my love to Olivia. Prosper well in this, and thou shalt live as freely as thy lord.

Viola as Cesario: I'll do my best to woo your lady.
    [aside] Yet a barful strife! for him I woo, myself would be his wife.
Viola
/
Cesario
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Feste
Scene 2

Feste:   Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia:  Can you do it?

Feste:   Dexteriously, good lady.

Olivia:  Make your proof.

Feste:   Good lady, why mournest thou?

Olivia:  Good fool, for my brother's death.

Feste:   I think his soul is in hell, good lady.

Olivia:  I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Feste:   The more fool, good lady, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
Olivia
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Malvolio
Scene 3

Malvolio: Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.

Olivia: What kind of man is he?

Malvolio: Very well-favored and he speaks very shrewishly.

Olivia: Let him approach. [Enter Cesario] What is your parentage?

Viola as Cesario: Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentle . . . man.

Olivia: [aside] “I am a gentle . . . man.” I’ll be sworn thou art.
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.

Viola: [aside] My master loves her dearly, and I, poor monster, fond as much
on him, and she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!
Olivia
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Maria
Scene 4

Maria: [to all but Malvolio] I will drop in his way some obscure epistle of love.

Toby: He shall think, by the letters that you drop, that she's in love with him.

Malvolio: [musing, NOT to others on stage] To be Count Malvolio! There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe . . .

Toby: [aside] Fire and brimstone!

Malvolio: [musing] Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state – in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed where I have left Olivia sleeping . . .

Toby: [aside] Bolts and shackles!

Malvolio: [musing] And saying, “Cousin Toby, you must amend your ways” . . .

Toby: [aside] Out, scab!

Malvolio: [musing] You must not waste your time with that foolish knight . . .

Andrew: [to Toby, with excitement] That's me, I warrant you!

Malvolio: [musing] One Sir Andrew . . .

Andrew: [to Toby] I knew 'twas I!

Malvolio: [sees letter] What have we here? [picks it up] “To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes. M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.” Every one of these letters are in my name! “Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered, and smiling.” I will smile. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Toby: [to Andrew] I could marry this wench for this device.

Fabian: [to Maria] If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.
Sir
Toby
Belch
Scene 4

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Antonio
Scene 5

Antonio: This youth you see here is the one I snatched out of the jaws of death. [To Viola] Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

Viola, as Cesario: [aside] He named Sebastian, O, if it prove true, tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!

Olivia: [to Sebastian] Go with me to my house. Do not deny.

Sebastian: What relish is in this? How runs the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream!

Olivia: Would'st thou be ruled by me!

Sebastian: Madam, I will!

Olivia: Go with me and with this holy man.

Sebastian: I'll follow this good man, and go with you, and having sworn truth, ever will be true!
Cesario
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Feste/
Sir Topas
Scene 6

Maria: Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate.
Feste, as Sir Topas: Out, hyperbolical fiend!
Malvolio: I am not mad, Sir Topas!
Feste: Good bye, Sir Topas!
Malvolio: Fool! Get me some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady Olivia.
Maria
Scene 6

Maria: Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate.
Feste, as Sir Topas: Out, hyperbolical fiend!
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Scene 6

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Sebastian
Scene 7

Olivia: Cesario, husband, stay.
Orsino: Husband?
Viola, as Cesario: Not I, my lord!
Sebastian: I am sorry, madam.
Orsino: One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons. A natural perspective, that is and is not!
Olivia: Most wonderful!
Orsino: Give me thy hand, and let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Viola: The captain that did bring me first on shore hath my maid's garments.
Viola
/
Cesario
Scene 7

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Malvolio
Scene 8

Malvolio: Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Olivia: Have I, Malvolio?

Malvolio: Lady, you have. Pray you peruse this letter. You must not now deny it is your hand.

Olivia: This is not my writing. ‘Tis Maria's!

Fabian: Maria writ the letter at Sir Toby’s great importance, in recompense whereof he hath married her.

Malvolio: I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you!
Olivia
Scene 8

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