

**SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.**

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN*

**SIR ANDREW**

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

**FABIAN**

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW**

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.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

As plain as I see you now.

**FABIAN**

This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

**SIR ANDREW**

'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

**FABIAN**

I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And they have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

**FABIAN**

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

**SIR ANDREW**

An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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.

**FABIAN**

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW**

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

**SIR ANDREW**

Where shall I find you?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

*Exit SIR ANDREW*

**FABIAN**

This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

**FABIAN**

We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

**FABIAN**

And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.



## **Act 3, Scene 1**

**VIOLA**

Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?

**Clown**

No, sir, I live by the church.

**VIOLA**

Art thou a churchman?

**Clown**

No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

**VIOLA**

So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.

**Clown**

You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

**VIOLA**

Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

**Clown**

I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

**VIOLA**

Why, man?

**Clown**

Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

**VIOLA**

Thy reason, man?

**Clown**

Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

**VIOLA**

I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

**Clown**

Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

**VIOLA**

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

**Clown**

No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

**VIOLA**

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

**Clown**

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

**VIOLA**

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.  
Hold, there's expenses for thee.

**Clown**

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

**VIOLA**

By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one;  
*Asidet* - though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy  
lady within?

**Clown**

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

**VIOLA**

Yes, being kept together and put to use.

**Clown**

I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring  
a Cressida to this Troilus.

**VIOLA**

I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

**Clown**

The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but  
a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is  
within, sir. I will construe to them whence you  
come; who you are and what you would are out of my  
welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.

*Exit*



## **Act 4, Scene 2**

**MALVOLIO**

[Within] Who calls there?

**Clown**

Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

**Clown**

Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

**Clown**

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

**MALVOLIO**

As hell, Sir Topas.

**Clown**

Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

**MALVOLIO**

I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

**Clown**

Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

**MALVOLIO**

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

**Clown**

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

**MALVOLIO**

That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

**Clown**

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

**MALVOLIO**

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

**Clown**

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!



## Monologue – Malvolio – Act 2, scene v

### 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.

*[He reads.]*

*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 yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. 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.*

Daylight and champion 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-devise 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 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!



**Scene – Malvolio/Olivia**

**OLIVIA**

Ay, my lord, this same.--  
How now, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

**OLIVIA**

Have I, Malvolio? No.

**MALVOLIO** [handing her a paper]

Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.  
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, not your invention.  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor?  
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered 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 suffered me to be imprisoned,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

**OLIVIA**

Alas, Malvolio, 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, cam'st in smiling,  
And in such forms which here were presupposed  
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.  
This practice hath most shrewdly passed 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.



**SCENE III. A street.**

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*

**SEBASTIAN**

I would not by my will have troubled you;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

**ANTONIO**

I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you, though so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and inhospitable: my willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

**SEBASTIAN**

My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks; and ever [ ] oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:  
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do?  
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

**ANTONIO**

To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

**SEBASTIAN**

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

**ANTONIO**

Would you'ld pardon me;  
I do not without danger walk these streets:  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys  
I did some service; of such note indeed,  
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

**SEBASTIAN**

Belike you slew great number of his people.

**ANTONIO**

The offence is not of such a bloody nature;  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,  
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

**SEBASTIAN**

Do not then walk too open.

**ANTONIO**

It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

**SEBASTIAN**

Why I your purse?

**ANTONIO**

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

**SEBASTIAN**

I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.

**ANTONIO**

To the Elephant.

**SEBASTIAN**

I do remember.

*Exeunt*