

HENRY VI / TWELFTH NIGHT / MACBETH – MALE – OVER 30-ish

MALVOLIO

(imagining being married to his noble employer, Olivia)

To be Count Malvolio! Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby.

Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and perchance wind up a watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech: you must amend your drunkenness.'

MALVOLIO

(reading a fake letter that makes him think Olivia loves him)

I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript:

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well.'

Jove, I thank thee! I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

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?

JACK CADE

(A commoner working the crowd to incite a rebellion)

We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father, command silence. My father was a Mortimer, my mother a Plantagenet. Valiant I am, able to endure much. I fear neither sword nor fire. Be brave, then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and when I am king, as king I will be – I thank you, good people – there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score. And I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers! Some say the bee stings, but I say 'tis the bee's wax – for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.

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KING DUNCAN

(honoring Macbeth for winning the battle against the traitor Cawdor)

Is execution done on Cawdor? There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. [to Macbeth] O, worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know:
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK

(has been sent to fight a rebellion in Ireland, but is making plans to return and take the crown)

Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution.
Be that thou hope'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.

Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lacked, and you will give them me.
I take it kindly; and yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell.
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscovered come to me again
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
Then from Ireland come I with my strength
And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed.