

Metaverse Shakespeare's
Twelfth Night, Act 2

Adapted for the SLSC TN 2009
stage from the First Folio

SCENE 1 - OUTSIDE THE ILLYRIAN WALLS

Antonio, whose voice is permeated with a tone of doom, and Sebastian, who is restless yet respectful of his savior, begin the scene from strolling onto stage right to centerstage, but Sebastian meanders a bit:

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer?
(beat, darkly, a gloomy
statement rather than a
question)
Nor will you not that I go with
you.

SEBASTIAN

(walks away, meanders to stage
left, but avoids straying near
the gates)
By your patience, no: my stars
shine darkly over me; the
malignancies of my fate, might
perhaps distemper yours; therefore
I shall crave of you your leave
that I may bear my evils alone.
(pause on stage left, returns
centerstage, facing Antonio)
It were a bad recompense for your
love, to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO

Let me yet know of you -- whither
you are bound?

SEBASTIAN

No, sooth, sir -- my determinate
voyage is mere extravagancy.
(walks away, meanders to SL)
But I perceive in you so excellent
a touch of modesty, that you will
not extort from me, what I am
willing to keep in; therefore, it
charges me in manners, the rather
to express myself.
(Distance away from Antonio,
back to Antonio, Centerstage)
You must know of me then Antonio,
my name is Sebastian, which I
called Rodorigo. My father was that
Sebastian of Messanine, whom I know
you have heard of. He left behind
him, myself and a sister, both born
in an hour: if the Heavens had been
pleased, would we had so ended.

(CONTINUED)

(meanders away)
But you, sir, altered that, for
some hours before you took me from
the breach of the sea, was my
sister drowned.

ANTONIO
Alas the day!

Antonio approaches and embraces Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
A Lady, sir, though it was said she
much resembled me, was yet of many
accounted beautiful.

(meanders away from Antonio)
But though I could not with
estimable wonder overfar believe
that, yet thus far I will boldly
publish her: she bore a mind that
envy could not but call fair. She
is drown'd already, sir, with salt
water, though I seem to drown her
remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO
Pardon me, sir, your bad
entertainment.

SEBASTIAN
(approaches Antonio)
O good Antonio, forgive me your
trouble.

ANTONIO
If you will not murder me for my
love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN
If you will not undo what you have
done, that is, kill him whom you
have recovered, desire it not.
(meanders away, uneasily)
Fare ye well at once, my bosom is
full of kindness, and I am yet so
near the manners of my mother, that
upon the least occasion more, mine
eyes will tell tales of me: I am
bound to the Count Orsino's Court,
farewell.

Exit Sebastian via Gates to Illyria.

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO

(facing Wall)

The gentleness of all the gods go
with thee.

(turn to audience)

I have many enemies in Orsino's
Court, else would I very shortly
see thee there.

ANTONIO

But come what may, I do adore thee
so, That danger shall seem sport,
and I will go.

Exit Antonio via Gates to Illyria.

SCENE 2 - OLIVIA'S GARDEN

MALVOLIO

Were you not e'en now, with the
Countesse Olivia?

VIOLA

Even now, sir, on a moderate pace,
I have since arriv'd but hither.

MALVOLIO

She returns this Ring to you, sir.
(thrusts ring at Viola, formal
tone now heavy with arrogant
repugnance)

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 hardly to come again in
his affairs, unless it be to report
your Lord's taking of this: receive
it so.

VIOLA

She took the Ring of me; I'll none
of it.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it
to her; and her will is, it should
be so return'd.

(throws ring on ground)

If it be worth stooping for, there
it lies, in your eye: if not, be it
his that finds it.

Exit Malvolio.

VIOLA

I left no Ring with her: what means
this Lady?

VIOLA

Fortune forbid my outside have not
charm'd 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.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

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.

VIOLA

I am the man, if it be so, as tis,
Poor Lady, she were better love a
dream!

VIOLA

Disguise, I feel thou art a
wickedness, / Wherein the pregnant
enemy does much.
How easy it is, 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, if
such we be!

VIOLA

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?

VIOLA

O time, thou must untangle this,
not I, / It is too hard a knot for
me t'untie.

SCENE 3 - OLIVIA'S PANTRY

TOBY

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a bedded after midnight is to be up betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

ANDREW

Nay by 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 unfill'd can.

TOBY whizzes into a bucket, continues philosophizing while whizzing:

TOBY

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 lives consist of the four Elements?

ANDREW

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

Toby zips up his fly, approaches Andrew, slaps him on the back.

TOBY

Th'art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say, a stoop of wine.

Enter Feste.

ANDREW

Here comes the fool y'faith.

FESTE

How now, my harts -- did you never see the Picture of we three?

TOBY

Welcome ass, now let's have a catch.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou was in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoxial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good y'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy Lemon, hadst it?

FESTE

I did impeticos thy gratillity: for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

ANDREW

Excellent: why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

TOBY

(slaps Feste on back)
Come on, there is sixpence for you. let's have a song.

ANDREW

There's a sixpence of me too: if one knight give a --

FESTE

Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

TOBY

A love song, a love song.

ANDREW

Aye, aye. I care not for good life.

FESTE

(sings)

*O Mistress mine where are you
roaming? O stay and hear, your true
love's coming, That can sing both
high and low. Trip no further pretty
sweeting. Journeys end in lovers
meeting, Every wise man's son doth
know.*

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW
Excellent good, i'faith.

TOBY
Good, good.

FESTE
(sings)
*What is love, 'tis not
hereafter, Present mirth, hath
present laughter: What's to come, is
still unsure. In delay there lies no
plenty, Then come kiss me sweet and
twenty: Youth's a stuff will not
endure.*

ANDREW
A mellifluous voice, as I AM TRUE
KNIGHT!

Andrew collapses on the floor, drunk. Toby takes a swig of alcohol.

TOBY
A contagious breath.

Toby sets down the bottle.

ANDREW
Very sweet, and contagious i'faith.

Andrew crawls over to the bottle.

TOBY
To hear by the nose, it is dulcet
in contagion. But shall we make the
welkin sky dance indeed? Shall we
rouse the Nightowl in a Catch, that
will draw three fouls out of one
Weaver? Shall we do that?

Toby throws the apple.

ANDREW
And you love me, let's do't. I am
dogged at a Catch.

Andrew crawls over to pick up the apple.

FESTE
By a lady, sir, and some dogs will
catch well.

Andrew crawls over and drops the apple in front of Feste.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Most certain: let our Catch be,
Thou Knave.

Feste picks up the apple, puts it at the end of a long broadsword that just happened to be lying on the table, then knights Andrew.

FESTE

Hold thy peace, thou Knave knight.
I shall be constrain'd in't, to
call thee *knave*, Knight.

Andrew rises.

ANDREW

'Tis not the first time I have
constrained one to call me knave.
Begin fool: it begins, *Hold* thy
peace.

FESTE

I shall never begin if I hold my
peace.

ANDREW

Good i'faith: come, begin.

Feste sings a Catch.

Enter Maria down the stairs.

MARIA

What a catterwalling do you keep
here? If my Lady have not call'd up
her Steward Malvolio, and bid him
turn you out of doors, never trust
me.

TOBY

My Lady's a *Catalan*, we are
politicians, *Malvolio's* a
Pega-ramsie, and *Three Merry men* be
we. Am not I consanguinious? Am I
not of her blood: *tilly vally*.
Lady, There dwelt a man in Babylon,
Lady, Lady.

FESTE

Beshrew me, the knight's in
admirable fooling.

ANDREW

Aye, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

TOBY

O the twelfth day of December.

MARIA

For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio down the stairs.

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night?

Andrew saunters over, collapses, drunk. Toby throws an apple at Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Do ye make an Alehouse of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your Coziers' Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

TOBY

We did keep time, sir, in our Catches. Sneck up!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

TOBY

(sings)

Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA
Nay, good Sir Toby.

FESTE
(sing)
His eyes do shew his days are
almost done.

MALVOLIO
Is't even so?

TOBY
(sing)
But I will never die.

FESTE
Sir Toby there you lie.

MALVOLIO
This is much credit to you.

TOBY
Shall I bid him go.

FESTE
What and if you do?

TOBY
Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

FESTE
O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

TOBY
Out o'tune, sir, ye lie: art any
more than a Stewart? Dost thou
think because thou art virtuous,
there shall be no more Cakes and
Ale?

FESTE
Yes, by Saint Anne, and Ginger
shall be hot i'the mouth too.

TOBY
Th'art i'th right. Go sir, rub your
Chain with crumbs. A stoop of wine,
Maria.

Toby holds goblet up to Maria; Malvolio follows gaze.

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my
Lady's favor at anything more than
contempt, you would not give means
for this hand.

Exit Malvolio.

MARIA

Go shake your ears!

ANDREW

T'were 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 it 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
Count's was today with my Lady, she
is much out of quiet. 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 written enough
to lye straight in my bed. I know I
can do it.

TOBY

Possess us, possess us, tell us
something of him.

MARIA

Marry sir, sometimes he is a kind
of Puritan.

ANDREW

O, if I thought that, I'd beat him
like a dog.

TOBY

What for being a Puritan, thy
exquisite reason, dear knight.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

I have no exquisite reason for't,
but I have reason good enough.

MARIA

The devil's a Puritan that he is,
or anything constantly but a
time-pleaser, an affection'd Ass,
that cons state without book and
utters it by great swarths. The
best persuaded of himself, so
crammed (as he thinks) with
excellencies, that it is his
grounds of faith, that all look on
him, love him: and on that vice in
him, will my revenge find notable
cause to work.

TOBY

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure
Epistles of love, wherein by the
colour of his beard, the shape of
his legs, the manner of his gait,
the expresseure of his eye,
forehead, and complexion, he shall
find himself most feelingly
personated. I can write very like
my Lady, your niece -- on a
forgotten matter we can hardly make
distinction of our hands.

TOBY

Excellent, I smell a device.

ANDREW

I hav't in my nose too.

TOBY

He shall think by the Letters that
thou wilt drop that they come from
my Niece, and that she's in love
with him.

MARIA

My purpose is indeed a horse of
that colour.

ANDREW

And your horse now would make him
an Ass.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

ANDREW

O t'will be admirable.

MARIA

Sport royal I warrant you: I know
my Physic will work with him, I
will plant you two, and let the
Fool make a third, where he shall
find the Letter: obscure his
construction of it: For this night
to bed, and dream on the event:
Farewell.

TOBY

Good night, Penthesilea.

ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

TOBY

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

ANDREW

I was ador'd once too.

TOBY

Let's to bed, knight: Thou hadst
need send for more money.

ANDREW

If I cannot recover your Niece, I
am foul way out.

TOBY

Send for money knight, if thou hast
her not i'th end, call me Cut.

ANDREW

If I do not, never trust me, take
it how you will.

TOBY

Come, come, I'll go burn some Sack,
'tis too late to go to bed now:
Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt into the night.

SCENE 4 - ORSINO'S COURT

ORSINO

Give me some Musick! Now good
morrow friends.

ORSINO

(turns to Cesario)

Now good Cesario, but that piece of
song, / That old and Antique song
we heard last night; / Methought it
did release my passion much, / More
than light airs, and recollected
terms / Of these most brisk and
giddy-paced times. / Come, but one
verse.

CURIO

He is not here (to please your
Lordship) that should sing it?

ORSINO

Who was it?

CURIO

Feste, the jester, my Lord, a fool
that the Lady Olivia's Father took
much delight in. He is about the
house.

ORSINO

Seek him out, and play the tune the
while.

Curio leaves, seeking Feste. Music plays.

ORSINO

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt
love / In the sweet pangs of it,
remember me: / For such as I am,
all true Lovers are, / Unstaid and
skittish in all motions else, /
Save in the constant image of the
creature / That is belov'd. How
does thou like this tune?

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the feat /
Where love is thrown.

ORSINO

(immediately)

Thou dost speak masterly,
My life upon't, young though thou
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORSINO (cont'd)
 art, thine eye / Hath stay'd upon
 some favour that it loves:
 Hath it not boy?

VIOLA
 (immediately)
 A little, by your favour.

ORSINO
 What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA
 (immediately)
 Of your complexion.

ORSINO
 She is not worth thee then. What
 years i'faith?

VIOLA
 (pauses, as if reluctant to
 give this much info)
 About your years, my Lord.

ORSINO
 Too old by heavens: Let still the
 woman take / An elder than herself,
 so wears she to him; / So sways the
 level in her husband's heart: /
 For, boy, however we do praise
 ourselves, / Our fancies are more
 giddy and unfirm, / More longing,
 wavering, sooner lost and worn, /
 Than women's are.

VIOLA
 (immediately)
 I think it well, my Lord.

ORSINO
 Then let thy Love by younger than
 thyself, / Or thy affection cannot
 hold the bent: / For women are as
 Roses, whose fair flower / Being
 once displayed, doth fall that very
 hour.

VIOLA
 And so they are: alas, that they
 are so: / To die, even when they to
 perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Feste.

(CONTINUED)

ORSINO

O fellow come, the song we had last night: / Make it *Cesario*, it is old and plain; / The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun, / And the free maids that weave their thread with bones, / Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth, / And dallies with the innocence of love, / Like the old age.

FESTE

Are you ready, Sir?

ORSINO

I prithee sing.

FESTE

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress, let me be laid.
Fie away, fie away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid:
My shroud of white, stuck all with
yew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did
share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin, let there be
strewn:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpses, where my bones
shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
lay me where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
to weep there.

ORSINO

That's for thy pains.

FESTE

No pains, sir, I take pleasure in
singing, sir.

ORSINO

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

FESTE

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be
paid one time, or another.

(CONTINUED)

ORSINO

Give me now leave, to leave thee.

FESTE

Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffeta, for thy mind is very Opal. I would have men of luck constancy put to Sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit Feste.

ORSINO

Let all the rest give place:

Exeunt all but Orsino and Viola.

ORSINO

Once more, *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same sovereign
cruelty: / Tell her my love more
noble than the world / Prizes not
quantity of dirty lands, / The
parts that fortune hath bestow'd
upon her: / Tell her I hold as
giddily as Fortune: / But 'tis that
miracle, and Queen of Gems / That
nature pranks her in, attracts my
soul.

VIOLA

But, if she cannot love you sir.

ORSINO

It cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA

Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhaps
there is, / Hath for your love as
great a pang of heart / As you have
for *Olivia*: you cannot love her --/
You tell her so -- Must she not
then be answer'd?

ORSINO

(pauses, contemplating)

There is no woman's sides.
Can bide the beating of so strong a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORSINO (cont'd)
 passion, / As love doth give my
 heart: no woman's heart / So big,
 to hold so much, they lack
 retention. / Alas, their love may
 be call'd appetite, / No motion of
 the Liver, but the Pallate, / That
 suffer surfeit, cloyment, and
 revolt, / But mine is all as hungry
 as the Sea, / And can digest as
 much, make no compare / Between
 that love a woman can bear me, /
 And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA
 (immediately)
 Aye, but I know.

ORSINO
 (beat)
 What dost thou know?

VIOLA
 Too well that love women to men may
 owe: / In faith they are as true of
 heart, as we. / My Father had a
 daughter lov'd a man / As it might
 be perhaps, were I a woman /
 I should your Lordship.

ORSINO
 (immediately)
 And what's her history?

VIOLA
 A blank, my Lord: she never told
 her love, / But let concealment
 like a worm i'th bud / Feed on her
 damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
 / And with a green and yellow
 melancholy, / She sate late
 Patience on a Monument, / Smiling
 at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more,
 but indeed / Our shews are more
 than will: for still we prove /
 Much in our vows, but little in our
 love.

ORSINO
 But died thy sister of her love, my
 Boy?

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

I am all the daughters of my
Father's house, / And all the
brothers too; and yet I know not. /
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

ORSINO

(immediately)

Aye, that's the Theme,
To her in haste: give her this
Jewell: say, / My love can give no
place, bid no deny.

SCENE 5 - OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Toby and Fabian amble down a path in Olivia's garden, followed by a trailing, obviously drunk Andrew.

TOBY

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN

Nah, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with Melancholy.

TOBY

Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly Rascally sheep-biter, come by some notable shame?

Toby and Fabian arrive at a small clearing, spacy enough for bear-baiting.

FABIAN

I would exult man: you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

TOBY

To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW

And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

TOBY

Here comes the little villain: how now, my Metal of India?

MARIA

Get ye all three into the box tree!

Toby, Fabian, Andrew duck behind a boxtree. The rest is all in whispers.

MARIA

Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the Sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him for the love of Mockery: for I know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARIA (cont'd)
this Letter will make a contemplate
Idiot of him. Close, in the name of
jesting, lye thou there!

Maria throws the letter onto the path.

MARIA
For here comes the Trout, that must
be caught with tickling.

Exit Maria.

Enter Malvolio, with Shadow AO.

MALVOLIO
'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 view me with a more
exalted respect than anyone else
that follows her. What should I
think on't?

TOBY
(whispering)
Here's an overweening rogue.

Toby takes out a revolver.

FABIAN
Oh peace: Cotemplation makes a rare
Turkey Cock of him, how he lets
under his advanc'd plumes.

ANDREW
Sight, I could so beat the Rogue.

Andrew tries taking the revolver from Toby.

TOBY
Peace I say.

Toby resists.

MALVOLIO
To be Count Malvolio.

TOBY
Ah, Rogue.

ANDREW
Pistol him, pistol him!

TOBY
(withdraws revolver, with a
pat)
Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO
(contemplate a mystery,
epiphany:)
There is example fo't: The Lady of
the Strachy, married the yeoman of
the wardrobe.

ANDREW
Fie on him Iezabel.

FABIAN
O peace, now he's deeply in: look
how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO
Having been three months married to
her, fitting in my state.

TOBY
O for a stone-bow to hit him in the
eye.

MALVOLIO
Calling my Officers about me, in my
branch'd Velvet gown: having come
from a daybed, where I have left
Olivia sleeping.

TOBY
(raises the revolver)
Fire and Brimstone!

FABIAN
Oh peace, peace.

MALVOLIO
And then to have the humor of
state: and after a demure travaile
of regard: telling them I know my
place, as I would they should do
theirs: to ask for my kinsman Toby.

TOBY
(points revolver)
Bolts and shackles.

(CONTINUED)

FABIAN

Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

MALVOLIO

Seven of my people with an obedient
start make out for him: I frown the
while, and perchance wind up my
watch, or play with my some rich
Jewell: Toby approaches; curtsies
to me.

TOBY

Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN

Though our silence be drawn from us
with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus:
quenching my familiar smile with an
austere regard of control--

TOBY

And do's not Toby take you a blow
o'the lips, then?

MALVOLIO

Saying, "*Confine* Toby, my Fortunes
having cast me on your Niece, give
me this prerogative of speech."

TOBY

What, what?

MALVOLIO

"You must amend your drunkenness."

TOBY

Out scab.

FABIAN

Nay patience, or we break the fines
of our plot?

MALVOLIO

"Besides you waste the treasure of
your time, with a foolish knight."

ANDREW

That's me, I warrant you.

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO
"One Sir Andrew--"

ANDREW
(nodding)
I knew 'twas I, for many do call me
fool.

Malvolio sees the letter, bends down and picks it up.

MALVOLIO
What employment have we here?

FABIAN
Now is the Woodcock near the gin.

TOBY
Oh peace, and the spirit of humors
intimate reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO
By my life this is my Lady's hand:
these be her very C's, her V's, and
her T's, and thus makes she her
great P's. It is in contempt of
question her hand.

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

MALVOLIO
(reads)
"To the unknown belov'd, this, and
my good Wives: Her very Phrases: By
your leave wax. Soft, and the
impressure her Lucrece, with which
she uses to seal: t'is my Lady - to
whom should this be?"

FABIAN
This wins him, Liver and all.

MALVOLIO
"Jove knows I love,
But who?
Lips, do not moon;
No man must know."

Malvolio contemplates.

MALVOLIO

"No man must know." What follows?
The numbers alter'd: "No man must
know," If this should be thee,
Malvolio?

TOBY

Marry hang the brock.

MALVOLIO

"I may command where I adore,
But silence, like a Lucesse knife:
With bloodless stroke
My heart doth grow,
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life."

FABIAN

A fustian riddle.

TOBY

Excellent Wench, say I!

MALVOLIO

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

FABIAN

What dish a polyton has she drest
him?

TOBY

And with what wing the Italian
checks at it?

MALVOLIO

"I may command, where I adore." Why
she may command me: I serve her,
she is my Lady. 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?
Softly, "M.O.A.I."

TOBY

O, I make up that, he is now at a
cold scent.

FABIAN

Sowter will cry upon't for all
this, though it be as rank as a
Fox.

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO

"M. -- *Malvolio*. -- M." -- Why that begins my name.

FABIAN

Did I not say he would work it out, the Cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO

M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation: A. should follow, but O. does.

FABIAN

And O shall end, I hope.

TOBY

Aye, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

MALVOLIO

And then "I" comes behind.

FABIAN

Aye, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than Fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO

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. 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 servants: 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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO (cont'd)

yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross garter'd: I say remember. Go to, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell, she that would alter services with thee, that fortunate unhappy daylight and champaign discovers not more!"

MALVOLIO

This is open... I will be proud, I will read political Authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point denise, the very man. 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 crossgarter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of iniunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stour, in yellow stockings, and cross Garter'd, even with the switness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, decree my sweet, I prithee. Jove, I thank thee, I will smile, I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

FABIAN

I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

TOBY

I could marry this wench for this device.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

So could I too.

TOBY

And ask no other dowry with her,
but such another left.

Enter Maria.

ANDREW

Nor I neither.

FABIAN

Here comes my noble gull catcher.

TOBY

Wilt thou let thy foot o'my neck?

ANDREW

Or o'mine either?

TOBY

Shall I play my freedom at
tray-trip, and become thy
bondslave?

ANDREW

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.

MALVOLIO

Nay but say true, do's it work upon
him?

TOBY

Like Aqua vita with a Midwife.

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of
the sport, mark his first approach
before my Lady: he will come to her
in yellow stockings, and 'tis a
colour she abhors, and cross
garter'd, a fashion she detests:
and he will smile upon her, which
will now be so unfuteable to her
disposition, being addicted to a
melancholy, as she is, that it
cannot but turn him into a notable

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARIA (cont'd)
contempt: if you will see it follow
me.

TOBY
To the gates of Tarter, thou most
excellent devil of wit.

ANDREW
I'll make one too.

Exeunt all.