

Metaverse Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, Act 2

Adapted for the MSC TN 2010
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 Messaline, 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
pleas'd, 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 drown'd.

ANTONIO
 Alas the day!

Antonio approaches and embraces Sebastian, a "gay embrace
 from behind."

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.

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.

2

SCENE 2 - OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter Viola, through center door, followed by Malvolio.

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 hardy 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 t'is,
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, O 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 Oliv'a
breathe?

Viola bends down to pick up the ring. She examines it

VIOLA

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

3 SCENE 3 - OLIVIA'S PANTRY

Maria, cross-stitching upstairs, awaiting Toby's return.

Toby enters down-the-stairs (fr center balcony) w/ bottle of *Deliculo Surgere*, turns to beckon Andrew. Andrew follows.

TOBY

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

Andrew approaches pulpit balcony, declares:

ANDREW

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

Toby walks over to a bucket on lower level.

TOBY

A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd can.

TOBY whizzes into a bucket, continues philosophizing:

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?

Toby walks back to upper level, to Andrew.

ANDREW

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

Toby approaches Andrew, slaps him on the back.

TOBY

Th'art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.
(Salutes painting of Virgin Mary)
Marian, I say, a stoop of wine.

Enter Feste, down-the-stairs (from center balcony).

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Here comes the fool i'faith.

Feste gathers Andrew and Toby around the painting of the Virgin Mary.

FESTE

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

TOBY

Welcome ass, now let's have a catch.

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 i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy Leman, hadst it?

Feste meanders away from the painting of Virgin Mary.

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 follows.

ANDREW

(slaps Feste on back)

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

As does Toby.

TOBY

(slaps Feste on back)

Come on, there is sixpence for you. let's have a song.

ANDREW

(gives coin)

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

(CONTINUED)

Feste, standing between Andrew and Toby:

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 to Toby)

*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 sweetening. /
Journeys end in lovers meeting, /
Every wise man's son doth know.*

ANDREW

Excellent good, i'faith.

TOBY

Good, good.

FESTE

(sings to Andrew)

*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, toasts Feste.

TOBY

A contagious breath.

Toby sets down the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Very sweet, and contagious i'faith.

Andrew, donning crawl AO, crawls over to the bottle.

TOBY

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet
in contagion. But shall we make the
Welkin 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 at Feste.

ANDREW

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

Feste misses. Andrew crawls over to pick up the apple.

FESTE

By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will
catch well.

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

ANDREW

Most certain: let our Catch be,
Thou Knave.

Feste picks up the apple, puts apple at the end of a long
broadsword, then knights Andrew. Apple falls.

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 goes to pulpit balcony.

FESTE

I shall never begin if I hold my
peace.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Good i'faith: come, begin.

Feste sings a Catch, a loud caterwauling catch, loud enough for Maria to hear and take heed upstairs.

Enter Maria from upstairs, stage right.

MARIA

What a caterwauling 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 *Cataian*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsey*, 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 descends to lower level.

FESTE

(slaps Toby on back)
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 bursts into an anthem:

TOBY

O the twelfth day of December.

MARIA

For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio down the stairs, walks to pulpit balcony:

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

(He hiccups and sneezes)

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 yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an 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.

Toby saunters into a closet(to wear Marie Antoinette dress).

MARIA

(sings Toby's name)

Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

FESTE

(sing)

His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

MALVOLIO

(shouts)

Is't even so?

TOBY

(sings, muffled in closet)

But I will never die.

(CONTINUED)

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?

Toby jumps out of closet.

FESTE

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

Toby, bustles with belligerence to Malvolio:

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 backs away to upper level, about to make his leave.

FESTE

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

Feste exits center balcony (too much drama for this fool!).

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.

MALVOLIO

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

Maria, ever the rebel, gives Toby his stoop of wine.

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO

(furious)

She shall know of it by this hand.

Exit Malvolio, through door SR.

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 wit 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.

ANDREW

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

(CONTINUED)

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 expressure 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.

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

(CONTINUED)

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. Observe his construction of it. For this night to bed, and dream on the event: Farewell.

Exit Maria through Malvolio's door.

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 a 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.

4 SCENE 4 - ORSINO'S COURT

Orsino, Curio, and Cesario enter on the lower level of the stage. Musicians upstairs (already seated prior to scene placement). Musicians attach lutes when scene rezzes in.

ORSINO
 (head looking up at musicians
 in balcony)
 Give me some Musick! Now good
 morrow friends.

Orsino seats himself on throne.

ORSINO
 (turns to Cesario)
 Now good Cesario, but that piece of
 song, / That old and antic song we
 heard last night; / Methought it
 did relieve 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?

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat /
Where love is thorn'd.

ORSINO

(immediately)

Thou dost speak masterly,
My life upon't -- young though thou
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 she
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 be 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.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

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

Enter Curio & Feste.

ORSINO

O fellow come, the song we had last
night: / Mark 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 simple 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 o
where / Sad true lover never find
my grave, to weep there.*

ORSINO

There's for thy pains.

FESTE

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

ORSINO

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

(CONTINUED)

FESTE

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

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 such 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 rises from throne.

ORSINO

Let all the rest give place:

Exeunt all but Orsino and Viola.

ORSINO

(without pause)

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 'dorns her in, attracts
my soul.

VIOLA

But, if she cannot love you sir.

ORSINO

It cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA

(immediately)

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 --/

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA (cont'd)
 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
 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 what 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 sat like Patience
 on a Monument, / Smiling at grief.
 Was not this love indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more,
 but indeed / Our shows are more
 than will: for still we prove /
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA (cont'd)
Much in our vows, but little in our
love.

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

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.

5 SCENE 5 - OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Toby and Fabian enter center-door, amble down a path (SR) in Olivia's garden, followed by a trailing, drunk Andrew.

TOBY
Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN
Nay, 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, corridors.

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 (lower-level).
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
 contemplative Idiot of him. Close,
 in the name of jesting, lye thou
 there!

Maria throws the letter onto the path. (Click visible.)

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

Exit Maria center-door. Trout literally drops from balcony.

Enter Malvolio via corridors, 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 uses 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 gun.

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

ANDREW
 Slight, I could so beat the Rogue.

Andrew tries taking the gun from Toby.

TOBY
 Peace I say.

Toby resists.

MALVOLIO
 To be Count Malvolio.

TOBY

Ah, Rogue.

ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him!

TOBY

(withdraws gun, with a pat)

Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO

(contemplate a mystery,
epiphany:)

There is example for't: The Lady of
the Strachy, married the yeoman of
the wardrobe.

ANDREW

Fie on him, Jezabel.

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

(rises, ready to face
Malvolio)

Fire and Brimstone!

FABIAN

(pulls Toby back down, keeps
him from fighting)

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.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY
(struggles to leave Fabian's
huddle)
Bolts and shackles.

FABIAN
(prays, fearing Malvolio might
catch him again)
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, "*Cousin* Toby, my Fortunes
having cast me on your Niece, give
me this prerogative of speech."

Fabian drops his hold on Toby--both Toby and Fabian are completely bewildered by Malvolio's wild leap of faith.

TOBY
What, what?

MALVOLIO
"You must amend your drunkenness."

TOBY
Out scab.

Toby stands up, right when Malvolio isn't looking. Fabian pulls him back down, hiding behind the boxtree.

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

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

ANDREW

That's me, I warrant you.

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?

Malvolio tears up the envelope, takes the letter, throws the
envelope to the ground.

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 U'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 U's, and her T's: why
that?

Beat, and then Andrew puts on his "Delighted Dumbfounded"
shape.

MALVOLIO

(reads)

*"To the unknown belov'd, this, and
my good Wishes"* -- Her very
Phrases... By your leave, wax:

(CONTINUED)

Malvolio bends down to look at the remainder of the wax on the opened envelope.

MALVOLIO

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 move;
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 thee brock.

MALVOLIO

*"I may command where I adore,
But silence, like a Lucrece 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 o' poison has she dreft
him?

TOBY

And with what wing the Stallion
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, aye, 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.*

Malvolio spins.

MALVOLIO

"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.

MALVOLIO

"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 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, The Fortunate Unhappy."

MALVOLIO

Daylight and champaign discovers not more! This is open... I will be proud, I will read politic Authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, 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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO (cont'd)
 praise my legs being crossgarter'd,
 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 crossgarter'd, even
 with the swiftness 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, dear my
 sweet, I prithee."

Malvolio puts on smile shape.

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

Malvolio exits thru corridor.

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.

ANDREW
 So could I too.

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

Enter Maria center door.

ANDREW
 Nor I neither.

FABIAN
 Here comes my noble gull catcher.

TOBY

Wilt thou set 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.

MARIA

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 unsuitable to her
disposition, being addicted to a
melancholy, as she is, that it
cannot but turn him into a notable
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, Gates of Tarter, following Maria, with Andrew
loitering just slightly behind.