### Year 7: Interpreting Characters and Action in *Twelfth Night*

#### OBJECTIVES:

- **TLW18** give a considered response to a play, as script and performance, focusing on interpretation of action, character and event.
- **S&L16** work collaboratively to devise and present scripted and unscripted pieces, which maintain the attention of the audience.
- **WL17** understand and have the terminology to describe the role of word classes.

#### RESOURCES:

- 2 packs of adverb cards, one split into 7 mini-packs of 4 (adverbs can be repeated)
- 1 pack of verb cards
- OHT or photocopies of “Black Letter” tabloid-style story
- Adapted and abridged version of letter scene, divided into sections & OHT of each section
- 4 different hats (optional)
- OHP (optional)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STARTER (15 minutes)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Set the objective</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Split class into fours.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Teacher should MODEL this activity: each group selects an action (verb) from one pack, and each member of group takes their turn to select an adverb from the other pack. All members use the SAME action in their own ways, and then move on to a second action. (E.g, everyone jumps in four different manners before trying another action in the same manners.) They keep doing each action in the manner of the adverb until another member of the group works out the exact adverb. (If they get each other’s adverb, they can shuffle them and redeal them before continuing.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Plenary: return to objective. <em>How did we work out the actors’ adverbs?</em> (Interpretation of their behaviour.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MAIN (10 minutes)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Explain to class that we are going to interpret part of <em>Twelfth Night</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Summarise for the class the scene in which Malvolio finds the letter planted by Sir Toby and co. Use ‘Black Letter Day for Malvolio’ mock tabloid report for this. Establish characters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Now tell them that groups are going to act out a bit of the scene with each of the four members taking a part. They will act and speak their part in the manner of the adverb randomly given to them from the pack.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Teacher and assistant MODEL this (see model sheet), basing their performance on random adverbs, and then invite class to say what their adverbs were and how appropriate they were.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DEVELOPMENT (15 minutes)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Now group members randomly assign themselves adverbs from their mini-packs, and plan and rehearse a group performance of their assigned few lines, each actor basing their performance on their adverb. Remind them to act when they are not speaking (like you did!)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Bring class together and do ‘relay’ performance of the scene, each actor wearing a character hat and passing this to the next group’s corresponding actor – like a baton being passed on. Ask audience to speculate about which adverbs were being used by the Malvolios. How appropriate were the adverbs? Show OHTs of the relevant script sections to focus on textual evidence.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PLENARY (10 minutes)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Take feedback from audience: which group’s or actor’s style of delivery was most appropriate to the script? Insist that respondents refer to evidence in the script to justify their views.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Return attention to the main objective. <em>How can we interpret a character from the way they act? How can we interpret them from the words on the page?</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Choose a line from the scene and keep suggesting adverbs from the pack (or act the line out in the manner of the adverb) until the class agrees on one that is appropriate. Do the same with other lines.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TWELFTH NIGHT

ACT 2 SCENE 5   Olivia's garden.

SIR TOBY BELCH
   Here comes the little villain.

[Enter MARIA]

   How now, my metal of India!

MARIA
   Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder in the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there,

   [Throws down a letter]

   for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

   [Exit]
[Enter MALVOLIO]

MALVOLIO
She uses me with more respect than any one else who follows her. What should I think of it?

SIR TOBY BELCH
Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN
O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he struts under his grey plumes!

SIR ANDREW
God, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH
Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO
I'd love to be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH
Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW
Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO
There is an example for it; the lady of the Strachy married her wardrobe servant.

SIR ANDREW
Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN
O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.
MALVOLIO
  Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,--

SIR TOBY BELCH
  O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO
  Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,--

SIR TOBY BELCH
  Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN
  O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO
  And then for my kinsman Toby,--

SIR TOBY BELCH
  Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN
  O peace, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO
  Seven of my people, with an obedient jump, go out for him: I frown the while; and wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; bows there to me,--

SIR TOBY BELCH
  Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN
  Peace.
Group 3

MALVOLIO
  I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar
  smile with a severe look

SIR TOBY BELCH
  And does not Toby give you a blow on the lips then?

MALVOLIO
  Saying, 'Cousin Toby, you must stop your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY BELCH
  What, what? Out, scab!

FABIAN
  Nay, patience, or we'll ruin our plot.

MALVOLIO
  'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with
  a foolish knight,' --

SIR ANDREW
  That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO
  'One Sir Andrew,' --

SIR ANDREW
  I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO
  What have we here?  [Taking up the letter]

FABIAN
  Now the pigeon is near the trap.

SIR TOBY BELCH
  O, peace!
MALVOLIO
By my life, this is my lady's handwriting: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's and that is how she makes her great P's. It is, without doubt, her handwriting.

SIR ANDREW
Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

MALVOLIO
[Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:' -- her very phrases! It is my lady. To whom should this be written?

FABIAN
This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO [Reads]

‘God knows I love: But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.’

'No man must know.' If only this could be me.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Hang yourself, stinking creature!

MALVOLIO [Reads]

'I may command where I love;
But silence, like a knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart does gore.'

FABIAN
A riddle!
MALVOLIO
'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is obvious to anyone.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Except him surely.

FABIAN
Many people miss the obvious, even when it slaps them in the face.

MALVOLIO
M,--Malvolio; M,--why, that begins my name.

FABIAN
Did not I say he would work it out?

MALVOLIO
M…… A should follow but O does.

FABIAN
And O shall end, I hope.

SIR ANDREW
When I get my hands on him he'll have no 'ope.

SIR TOBY BELCH
Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

MALVOLIO
M, O, A, I……every one of these letters are in my name. [Reads]

“If this letter falls into your hand, act on it. I am supposed to be above you; but don't be afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

SIR TOBY [showing his sword]
I'll show him some thrusting

MALVOLIO [reading]
“Remember who praised your yellow stockings, and wished to see you always cross-gartered: I say, remember.”
MALVOLIO
My lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings recently, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and this shows it is me she loves. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered. Here is a postscript.

[Reads]

“Let your love for me show in your smiling; Your smiles become you well; therefore in my presence always smile, dear my sweet, please.” I will smile; I will do everything you want me to.

[Exit]

FABIAN
I would not give up my part in this sport for thousands of pounds.

SIR TOBY BELCH
I could marry Maria for this trick.

SIR ANDREW
So could I.

SIR TOBY BELCH
And ask no other dowry with her but such another joke.

SIR ANDREW
Nor I neither.

FABIAN
Here comes our noble joker.

[Re-enter MARIA]
sarcastically  bravely

boastfully  grumpily

shyly  triumphantly

jealously  angrily

bossily  regretfully

suspiciously  thoughtfully
mockingly   craftily
unkindly   miserably
spitefully   energetically
proudly   excitedly
disgustingly   happily
walk  sit
jump  speak
wave  nod
drink  eat
BLACK LETTER DAY FOR MALVOLIO
*Cruel practical joke played on butler*

A butler was left with egg on his face yesterday after he found what he thought was a love letter to him from his boss, Olivia.

In fact the letter had been written by another servant, Maria, and deliberately left where the butler, Malvolio, would find it, and where Maria's friends, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian the Clown, could secretly watch Malvolio read it.

The fake letter advised the unfortunate Malvolio to wear yellow, "go cross-gartered" and smile a lot whenever he was in his mistress' presence. In fact Maria knew that Olivia would hate all this and would think her butler had gone completely mad. And that is exactly what happened.

"It was a great practical joke," Sir Toby told us. "Malvolio is such a ridiculous, stuck up idiot, and he needed taking down a peg or two. We had a right laugh hiding and watching him read the letter. He kept puffing out his chest and boasting about what a great man he was going to be. It was really hard to stop ourselves laughing out loud and giving ourselves away. That Maria is a genius."