Cut it out—and write!

*Twelfth Night*, 1.2

*Directions:*

1. Get together with a group of 3 or 4.
2. Read the following scene out loud, either by assigning roles or changing readers every time a role changes.
3. Note that the scene is 64 lines long.
4. Together and with total agreement, cut 50% or a total of 32 lines.
5. *Warning*: Don’t cut anything because you’re not sure what it means.

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|  | *Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.* |
|  | **VIOLA** What country, friends, is this? |
|  | **CAPTAIN** This is Illyria, lady. |
|  | **VIOLA** |
|  | And what should I do in Illyria? |
|  | My brother he is in Elysium. |
| *5* | Perchance he is not drowned.–What think you, sailors? |
|  | **CAPTAIN** |
|  | It is perchance that you yourself were saved. |
|  | **VIOLA** |
|  | O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be. |
|  | **CAPTAIN** |
|  | True, madam. And to comfort you with chance, |
|  | Assure yourself, after our ship did split, |
| *10* | When you and those poor number saved with you |
|  | Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother, |
|  | Most provident in peril, bind himself |
|  | (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice) |
|  | To a strong mast that lived upon the sea, |
| *15* | Where, like Arion on the dolphin’s back, |
|  | I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves |
|  | So long as I could see. |
|  | **VIOLA***, giving him money* |
|  | For saying so, there’s gold. |
|  | Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope, |
| *20* | Whereto thy speech serves for authority, |
|  | The like of him. Know’st thou this country? |
|  | **CAPTAIN** |
|  | Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born |
|  | Not three hours’ travel from this very place. |
|  | **VIOLA** Who governs here? |
|  | **CAPTAIN** |
| *25* | A noble duke, in nature as in name. |
|  | **VIOLA** What is his name? |
|  | **CAPTAIN** Orsino. |
|  | **VIOLA** |
|  | Orsino. I have heard my father name him. |
|  | He was a bachelor then. |
|  | **CAPTAIN** |
| *30* | And so is now, or was so very late; |
|  | For but a month ago I went from hence, |
|  | And then ’twas fresh in murmur (as, you know, |
|  | What great ones do the less will prattle of) |
|  | That he did seek the love of fair Olivia. |
| *35* | **VIOLA** What’s she? |
|  | **CAPTAIN** |
|  | A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count |
|  | That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her |
|  | In the protection of his son, her brother, |
|  | Who shortly also died, for whose dear love, |
| *40* | They say, she hath abjured the sight |
|  | And company of men. |
|  | **VIOLA** O, that I served that lady, |
|  | And might not be delivered to the world |
|  | Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, |
|  | What my estate is. |
|  | **CAPTAIN** That were hard to compass |
| *45* | Because she will admit no kind of suit, |
|  | No, not the Duke’s. |
|  | **VIOLA** |
|  | There is a fair behavior in thee, captain, |
|  | And though that nature with a beauteous wall |
|  | Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee |
| *50* | I will believe thou hast a mind that suits |
|  | With this thy fair and outward character. |
|  | I prithee—and I’ll pay thee bounteously— |
|  | Conceal me what I am, and be my aid |
|  | For such disguise as haply shall become |
| *55* | The form of my intent. I’ll serve this duke. |
|  | Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him. |
|  | It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing |
|  | And speak to him in many sorts of music |
|  | That will allow me very worth his service. |
| *60* | What else may hap, to time I will commit. |
|  | Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. |
|  | **CAPTAIN** |
|  | Be you his eunuch, and your mute I’ll be. |
|  | When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see. |
|  | **VIOLA** I thank thee. Lead me on. |