

SCENE 1-FIRST ASSEMBLY

Audience is checked in and directed to the gym for the assembly. As they are seated, a member of the company pulls them aside to another room to share a forbidden booze, conveniently disguised as a normal (soda can? Capri sun? Milk cartons?). VIOLA is getting ready for school at a vanity outside the theater. She tapes her breasts down, combs her hair, puts on male clothing, and pencils on a thin, unconvincing mustache.

VIOLA

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall
become
The form of my intent. I'll serve
this dude:
I shall present me as a dude to
him:
That will allow me very worth his
service.
What else may hap to time I will
commit;
Only shape me my silence to my wit.

At curtain, PRINCIPAL FESTE and HALL MONITORS collect any wayward students from the courtyard and bring them to the assembly.
A school bell rings.

PRINCIPAL FESTE

Welcome students! This first day of
classes, we would like to
congratulate the class of 2000 for
making it this far. Before we
begin, let us stand and say the
Pledge of Allegiance.

FESTE, STUDENTS, and HALL MONITORS coax audience to stand with them to say the pledge of allegiance together.

ALL

I pledge allegiance
To the flag
Of the United States of America
And to the republic
For which it stands
One Nation, under God
Indivisible, with Liberty and
Justice for All.

PRINCIPAL FESTE

You may be seated.

(A pause. ANDREW still stands, looking at the flag, hand over his heart)

YOU MAY BE SEATED.

(a pause)

MR. AGUECHEEK. YOU MAY BE-

ANDY

Sorry.

PRINCIPAL FESTE

Thank you. Welcome all, to Illyria Prep. Before we begin the school day, a few announcements. Our thoughts and prayers are with Olivia Davenport after the death of her father and brother over the summer. On a lighter note, I'd like to welcome our new student, Sebastian Horowitz! Sebastian transferred in from Elysium High in Elmdale. I expect that you will all make him feel very welcome.

On to announcements.

She looks around at the obviously inattentive students.

PRINCIPAL FESTE (CONT'D)

Some are born great?

STUDENTS

Some achieve greatness.

PRINCIPAL FESTE

Very good. Now, in light of recent national events, this afternoon we'll be conducting a-

FESTE continues mouthing words as lights shift to ORSINO, listening to a Walkman- his voice and "Champagne Supernova" play over loudspeakers.

ORSINO (V.O.)

If music be the food of love, play on.

Give me excess of it that surfeiting

The appetite may sicken and so die.

(MORE)

ORSINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That strain again, it had a dying
 fall
 O it came o'er my ear like the
 sweet south
 That breathes upon a bank of
 violets
 Stealing and giving odor. Enough,
 no more.

Music cuts out.

ORSINO (V.O.)
 It is not so sweet as it was
 before.

LIGHTS on ORSINO as he strolls down the center aisle to stare
 at OLIVIA

ORSINO

As it was, I was the first person
 at Ilyria Prep to set eyes on
 Olivia. It was her first day at
 school.

ORSINO walks down the aisle to stare at OLIVIA.

ORSINO (CONT'D)
 I'm sitting in class enjoying a
 late breakfast when out of all the
 classrooms in the entire school,
 she walks into mine. And where does
 the teacher sit her? Right next to
 me! Now, up until now, one could
 write this off to coincidence. But
 then she reaches in her bag and
 pulls out a Wild Berry Pop-Tart -
 the very same breakfast pastry I
 was consuming at that moment!

Walking on the Sun by Smashmouth begins. Olivia heads to her
 locker, with Orsino close behind. She slams it shut just as
 he's about to talk to her. They head up the center aisle and
 Olivia begins the Pledge of Allegiance as Orsino starts to
 talk to her. Olivia rushes to the window to sit and study a
 composition book marked "Debate". Orsino sees her, and runs
 to grab another book with "Debate" on the cover. As he looks
 down to scribble out the 'E' and 'B', Olivia moseys away.
 Headphones.

ORSINO (CONT'D)

Music to hear, why hear'st thou
 music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy
 delights in joy.
 Why lovest thou that which thou
 receivest not gladly,
 Or else receivest with pleasure
 thine annoy?

Orsino makes one final gesture and yanks the curtains open to reveal a giant Pop-Tart art, spelling "Homecoming?" She is nowhere to be seen.

What was I to do? How was I to
 proceed?

VIOLA

Know'st thou this country?

VALENTINE

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
 born
 Not three minutes travel from this
 very place. I walk to school.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

VALENTINE

A noble dude, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is the name?

VALENTINE

Orsino.

VIOLA

Orsino! I have heard my father name
 him:
 He was a single freshman then.

VALENTINE

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.

VIOLA

Who's she?

VALENTINE

A total babe, the daughter of a cop
That died some twelvemonth since,
then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her
brother, Who shortly also died: for
whose dear love, They say, she hath
abjured the company And sight 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!

VALENTINE

That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of
suit, No, not even Dude's.

PRINCIPAL FESTE

MR. VALENTINE. I see you've
volunteered to give Sebastian a
tour of the school?

VALENTINE

Yes, Ms. Feste...sir.

P. Feste continues to mouth words as VALENTINE and VIOLA
scoot over to sit with ORSINO

ORSINO

How now? What news from her?

VALENTINE

Tough break, bro.
The element itself, till seven
years' heat, Shall not behold her
face at ample view; But, like a
cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber
round With eye-offending brine: all
this to season A brother's dead
love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

I burn! I pine! I perish!

VALENTINE

Of course you do. You know she's beautiful and deep. Pure.

TOBY BELCH, MARIA enter, late for school again

TOBY

TOROS! TOROS!

MARIA

WE SO HORNY!

VALENTINE

And here's the jock squad.

TOBY

What a plague means my cousin, to take the death of her brother thus? I'm sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA

By my troth, Toby, you must pay better attention to my notes.

TOBY

Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

TOBY

Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own jock straps.

MARIA

That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish Toro that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

TOBY

Who, Andy Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he

TOBY

He's as sporting a man as any's in
Illyria

MARIA

What's that to the purpose?

TOBY

Why, he's our new star quarterback.

MARIA

Ay, but he'll have but a year as a
star: he's a very fool and a
prodigal.

TOBY

Fie, that you'll say so! he plays
o' the violet Game Boy, and speaks
three or four languages
word for word without book, and
hath all the good
gifts of nature.

MARIA

He hath indeed, almost natural: for
besides that he's a fool, he's a
great quarreller: and but that
he hath the gift of a coward to
allay the gust he hath in
quarrelling, 'tis thought among the
prudes he would quickly have the
gift of a grave.

TOBY

By this hand, they are majorly
bogus that say so of him. Who are
they?

MARIA

They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company.

TOBY

With drinking healths to my cousin:
I'll drink to her as long as there
is a passage in my throat and
drink in Illyria: he's a coward and
a coystrill that will not drink to
her till his brains fry like an egg
in a drug PSA. What, wench!
Castiliano vulgo! for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface.

ANDY

Toby Belch! how now, Captain Toby
Belch!

TOBY

Dude, don't do that I've told you
it's weird

ANDY

Sorry. Hey Maria

MARIA

Hey.

TOBY

Accost, Andrew, Accost.

ANDY

What's that?

TOBY

My girlfriend. You mistake,
'accost' is front her, board her,
woo her, assail her.

ANDY

By my troth, I would not undertake
her in this company. Is that the
meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

TOBY

An thou let part so, Sir Andrew,
would thou mightst
never don jersey again.
An you part so, mistress, I would I
might never draw sword again. Fair
lady, do you think you have
fools in pocket?

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by the pocket.

ANDY

Marry, but you shall have; and
here's my pocket.

MARIA

Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray
you, bring your hand to the buttery-
bar and let it drink.

ANDY

Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

MARIA

It's dry, sir.

ANDY

Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA

A dry jest, sir.

ANDY

Are you full of them?

MARIA

Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

TOBY

O knight thou lackest cojones: when did I see thee so put down?

ANDY

Never in your life, I think; unless you see cojones put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

TOBY

No question.

ANDY

An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

ANDY

What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? I
would I had
bestowed that time in the tongues
that I have in
football, lacross, and pole-vault:
O, had I but
followed the arts!

TOBY

Then hadst thou had an excellent
head of hair.

ANDY

Why, would that have mended my
hair?

TOBY

Past question; for thou seest it
will not curl by nature.

ANDY

But it becomes me well enough,
does't not?

TOBY

Excellent; it hangs like grass on a
chia pet; and I hope to see a hot
chick take thee between her legs
and spin it off.

ANDY

Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir
Toby: your cousin will not be seen;
or if she be, it's four to one
she'll none of me: the count
himself here hard by woos her.

TOBY

She'll none o' the count: she'll
not match below
her grade, neither at homecoming,
pizza parlors, nor wit; I
have heard her swear't. Tut,
there's life in't, man.

ANDY

I'll try a month longer. I am a
fellow o' the strangest mind i' the
world; I delight in masques and
revels sometimes altogether.

TOBY

What shall we do else? Are we not
Toros?

ANDY

Toros!
That's sides and heart.

TOBY

No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let
me see the
caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!
excellent!

PRINCIPAL FESTE

-have it real easy. I never had it
like this where I grew up. But I
sent my kids here because the fact
is you go to one of the best
schools in the country: Illyria.
Now, for some of you it doesn't
matter. You were born rich and
you're going to stay rich. But
here's my advice to the rest of
you: Take dead aim on the rich
kids. Get them in the crosshairs
and take them down. Just remember,
they can buy anything but they
can't buy backbone. Don't let them
forget it.

Now. Some are born great.

STUDENTS

Some achieve greatness.

PRINCIPAL FESTE

Great. Now get to class.

BELL RINGS

SCENE 2- FIRST PASSING

THE STUDENTS walk in various places in the group. General
conversation with audience members "Man I hate this school".
"Welcome to Illyria, I'm___" etc.
VIOLA, VAL, and ORSINO lead the group

VALENTINE

If the duke continue these favors
towards you, Sebastian, you are
like to be much advanced: he hath
known you but three days, and
already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

You either fear his humour or my
negligence, that you call in
question the continuance of his
love: is he inconstant, sir, in his
favours?

VALENTINE

No, believe me!

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the dude.

DUDE ORSINO

Who saw Sebastian, yo!

VIOLA

On your perfect attendance, my
lord, here!

DUDE ORSINO

Stand you a while aloof, Sebastian,
Thou know'st no less but all; I
have unclasp'd To thee the book
even of my secret soul: Therefore,
good youth, address thy gait unto
her; Be not denied access, stand at
her doors, And tell her, there thy
fixed foot shall grow Till thou
have audience.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble dude, If she be so
abandon'd to her sorrow As it is
spoke, she never will admit me

DUDE ORSINO

Be clamorous and leap all civil
bounds Rather than make unprofited
return.

VIOLA

Say I do speak with her, what then?

DUDE ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my
love, Surprise her with discourse of
my dear faith: It shall become thee
well to act my woes

VIOLA

I think not so.

DUDE ORSINO

C'mon, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy
years, That say thou art a man:
Princess Diana's lip was not more
smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as a chick's organ, shrill and
sound, And all is semblative a
woman's part. I know thy
constellation is right apt
For this affair.

VIOLA

I'll do my best
To woo your lady:
Aside yet, a bogus strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his
wife.

BLOCK 1, SCENE A- MAOI

MAL

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune
Maria once told me she did affect
me: and I have heard herself come
thus near, that, should she fancy,
it should be one of my complexion.
Besides, she uses me with a more
exalted respect than anyone else
that follows her.'Tis What should I
think on't?
To be Malivia!
Olival?
God, why is nothing as catchy as
Billary? Or Bennifer.
Seventeen magazine didn't prepare
me for this.

Sliding down to rest against the lockers, she takes a beat up
teen mag out of her bag and flips open to a quiz.

MAL (CONT'D)

Is he Really Into You?
1.

(MORE)

MAL (CONT'D)

Does he pass you a note when you arrive in first period?

- A. Sometimes
- B. Not usually, but occasionally
- C. Yes, all the time

2. Do they call you just to check up on you?

- A. All the time
- B. Usually
- C. Once in a while

3. Do they talk about you to their friends, or to yours?

- A. All the time
- B. No
- C. Sometimes

4. Do they smile to you when they see you, or compliment you?

- A. Never
- B. Of course!
- C. Not usually

5. Do you find yourself calling more, and not getting an answer?

- A. Yes
- B. No
- C. Once in a while

6. Can you see yourself with this person in a few years?

- A. Totally
- B. No way, just a fling!

7. Do they stick up for you?

- A. Yeah
- B. Nope

8. Do people notice that you guys are a 'thing'?

- A. Hell NO!
- B. Hell YES!
- C. We're keeping it on the low

9. Would you say you like them more?

- A. Yep
- B. It's even
- C. No, they're way more into me.

10. Do you think you try to hard to impress them?

- A. No way, they'll love me either way.
- B. YES! I want to look perfect.
- C. I guess, I mean everyone does once in a while- I just don't go to the extreme.

YES! They're totally into you!

(MORE)

MAL (CONT'D)

It's just your job to push it a little more-but not too hard. Apparently, they're too afraid to show you- but they'll come around to it. Just flirt more- and show them what you got!

(Opening her locker
What employment have we here? By my life, this is Oliva's hand! These be her very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

[Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:'

--her very phrases! By your leave, gum. Soft! and the impressure her Juicy Fruit, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows?
the numbers
altered!

'No man must know:'

if this should be thee, Mal?

I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Razor scooter
With bloodless stroke my heart doth
gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'
Nay, but first, let
me see, let me see, let me see.

'I may command where I adore.'

Why, she may command me: I serve
her; she is the head of the
homecoming committee.

(MORE)

MAL (CONT'D)

Why, this is
evident to any formal capacity;
there is no obstruction in this:
and the end,--what should
that alphabetical position portend?
If I could make that resemble
something in me,--

HEY! Get to class!

Softly! M, O, A,
I? L?
M,--Mallory;
M,--why, that begins my name.
M,--but then there is no consonancy
in the sequel;
that suffers under probation A
should follow but O does.
And then I comes behi--

God is that an L or an I?

M, O, A, I; this simulation is not
as the former: and
yet, to crush this a little, it
would bow to me, for
every one of these letters are in
my name. Soft! Here follows prose.

'If this fall into thy hand,
revolve. In my stars I
am above thee; but be not afraid of
greatness: some
are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some
have greatness thrust upon 'em.

Mal lets out a squeal of delight,
then looks around to make sure she is still alone.

Thy Fates open their hands; let thy
blood and spirit embrace them; and,
to inure thyself to what thou art
like to be, cast thy humble slough
and appear fresh. Be opposite with
a kinsman, surly with classmates;
let thy tongue tang arguments of
state; put thyself into the trick
of singularity: she thus advises
thee that sighs for thee. Remember
who commended thy yellow stockings,
and wished to see thee ever
cross-gartered: I say, remember.

(MORE)

MAL (CONT'D)

I will be proud, I will read poetic authors, I will baffle that Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that Olivia 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. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

VALENTINE emerges from around the corner, filming MAL.

MAL (CONT'D)

'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; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

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

MAL runs through a door, smitten. VALENTINE stops filming for a moment.

VALENTINE

Do you want to see the most beautiful thing I've ever filmed? It was one of those days when it's a minute away from snowing, and there's this electricity in the air, you can almost hear it. And this bag was just, dancing with me, like a little kid beggin' me to play with it - for fifteen minutes. And that's the day I realized that there was this entire life behind things, and this incredibly benevolent force that wanted me to know that there was no reason to be afraid, ever.

Video's a poor excuse.

(MORE)

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

But it helps me remember - I need to remember. Sometimes, there's so much beauty in the world - I feel like I can't take it, like my heart is just going to cave in.

VALENTINE begins a slow, ritualistic dance with his camera. The world around him is still.

BLOCK 1, SCENE B- ENGLISH CLASS

MRS. FESTE

(reading in a thick, Southern drawl) Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'

OLIVIA enters, ORSINO sits up and stares at her.

MRS. FESTE (CONT'D)

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away!

MRS. FESTE

Do you not hear, class? Take away the lady. Ok, Olivia, take your seat. Now. That was a passage from one of William Shakespeare's great works, Twelfth Night. We'll be studying this story over the next few weeks. Now who besides Olivia did the reading last night and can tell me who was just speaking?

Silence.

MRS. FESTE (CONT'D)

What a surprise.

VIOLA and ORSINO scoot out of the mass of students. ORSINO becomes SEBASTIAN. We are in VIOLA's daydream.

SEBASTIAN

You can't drive for shit you know that, you Al-co-hol-ic???

He takes a swig of a bottle in the passengers seat.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
What the hell is this crap?

VIOLA
You asshole.

SEBASTIAN
WATCH OUT!!!!!!!

VIOLA
What was that?
Maybe it was an animal
It must have been a dog or
something. Jesus Christ, my
fuckin' car.
Dad is gonna freak on my ass.
Aside
Fuck! Can't you see where you're
going??
(She sees Sebastian, limp on the
side of the car)
Oh my god.
No way.
Oh my god.
Oh my god this isn't happening.
(Viola screams in horror, Sebastian
is dead.
She removes his vest and dances
with it as the daydream finishes)

MRS. FESTE
Mr. Horowitz? Are you still with
us? To the front, please. Now, can
anyone think of anything in our
lives that relates to Twelfth
Night?

VIOLA
Are you Olivia?

OLIVIA
Speak to me, I shall answer for
her. Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite and
unmatchable beauty,--I
pray you, tell me if this be
Olivia, for I never saw her: I
would be loath to cast away
my speech, for besides that it is
excellently well penned, I have
taken great pains to con it. Good
beauties, let me sustain no scorn;
I am very comptible, even to the
least sinister usage.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

I can say little more than I have
studied, and that question's out of
my part. Good gentle one, give me
modest assurance if you be Olivia,
that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA

Are you Mitch Hedberg? Spit it out.

VIOLA

No, my profound heart: and yet, by
the very fangs of malice I swear, I
am not that I play. Are you
the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA

Most certain, if you are she, you
do usurp yourself; for what is
yours to bestow is not yours
to reserve. But this is from my
commission: I will on with my
speech in your praise, and then
show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Would you look at that body
language? Legs crossed towards each
other. That is an unequivocal sex
invite.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in't: I
forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study
it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

It is the more like to be feigned:
I pray you, keep it in. I heard you
were saucy at my gates, and allowed
your approach rather to wonder at
you than to hear you. If you be not
mad, be gone; if you have reason,
be brief: 'tis not that time of
moon with me to make one in so
skipping a dialogue.

MRS. FESTE

Ms. Davenport! Now I know you know
better.

(Choosing an audience
member)

Now, would you go right ahead and
read this passage for me?

(She hands an audience
member a copy of Twelfth
Night)

AUDIENCE MEMBER

This is the air; that is the
glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't
and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps
me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's
Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the
Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found
this credit,
That he did range the town to seek
me out.
His counsel now might do me golden
service;

(MORE)

AUDIENCE MEMBER (CONT'D)

For though my soul disputes well
with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no
madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of
fortune
So far exceed all instance, all
discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine
eyes
And wrangle with my reason that
persuades me
To any other trust but that I am
mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if
'twere so,
She could not sway her house,
command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and
their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and
stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's
something in't
That is deceivable. But here the
lady comes.

MRS. FESTE

(only letting aud. member
get sooo far)

Stop. STOP! It's just not very
good. I could lie to you, but I
would do you a disservice, because
it's-it's just bad. Ok. Now, lets
continue...

VIOLA

Some mollification for your giant,
sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am
a messenger.

OLIVIA

Sure, you have some hideous matter
to deliver, when the courtesy of it
is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear. I bring
no overture of
war, no taxation of homage: I hold
the olive in my
hand; my words are as fun of peace
as matter

OLIVIA

Yet you began rudely. What are you?
what would you?

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in
me have I learned from my
entertainment. What I am, and what
I would, are as secret as
maidenhead; to your ears,
divinity, to any other's,
profanation.

OLIVIA

Mrs. Feste, I think this portion of
class would be best if we worked in
groups.

MRS. FESTE

Well, Olivia, I had planned to...

OLIVIA

Of two. I pick Sebastian!

MRS. FESTE

Well, alright! Let's try it.

OLIVIA

Give us this place alone: we will
hear this divinity. Now, sir, what
is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much
may be said of it.
Where lies your text?

VIOLA

In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom! In what chapter of
his bosom?

VIOLA

To answer by the method, in the
first of his heart.

OLIVIA

O, I have read it: it is heresy.
Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in Orsino's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

(MORE)

VIOLA (CONT'D)

Halloo your name to the reverberate
hills
And make the babbling gossip of the
air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not
rest
Between the elements of air and
earth,
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is
well:
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your friend;
I cannot love him: let him send no
more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me
again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare
you well:
I thank you for your pains.

VIOLA

Love make his heart of flint that
you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my
master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair
cruelty.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

'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?

(MORE)

OLIVIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Methinks I feel this youth's
 perfections
 With an invisible and subtle
 stealth
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let
 it be.
 Mallory shall run after that same
 peevish messenger, He left this
 ring behind him.

Olivia begins a beauty routine. She begins with cardio, tosses her hair, applies lip gloss, smiles, and files her nails. Each time she becomes a little more frantic and desperate.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

I do I know not what, and fear to
 find Mine eye too great a flatterer
 for my mind. Fate, show thy force:
 ourselves we do not owe;
 /What is decreed must be, and be
 this so./

BLOCK 1, SCENE C- CUTTING CLASS

TOBY

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be
 abed after midnight is to be up
 betimes; and 'diluculo
 surgere,' thou know'st,--

ANDY

Nay, my troth, I know not: but I
 know, to be up
 late is to be up late.

TOBY

A false conclusion: I hate it as an
 unfilled can.
 To be up after midnight and to go
 to bed then, is
 early: so that to go to bed after
 midnight is to go
 to bed betimes. Does not our life
 consist of the
 four elements?

ANDY

Faith, so they say; but I think it
 rather consists of eating and
 drinking.

TOBY

Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore
eat and drink. Maria, I say! a
cigarette!

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep
here! If my teacher
had not called up her student
Mallory and bid her
turn you out of doors, never trust
me.

TOBY

My teacher's a klepto, we are
politicians, Mallory's
A creepy loser, and 'Three merry
dudes be we.' Am not
I consanguineous? am I not of her
blood?
Tillyvally. Lady!
(They rock out to some 90s tunes)

TOBY (CONT'D)

Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any
more than a steward? Dost thou
think, because thou art
virtuous, there shall be no more
cakes and ale? Go, sir, rub your
chain with
crumbs. Some booze, Maria!

MARIA

Go shake your ears.

ANDY

'Twere as good a deed as to drink
when a man's a-hungry, to challenge
him the field, and then to
break promise with him and make a
fool of him.

TOBY

Do't, knight: I'll write thee a
challenge: or I'll deliver thy
indignation to him by word of
mouth.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for
tonight: since the youth of the
dude's was today with thy lady, she
is much out of quiet.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

For Mal- let me alone with her: if I do not gull her into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

TOBY

Possess us, possess us; tell us something of her.

MARIA

The devil a puritan that she is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of herself, so crammed, as she thinks, with excellencies, that it is her grounds of faith that she is an excellent hall monitor, and that your cousin looks on her lovingly, and on that vice in her will my revenge find notable cause to work.

TOBY

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in her way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, the shape of her leg, the manner of her gait, the expressure of her eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like Olivia, your cousin: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

TOBY

Excellent! I smell a device.

ANDY

I have't in my nose too.

TOBY

She shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from Olivia, and that she's in love with her.

MARIA

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

ANDY

And your horse now would make her an ass.

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

ANDY

O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with her.

ANDY

Before me, Maria's a good wench.

TOBY

She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

ANDY

I was adored once too.

TOBY

For this device, I could take this wench to prom.

ANDY

So could I too.

TOBY

And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

ANDY

Nor I neither.

TOBY

Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

ANDY

Or o' mine either?

TOBY

Shall I play my freedom at traytrip, and become thy bond-slave?

ANDY

I' faith, or I either?

TOBY

Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MARIA

Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

TOBY

Like vodka and moscato with the ladies.

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark Mal's first approach before my lady: she will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and she will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn Mal into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

TOBY

To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

MARIA

I'll make one too.

FIRST BLOCK PASSING:

-

-

-

SECOND PASSING:

MAL (V.O.)

Were not you even now with the
Countess Olivia?

VIOLA (V.O.)

Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I
have since arrived but hither.

MAL

She returns this ring to you, sir:
you might have saved me my pains,
to have taken it away yourself.
She adds, moreover, that you should
put your lord into a desperate
assurance she will none of him:
and one thing more, that you be
never so hardy to come again in his
affairs, unless it be to report
your lord's taking of this. Receive
it so.

VIOLA (V.O.)

She took the ring of me: I'll none
of it.

MAL (V.O.)

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it
to her; and her will is, it should
be so returned: if it be worth
stooping for, there it lies in your
eye; if not, be it his that finds
it.

VIOLA meets the audience at the bottom of the elevator and
walks them into Sex Ed

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means
this lady? Fortune forbid my
outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed,
so much, That sure 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.

(MORE)

VIOLA (CONT'D)

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
 Poor lady, she were better love a
 dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a
 wickedness, Wherein the pregnant
 enemy does much. How easy is it for
 the proper-false In women's waxen
 hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not
 we! For such as we are made of,
 such we be. How will this fadge? 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? As I
 am man, My state is desperate for
 my master's love;
 As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
 What thriftless sighs shall poor
 Olivia breathe! O time! thou must
 untangle this, not I; It is too
 hard a knot for me to untie!

SECOND ASSEMBLY-SEX ED

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble
 service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Sebastian is your servant's name,
 fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry
 world since lowly feigning was
 call'd compliment: You're servant
 to the Dude Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

And he is yours, and his must needs
 be yours: Your servant's servant is
 your servant, madam.

OLIVIA

For him, I think not on him: for
 his thoughts, Would they were
 blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

VIOLA

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of
him: But, would you undertake
another suit, I had rather hear you
to solicit that than music from the
spheres.

VIOLA

Dear lady,--

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did
send, After the last enchantment
you did here, A ring in chase of
you: so did I abuse Myself, my
bestie and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I
sit, To force that on you, in a
shameful cunning, Which you knew
none of yours: what might you
think? Have you not set mine honour
at the stake And baited it with all
the unmuzzled thoughts That
tyrannous heart can think? To one
of your receiving Enough is shown:
a cypress, not a bosom, Hideth my
heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar
proof, That very oft we pity
enemies.

OLIVIA

Why, then, methinks 'tis time to
smile again. O, world, how apt the
poor are to be proud! If one should
be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the
wolf!

(Bell rings)

The clock upbraids me with the
waste of time.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Be not afraid, good youth, I will
not have you: And yet, when wit and
youth is come to harvest, Your were
is alike to reap a proper man

VIOLA

Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship! You'll
nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA

Stay: I prithee, tell me what thou
thinkest of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what
you are.

OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of
you.

VIOLA

Then think you right: I am not what
I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have
you be!

VIOLA

Would it be better, madam, than I
am? I wish it might, for now I am
your fool.

OLIVIA

O, what a deal of scorn looks
beautiful In the contempt and anger
of his lip! A murderous guilt shows
not itself more soon Than love that
would seem hid: love's night is
noon. Sebastian, by the roses of
the spring, By maidhood, honour,
truth and every thing, I love thee
so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion
hide. Do not extort thy reasons
from this clause, For that I woo,
thou therefore hast no cause,
But rather reason thus with reason
fetter, Love sought is good, but
given unsought better.

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my
youth I have one heart, one bosom
and one truth, And that no woman
has; nor never none Shall mistress
be of it, save I alone. And so
adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you
deplore.

OLIVIA

Yet come again; for thou perhaps
mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to
like his love.

They head to their seats

COACH FESTE

Hi. Okay. Sex. Yes, well, sex.
What's to say really, y'know? You
like a someone, you do it.
Sometimes they call. Sometimes they
don't.

Don't have sex. Because you will
get pregnant and die. Don't have
sex in the missionary position,
don't have sex standing up. Just
don't do it, promise?

When you inevitably don't listen
to me and do it anyway, these are
condoms. LADIES.

(Stuffing a bust of
Shakespeare into a
condom)

If this guy can fit in here, so can
your guy. Don't let him tell you
otherwise.

Now, lets get to this question
box...

(Answers a few questions
from the question box.)

ANDY

Marry, I saw your niece do more
favours to the count's serving-man
than ever she bestowed upon me;
I saw't i' the orchard.

TOBY

Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

ANDY

As plain as I see you now.
'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

TOBY

Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

ANDY

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

TOBY

Next period. Gym class.. I hear there's gonna be...

TOBY (CONT'D)

Dodgeball.

MARIA

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; majorly bogus- She's in yellow stockings.

TOBY

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged her, like her murderer. She does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray her: she does smile her face into more lines than outside the Backstreet Boys concert: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

I know Olivia will strike Mal: if she do, she'll smile and take't for a great favour.

MARIA quickly rushes over to OLIVIA

MARIA (CONT'D)

I just wanted to tell you this before you heard it from someone else. Mal's coming; but in very strange manner. She is, sure, possessed.

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? does she rave?

MARIA

No, she does nothing but smile: you'd best be on guard, if she come; for, sure, the woman is tainted in'r wits.

OLIVIA

I am as mad as she, If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MAL

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

How now, Mal!

MAL

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

Smilest thou? I told you of my sad occasion.

MAL

Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

MAL's DAYDREAM begins.

COACH FESTE

Haha! Well now, we call this the act of mating.

(MORE)

COACH FESTE (CONT'D)

But there are several differences
between humans and animals that you
should know about.

BUTTERFLY by Crazy Town begins. A bizzare mating dance.

At the conclusion of the dance, MAL takes OLIVIA's hand and leads her to a park in the front of the room. *Sixpence Nonethericher's "Kiss Me* plays in the background. Coach Feste begins drawing hearts around the couple on the overhead projector. MAL and OLIVIA do a slow courtship dance, and lean in to kiss during t

MAL

When I finally get kissed, I'll know. I've kissed guys. I've just never felt that thing--That thing. That moment. You kiss someone and it's like the world around you gets all hazy and the only thing in focus is you and this other person and you know that one person is the person you're meant to be kissing for the rest of your life. And for that one moment you've been given this amazing gift and you want to laugh and cry at the same time because you're so lucky you found it, and--

The song fades, the lights return to normal.

MAL (V.O.)

So scared that it will all go away.

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, Mal? what is the matter with thee?

MAL

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to the nurse, Malvolio? To bed?

MAL

To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA
 God comfort thee! Why dost thou
 smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA
 How do you, Malvolio?

MAL
 At your request! yes; nightingales
 answer daws.

MARIA
 Why appear you with this ridiculous
 boldness before my lady?

MAL
 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas
 well writ.

OLIVIA
 What meanest thou by that,
 Malvolio?

MAL
 'Some are born great,'--

OLIVIA
 Ha!

MAL
 'Some achieve greatness,'--

OLIVIA
 What sayest thou?

MAL
 'And some have greatness thrust
 upon them.'

OLIVIA
 Heaven restore thee!

MAL
 'Remember who commended thy yellow
 stockings,'--

OLIVIA
 Thy yellow stockings!

MAL
 'And wished to see thee cross-
 gartered.'

OLIVIA
Cross-gartered!

MAL
'If not, let me see thee a servant
still.'

OLIVIA
Why, this is very midsummer
madness.

MAL
(Slowly realizing the
reality of what she's
done)
For she incites me to that
in the letter. 'Cast thy humble
slough,' says she; 'be opposite
with a classmate, put thyself into
the trick of singularity;' and
consequently sets down the manner
how; as, a sad
face, a reverend carriage, a slow
tongue, in the habit of some sir of
note, and so forth. I have limed
her; but it is Jove's doing, and
Jove make me thankful!

COACH FESTE
Uh. Walk it off. You'll be.....
Alright.

TOBY
Go, Andrew: scout me for him in the
gym like a bum-baily: so soon as
ever thou seest him, wreck him;
and, as thou grab a ball, swear
horrible; for it comes to pass oft
that a terrible oath, with a
swaggering accent sharply twanged
off, gives manhood more approbation
than ever proof itself would have
earned him. Away!

ANDY
Nay, let me alone for swearing.

TOBY
Now will not I deliver his letter:
for the behavior of the young
gentleman gives him out to be of
good capacity and breeding;
(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)

his employment between Dude and my cousin confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone

And laid mine honour too unchary out:

There's something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof.

BLOCK 2 SCENE A- MAL IN DARK ROOM

Mal stands at a sink, makeup running. She stares at herself in the mirror for a moment, then bends down to wash her face.

DR. TOPAS (V.O)

Dr.Sara Topas, patient Mallory O.- sixth session. Now Mallory, you said at our last session that you felt like you were "in the dark". Do you want to talk more about that?

TOBY (V.O.)

Well, hello there, Sir Andy

ANDY (V.O.)

Bweenos De-ass, Sir Toby.

MAL

Who's there?

TOBY (V.O.)

Hear that, Andy? Sounds like the loony lesbo!

(MORE)

TOBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 If all the devils of hell be drawn
 in little, and Legion
 himself possessed her, yet I'll
 speak to her.

Mal quickly rushes to the door and finds it locked.
 She yanks on it, in more and more of a panic

MAL
 FUCK YOU! Unlock this door or I'll-
 or I'll... I... Olivia? Olivia are
 you out there? Go off; I discard
 you: let me enjoy my private: go
 off.

MARIA (V.O.)
 Can't you talk about anything but
 girls, you rug muncher?

TOBY (V.O.)
 (Laughs) Well said, babe

MAL
 Let me out! I swear, I'll get
 Principal Feste to-

MARIA (V.O.)
 Door's unlocked, numnuts.

MAL
 Never was I so wronged: I'm not
 crazy, : they have laid me
 here in hideous darkness.

DR. TOPAS (V.O.)
 Tell me, Mallory. Do you feel
 unsafe at school?

MAL
 Let me out!!

DR. TOPAS (V.O.)
 Be honest with me. I can't help you
 if you aren't honest. You have to
 be transparent.

MAL
 I am not mad. I say to you this
 house is dark.

DR. TOPAS (V.O.)
 There is no darkness but ignorance.

MAL

I am not mad, this house is dark. I
am not mad, this house is dark. I
am not mad this--

DR. TOPAS (V.O.)

Mallory, do you ever worry about
hurting yourself, or others?

MAL

I am not mad, this house is dark
There was never man thus abused. I
am no more mad than you

MARIA (V.O.)

God, you are pathetic! Talking to
yourself in there. Honey, look
around you. To everyone here who
matters, you're vapor. You're spam,
a waste of perfectly good yearbook
space, and nothing's ever gonna
change that.

MAL

I am not mad, this house is dark.

MARIA

Oh, you're not gonna cry, are you?

MAL

I am not mad...this house is dark

MARIA (V.O.)

(a whisper)

If I was as pathetic as you, I
would have killed myself ages ago.

MAL

I am not--
I am--
I am not mad--

DR. TOPAS (V.O.)

Mallory? Can you answer my
question? Do you ever worry about
hurting yourself or others?

MAL

Fool, there was never a man so
notoriously abused: I am as well in
my wits, as thou art.

COACH FESTE

Alright, it's raining, all regular gym classes have been postponed, so you know what that means: dodgeball!

MARIA

Coach Feste? My plastic surgeon doesn't want me doing any activities where balls fly at my nose.

COACH FESTE

(Under her breath)

There goes your social life.

MARIA

What was that?

COACH FESTE

That's the third time this week. You've got to play.

MARIA

UGH! Fine.

TOBY

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

TOBY

That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee be wary in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIOLA

You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

TOBY

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard;

(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)

for your opposite hath in him what
youth, strength, skill and wrath
can furnish man withal.

VIOLA

I pray you, sir, what is he?

TOBY

He is knight, true; but he is a
devil in private brawl: souls and
bodies hath he divorced three; and
his incensement at this moment is
so implacable, that satisfaction
can be none but by pangs of death
and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his
word; give't or take't.

VIOLA

I am no fighter. I have heard
of some kind of men that put
quarrels purposely on others, to
taste their valour: belike this is
a man of that quirk.

TOBY

Sir, no; his indignation derives
itself out of a very competent
injury: therefore, get you on and
give him his desire.

VIOLA

Beseech you, do me this courteous
office, as to know of the knight
what my offence to him is: it is
something of my negligence, nothing
of my purpose.

Toby heads to the back of the line

TOBY

Man, he's a very devil; I have not
seen such a Bravehart.

ANDY

Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

TOBY

Ay, but he will not now be
pacified:

ANDY

Plague on't, an I thought he had
been valiant and so cunning in
dodge ball, I'd have seen him
damned ere I'd have challenged
him. Let him let the matter slip,
and I'll give him my car! It's a
Mustang!

TOBY

I'll make the motion: stand here,
make a good show on't: this shall
end without the perdition of souls.

Joining his teammates

TOBY (CONT'D)

(to Viola)

There's no remedy, sir; he will
fight with you for's oath sake:
marry, he hath better
bethought him of his quarrel, and
he finds that now scarce to be
worth talking of: therefore draw,
for the supportance of his vow; he
protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA

[Aside] Pray God defend me! A
little thing would
make me tell them how much I lack
of a man.

(To Toby)

Uh... ok, I guess?

TOBY

Come Andrew, there's no remedy; the
gentleman will, for his honour's
sake, have one bout with you;
he cannot by the duello avoid it:
but he has promised me, as he is a
gentleman and a soldier, he
will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

ANDY

Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

I do assure you, tis against my
will.

COACH FESTE

Now, for those of you that may have forgotten, the rules are as follows: you dodge.

COACH FESTE blows a whistle. They begin the game. MARIA is hit quickly and falls to the ground. Her DAYDREAM begins. "Baby, One More Time" by Britney Spears begins playing as the dodgeball game continues in slo-mo. MARIA only has eyes for the audience as she recreates the choreography.

Play resumes as she's done and ANDY is knocked out.

HIS DAYDREAM begins. Paula Cole's "I Don't Wanna Wait" plays softly in the background. JAMES VAN DER BEEK appears, hair waving in the wind. They circle each other, and close the distance before:

ANDY

Did you mean it, Dawson?

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Every word.
Which is why you should turn around and go to Olivia.

ANDY

What?

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Last year, you had the opportunity to go to football camp, and because of me, you didn't.

ANDY

Dawson, that wasn't your fault.

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Yes, it was.
I should've made you go.
But I was selfish, and I didn't want you to go.
I wanted you to stay here with me.
And I refuse to make that mistake again.

ANDY

Dawson, I mean, what if it's my choice? What if I want to stay?

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Andy, come on.
Even I can see it.
Olivia's this year's Football Camp.

(MORE)

JAMES VAN DER BEEK (CONT'D)

And this time, you have to go.
You have to see for yourself.
I can tell you it's a colossal
mistake and all roads lead back to
me, but it won't make a difference.
Words and speeches sound great, but
they don't add up to anything.
All that matters right now is what
you want.

ANDY

I don't even know what I want.

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Yes, you do.
You want her.
You want her like I want you.
You love her like I love you.
And you deserve that.
And I'm not gonna be the one who
stands in the way of you getting
that.
You're free.
You can do whatever you want.

ANDY

Yeah, but I want us to still be
friends.
I want to know that you don't hate
me.

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Those are words, Andy.
They're just words.
Because after you're done
dispensing your pleasantries here
you're gonna turn around, and
you're gonna walk away from me.
Aren't you?

ANDY

I have to.
Otherwise, I'll never know.

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Just go.

ANDY

Look, Dawson--

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Andy, go.
I'm telling you.
Before I take it all back.

(MORE)

JAMES VAN DER BEEK (CONT'D)

Just go.
Go.

ANDY runs away. JAMES slowly begins the dance-- it's too much. He can't finish. He cries the saddest cry and leaves.

ANDY returns to finish the dance-- we are back in gym.

BLOCK 2 SCENE C- MATH CLASS

The audience is instructed to take their seats in Math after the bell rings. A teacher sits at the front of the room.

MATH TEACHER (V.O)

Ladies and gentlemen, today is a POP quiz on the pythagorean theorem applications in the real world. Please take out your #2 pencils- our proctor for today will be collecting your test. As always, do your best work, points will be given for attempted answers. There is NO GUM and NO TALKING. No exceptions!

A proctor passes out an exam to the class. Any talkers are shushed.

The test should be impossible to complete. Perhaps the letters are mixed up, the diagrams incomplete, etc.

After about 3 minutes of silence, an announcement over the loudspeaker:

PRINCIPAL FESTE (V.O.)

Students, this is your principal speaking. We will be conducting a mock intruder drill commencing now. As we discussed in the assembly, please turn off the lights and proceed to the wall nearest the door.

After a few moments in the dark, the door begins to rattle, and a pounding sound is heard.

Suddenly, a hidden projector turns on and projects scenes of news coverage of the Columbine shooting on the far wall. 911 calls (if possible) are played over the visuals- this should be unsettling and visceral.

SECOND BLOCK PASSING

-
-
-

FOURTH PASSING

PROM

FESTE'S DAYDREAM

FESTE sits at her desk, on a phone call.

PRINCIPAL FESTE

Hello, Mr. Olio? This is Veronica Feste calling. I wanted to talk to you a bit about Mal.

(A pause)

No, no she's not in any trouble.

(A pause)

No, that won't be necessary Mr.-- Mr. Olio, I'd appreciate it if you'd lower your voice.

Suddenly we are in FESTE'S DAYDREAM. She crosses through the audience in a slow, dreamlike haze, and puts on a backpack. Soundbytes of her bullies play as she darts through the crowd.

PRINCIPAL FESTE (CONT'D)

I don't care about being your stupid prom queen. I want to tell you something. You people who have been keeping the geeks down through the ages. You will spend your lives trying to figure out ways to keep others down, because it makes you feel more important. And you will miss out on so much. Why her, huh? What did she ever do to you? And to all of you-- there's a big world out there. Bigger than prom. Bigger than high school. When you get there, it won't matter if you were prom queen or the quarterback of the football team or the biggest nerd in school. Find out who you are, and try not to be afraid of it.

She returns to her desk and the call.

PRINCIPAL FESTE (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes, I understand Mr. Olio. Just know that I'm worried about her.

She plugs in (lights?) and PROM begins.

VOGUE by Madonna begins- The students enter one by one.

DUDE ORSINO

Here comes the countess: now heaven
walks on earth. But for thee,
fellow; fellow, thy words are
madness: All school year this youth
hath tended upon me; But more of
that anon.

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that he may
not have, Wherein Olivia may seem
serviceable? Sebastian, you do not
keep promise with me.

VIOLA

Madam!

DUDE ORSINO

Gracious Olivia,--

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario? Good my
lord,--

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes
me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my
lord, It is as fat and fulsome to
mine ear As howling after music.

DUDE ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUDE ORSINO

What, to perverseness? you uncivil
lady, To whose ingrate and
unauspicious altars My soul the
faithfull'st offerings hath
breathed out That e'er devotion
tender'd! What shall I do?

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord, that
shall become him.

DUDE ORSINO

Why should I not, had I the heart
to do it, Like to the Egyptian
thief at point of death, Kill what
I love?--a savage jealousy That
sometimes savours nobly. But hear
me this: Since you to non-
regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the
instrument That screws me from my
true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant
still; But this your minion, whom I
know you love, And whom, by heaven
I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel
eye, Where he sits crowned in his
master's spite. Come, boy, with me;
my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do
love, To spite a raven's heart
within a dove.

VIOLA

And I, most jocund, apt and
willingly, To do you rest, a
thousand deaths would die.

DR. TOPAS (V.O)

Dr. Sara Topas. Patient, Viola
Horowitz. Third Session. Viola, in
our last session, you said you were
having some confusing feelings at
your new school. Would you mind
talking some more about that?

OLIVIA

Where goes Sebastian?

VIOLA

After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more
than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I
shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my
love!

OLIVIA

Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? who does do
you wrong?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so
long?

DUDE ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Sebastian, prom
date, stay.

DUDE ORSINO

Prom date!

OLIVIA

Ay, prom date: can he that deny?

DUDE ORSINO

Her prom date, sirrah?

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Alas, it is the baseness of thy
fear That makes thee strangle thy
propriety: Fear not, Sebastian;
take thy fortunes up; Be that thou
know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

DUDE ORSINO

O thou dissembling cub! what wilt
thou be When time hath sow'd a
grizzle on thy case? Or will not
else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine
overthrow? Farewell, and take her;
but direct thy feet Where thou and
I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest--

OLIVIA

O, do not swear! Hold little faith,
though thou hast too much fear.

DR. TOPAS (V.O.)

You said you felt guilty about your brother's passing. It's been a year now since his death. Are you still grieving? You've said before that you should have been driving instead of him. That it should have been you. Do you still feel that way?

VIOLA

Dude, here's the truth. I love you

DUDE ORSINO

Uh... I, um- I'm flattered really but--

VIOLA

You know what, I can't do this anymore. Everybody, I have something to tell you. I'm not Sebastian. I'm Viola. Sebastian died in a car wreck last year. I never should have let him drive that night. I was a mess. The stress of a new school was too much. I've been pretending to be him to-- to live the life he couldn't.

DUDE ORSINO

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I
overwear;
And those swearings keep as true in
soul
As doth that orb'd continent the
fire
That severs day from night.

DUDE ORSINO

Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's
weeds.

VIOLA rushes to do a quick change. Suddenly- Paula Cole's "I Don't Wanna Wait" begins playing and the doors open. JAMES VAN DER BEEK emerges.

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the
vows
We made each other but so late ago.

DUDE ORSINO

Valentine?

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

No. James Van Der Beek

DUDE ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and
is not!

ANDY

How have the hours rack'd and
tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

JAMES VAN DER BEEK

I--I just drove a really long way
to tell you, um... More sort of to
try and explain, really. No, I--I
don't mean that. Uh... I wanna show
you... Yeah, I wanna show you that
I can and that I'm not afraid to...
Oh, hell. I know there's people
around, but who cares, right? I
mean, that's the whole point. I
finally have the courage to do
this.

OLIVIA

(Dryly)
Most wonderful!

DUDE ORSINO

Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Sebastian, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

THE COUPLES DANCE. PRINCIPAL FESTE SINGS

PRINCIPAL FESTE

When you were here before,
 Couldn't look you in the eye,
 You're just like an angel,
 Your skin makes me cry,
 You float like a feather,
 In a beautiful world,
 I wish I was special,
 You're so fucking special.

MAL (V.O.)

I had always heard your entire life
 flashes in front of your eyes the
 second before you die. First of
 all, that one second isn't a second
 at all, it stretches on forever,
 like an ocean of time... For me, it
 was lying on my back at Girl Scout
 camp, watching falling stars... And
 yellow leaves, from the maple
 trees, that lined our street... Or
 my grandmother's hands, and the way
 her skin seemed like paper...

PRINCIPAL FESTE

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo,
 What the hell am I doing here?
 I don't belong here.

I don't care if it hurts,
 I want to have control,
 I want a perfect body,

I want a perfect soul,
 I want you to notice,
 When I'm not around,
 You're so fucking special,
 I wish I was special.

MAL

And the first time I saw my cousin
 Tony's brand new Firebird... And
 Olivia... I guess I could be pretty
 pissed off about what happened to
 me... but it's hard to stay mad,
 when there's so much beauty in the
 world. Sometimes I feel like I'm
 seeing it all at once, and it's too
 much, my heart fills up like a
 balloon that's about to burst...

PRINCIPAL FESTE

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo,
 What the hell am I doing here?

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL FESTE (CONT'D)
I don't belong here.

Oh, oh

She's running out again,

MAL is illuminated, standing on the edge of the roof. She climbs over the railing As FESTE hits the high note, the light blacks out. We are back at the prom.

MAL (V.O.)
And then I remember to relax, and stop trying to hold on to it, and then it flows through me like rain and I can't feel anything but gratitude for every single moment of my stupid little life...

PRINCIPAL FESTE
She's running out...
She run run run run...
Run...

MAL (V.O.)
You have no idea what I'm talking about, I'm sure. But don't worry... you will someday.

The roof is illuminated again. MAL is gone.

WE TRANSITION TO AN ASSEMBLY. Corsages are removed, colored elements from costumes are taken off Lights come on, everyone is stone faced and stricken.

PRINCIPAL FESTE
I wish you would step back
From that ledge my friend
You could cut ties with all the
lies
That you've been living in
And if you do not want to see me
again
I would understand, I would
understand
The angry boy a bit too insane
Icing over a secret pain
You know you don't belong
You're the first to fight
You're way too loud
You're the flash of light
--on the burial shroud

She trails off, lost in grief. She places Mal's backpack and sash on the floor at the front of the stage. COLORBLIND by Counting Crows fades up as students line up in a funeral processional. One by one, they slowly drop a flower

on Mal's grave. Maria approaches the dais.

MARIA

However dark the cloud, there's
always a silver lining. It might be
hard to see, but what we should
learn from this is to be true to
ourselves and to resist the
temptations of peer pressure. As
student body vice president, I've
tried to set an example in myself.
Unfortunately, the one person I
could not reach out to in time was
my dear friend, Mal. I know she's
looking down on us today and--

*During Maria's speech, Andrew pulls out a stack of copied
pages and begins handing them out. Mal's suicide note.
A murmur among the gathered students as Olivia claps her hand
to her mouth as she scans the page.*

MARIA (CONT'D)

I know she's looking down on us
today and--
she'd want me to say--
She'd want me to say, 'Ma--'
She'd want me to say, Maria, I'm
sorry.'
What is going on? Don't you people
have any respect?

Olivia gets up on stage and begins reading.

OLIVIA

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong., and the
world shall know it: though you
have put me into
darkness and given your drunken
cousin rule over
me, yet have I the benefit of my
senses as well as
your ladyship. I have your own
letter that induced
me to the semblance I put on; with
the which I doubt
not but to do myself much right, or
you much shame.
Think of me as you please. I leave
my duty a little
unthought of and speak out of my
injury.
Have I, Mallory? *to Maria* no.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Reading

You must not now deny it is your
hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand
or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your
invention:
You can say none of this:

And tell me, in the modesty of
honour,
Why you have given me such clear
lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-
garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to
frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter
people;
And, acting this in an obedient
hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be
imprison'd,
Kept in the dark tell me why.
I'll be revenged on the whole pack
of you.

--THE MADLY-USED MAL.'

Alas, Mal, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the
character
But out of question 'tis Maria's
hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then
camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were
presupposed
Upon thee in the letter.

To heaven

Prithee, be content:
This practise hath most shrewdly
pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and
authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff
and the judge
Of thine own cause.

ANDY

Good madam, hear me speak,
Most freely I confess, myself and
Toby
Set this device against Mal,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous
parts
We had conceived against her:
How with a sportful malice it was
follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than
revenge;
If that the injuries be justly
weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they
baffled thee!
She hath been most notoriously
abused.