

Act 2, Scene 5 Olivia's garden

(Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN.)

SIR TOBY
Come, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN
Nay, I'll come. If I lose a bit of this sport, let me be boiled to death.

SIR TOBY
Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally sheep biter* come by some shame?

FABIAN
I would exult, man!
You know he brought me out of favor with my lady about a bear-baiting* here?

SIR TOBY
Well, we will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

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

SIR TOBY
Here comes the little villain.

(Enter MARIA.)

MARIA
Get you all three into the box tree.* Malvolio's coming down this walk.
He has been yonder in the sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half hour.
I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.
Lie thou there.

(Maria throws down the letter and exits.)

(Enter MALVOLIO.)

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 any one else that follows her.
What should I think on it?

sheep biter - dog that bites sheep; sneaking fellow,

bear-baiting - a popular Elizabethan spectator and gambling sport where dogs attacked a chained bear,

box tree - some type of hedge, *affect* - to have emotions towards

SIR TOBY

Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN

Peace!

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio.

SIR TOBY

Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

FABIAN

Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

SIR TOBY

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

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

And then to ask for my kinsman Toby—

SIR TOBY

Bolts and Shackles!

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 jewel.
Toby approaches; courtesies there to me—

branched - embroidered

SIR TOBY

Shall this fellow live?

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus, saying,

'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech.
You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY

Out, scab!

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 (*Looking at the letter.*)

What employment have we here?

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.

To whom should this be?

By your leave, wax.*

(*MALVOLIO opens the letter and reads.*)

'Jove* knows I love, but who? Lips, do not move; no man must know.'

'No man must know.'

If this should be thee, Malvolio?

'I may command where I adore,

but silence, like a Lucrece knife,

with bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

SIR 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.

'I may command where I adore.'

Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady.

in contempt of - beyond, *by your leave, wax* - an apology for breaking the seal, *Jove* - God

And what should that alphabetical position portend?
 If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly, 'M, O, A, I,'
 M. Malvolio. M. Why, that begins my name. M.
 But then there is no constancy in the sequel. A should follow, but O does. And then I comes behind.
 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.
 (*MALVOLIO 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 them.
 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.
 Thou art made if thou desirest to be so.
 If not, let me see thee a steward still, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers.
 Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,
 The Fortunate Unhappy.'
 Daylight and champain* 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.
 She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross gartered.
 I thank my stars I am happy!
 Here is yet a postscript.
 (*MALVOLIO reads.*) '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.'
 Jove, I thank thee!
 I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

(*Exit MALVOLIO.*)

(*SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN reveal themselves.*)

SIR TOBY

I could marry the wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW

So could I too.

SIR TOBY

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

SIR ANDREW

Nor I neither.

champain - open country, *point devise* - perfectly correct, *dowry* - wedding gift

FABIAN

Here comes the noble gull* catcher.

(Re enter MARIA.)

SIR TOBY

Wilt thou set thy foot on my neck?

SIR ANDREW

Or on mine?

MARIA

Does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY

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

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of our sport, mark his first approach before my lady.

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross gartered, a fashion she detests.

If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY

To the gates of Tartar,* thou most excellent devil of wit.

SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

(Exeunt.)

gull - fool, *Tartar* - Tartarus, the section of hell reserved for the most evil