

**HENRY VI / TWELFTH NIGHT / MACBETH – FEMALE – UNDER 30-ish**

**VIOLA**

**(disguised as a man – Olivia has “returned” a ring that Viola never gave her)**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!  
She made good view of me; indeed, so much  
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.  
I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
My master loves her dearly;  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
What will become of this?  
O time! Thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

**(disguised as a man – speaking to the man she loves)**

My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed  
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

**OLIVIA**

**(thinking about her conversation with the disguised Viola)**

'What is your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;  
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art!  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast; soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. 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. What ho, Malvolio!  
Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,  
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.  
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

**MARIA**

**(planning a trick on Malvolio)**

For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. He is an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

**HENRY VI / TWELFTH NIGHT / MACBETH – FEMALE – UNDER 30-ish**

**LADY MACBETH**  
**(learning about the witches' prophecy for Macbeth)**

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full of the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.

**LADY MACBETH**  
**(learning that Duncan is coming to visit their castle)**

Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts; unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,  
Stop up th'access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose. Come to my woman's breasts  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

**LADY MACBETH**  
**(sleepwalking and reliving the murder of Duncan)**

Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One, two. Why, then, 'tis time to do't.  
Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we  
fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who  
would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?  
The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands  
ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all  
with this starting. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of  
Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Wash your hands, put on your  
nightgown. Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he  
cannot come out of his grave. To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the  
gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot  
be undone. To bed, to bed.

**FESTE**  
**(pretending to be Sir Topas to trick Malvolio, who is locked up)**

[Singing]  
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.  
'My lady is unkind, perdee.'

*[Hears Malvolio]* Master Malvolio? Alas, sir, how fell you besides your  
five wits? Advise you what you say; the minister is here. *[as Sir Topas]*  
Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to  
sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble. Maintain no words with him,  
good fellow. *[as himself]* Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God be with you, good  
Sir Topas. *[as Sir Topas]* Marry, amen. *[as himself]* I will, sir, I will. *[to*  
*Malvolio]* Alas, sir, be patient. I am shent for speaking to you. But tell  
me true, are you not mad indeed? Or do you but counterfeit?