

Twelfth Night Cast List
4 Male, 3 Female, and 1 M/F

FESTE (M): A jester/clown. Shudder.

VIOLA/CESARIO (F) a woman who disguises herself as a man to get a job. (Has anything changed in four centuries?)

DUKE ORSINO (M) heartbroken over his inability to get anywhere with Olivia. He is very uncomfortable with androgyny.

OLIVIA (F) Mourning her lost brother. He went over to Scientology.

SEBASTIAN (M): Viola's brother and purveyor of chicken fingers.

MALVOLIO (M): Straight-laced steward who thinks he's all that.

SIR TOBY BELCH (M): Eats too much, drinks too much, and has acid reflux.

MARIA (F): Sharp as a nail. A rusty, lockjaw-inducing nail.

Sample Pages

Scene 1: a beach in Illyria

(Lights up. FESTE enters and begins blowing up a balloon.)

VIOLA: *(Dramatically staggers on stage and speaks without looking at FESTE.)* Oh the horror!

FESTE: What is it? What happened?

VIOLA: A ship's mutiny! I barely escaped with my life! I've never seen such monstrous inhumanity! *(She looks at FESTE and steps back in fear.)* Until now.

FESTE: *(Releases balloon.)* Listen, sister –

VIOLA: What happened to you? Why are you so hideously disfigured? Opera accident?

FESTE: This is makeup. I'm a clown.

VIOLA: A . . . clown?

FESTE: Yes, a clown. *(VIOLA starts backing away.)* Where are you going?

VIOLA: Back to the ship. I'm sure the mutiny is over. And they've put out the fires. And pulled the iceberg out of the hull.

FESTE: *(Crosses in front of VIOLA, blocking her way.)* You can't leave.

VIOLA: *(Stares at FESTE and backs the other way while he follows.)* Why not?

FESTE: Right now you are my entire audience. You have to see the show.

VIOLA: I think I've heard about your show. Usually it's in a storm drain, isn't it?

FESTE: Hey, that's where the King put me. I didn't have a choice. I only made pennies a day.

VIOLA: That makes you Pennywise. *(She tries to run but FESTE grabs her by the sleeve.)* Let me go! Let me go!

FESTE: I will make you a balloon animal if you stay.

VIOLA: Let me—a balloon animal?

FESTE: Yes. Anything you want. *(Starts blowing up a balloon.)*

VIOLA: Can I have a puppy?

FESTE: One puppy coming up. *(Twists and contorts balloon. Then hands it to VIOLA.)*

VIOLA: *(Looks at it dubiously.)* This is a puppy?

FESTE: Part of a puppy. *(Look from VIOLA.)* The lower intestinal tract. *(Smiles weakly.)* So . . .

VIOLA: Viola.

FESTE: Viola? Oh. Didn't have the chops to be named Violin? *(Laughs overly.)*

VIOLA: Don't go there.

FESTE: Right. My name is Feste.

VIOLA: And you're making fun of my name?

FESTE: Don't go there. *(Beat.)* So, what caused the mutiny on your ship?

VIOLA: They ran out of chicken fingers in the buffet line. *(FESTE stares.)* The crowd got pretty ugly. *(FESTE stares.)* It was a cruise ship. *(Beat.)* Anyway, I'm at loose ends and looking for work. Need an assistant for your . . . clown work?

FESTE: Any experience with cream pies?

VIOLA: No.

FESTE: Seltzer bottles?

VIOLA: No.

FESTE: Slasher films?

VIOLA: No.

FESTE: Then I don't need you. You could try my employer, Lady Olivia –

VIOLA: Great, I'll do that.

FESTE: Except that she has secluded herself. She is mourning the loss of her brother.

VIOLA: Oh. Sickness? Murder?

FESTE: Scientology.

VIOLA: Yikes. And I thought I had trouble with a Cruise.

FESTE: Hey. Leave the punning to the professionals.

VIOLA: Sorry.

FESTE: Or you could also work for Lord Orsino –

VIOLA: I'll do that, then.

FESTE: But he is hiring only men. He was jilted by Lady Olivia. He turned his entire castle into the He-Man Woman-Haters Club. No women allowed.

VIOLA: I'll just apply as a man.

FESTE: You can't.

VIOLA: Why?

FESTE: Y is exactly the chromosome you're missing.

VIOLA: I'll just dress like a man.

FESTE: I don't think so. You're pretty girlie. (*VIOLA starts to take off dress.*) Hold it right there, sister. This is Illyria, not France. We've got laws about . . . (*VIOLA is out of dress wearing leggings and tunic that were underneath.*) Oh. Excuse me, sir. We haven't met. I'm Feste.

VIOLA: Feste, it's me. Viola.

FESTE: Wow. Pants really do make the man. This could work. Come on; I'll introduce you to Lord Orsino.

MALVOLIO: (*Enters.*) I wonder if Lady Olivia prefers (*Reveals bicep and flexes.*) a manly bicep or (*Lifts up his shirt and flexes abs*) or a rippling six pack.

FESTE: It looks like the whole keg to me.

MALVOLIO: Ah, Feste. Shouldn't you be off ruining someone's childhood memories?

VIOLA: Who are you?

MALVOLIO: The future Mr. Lady Olivia. (*Beat.*) That came out wrong.

FESTE: This is the wet-blanket steward of Lady Olivia's house, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO: And I am the president of the Keep our Beaches Beautiful committee. (*Looks at FESTE with disdain.*) And I see a class one violation. I'm writing you a ticket.

FESTE: Write all the tickets you want. It will just be more litter on the beach. (*Points to audience.*) I've finally got an audience to entertain.

MALVOLIO: (*Notices audience.*) And who are these people? I thought they cleared the riff-raff from the beaches. (*Points out to some audience members.*) And what are you grumbling about over there?

VIOLA: (*Looks closer at audience members.*) You must excuse them. They appear to be poor, bedraggled refugees like myself.

MALVOLIO: Refugees? From where?

FESTE: I'd guess _____. (*Use name of your rival city or school here.*)

MALVOLIO: (*Looks closer.*) They do look rather downtrodden.

VIOLA: No, they are refugees from a cruise ship. Didn't you notice the scent of coconut oil?

MALVOLIO: Ah, and I see that they have several ill-considered tattoos.

FESTE: Alas, the combination of poor judgment and duty-free alcohol.