

Twelfth Night, or What You Will

2.5

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian

SIR TOBY Come thy ways, Signor Fabian.

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

SIR TOBY Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame? 5

FABIAN I would exult, man. You know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir Andrew? 10

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

Enter Maria with a letter

SIR TOBY Here comes the little villain. 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 i' the sun practising behaviour 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! 15

The men hide. Maria places the letter

Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. 20

Exit

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 anyone else that follows her. What should I think on't? 25

SIR TOBY Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkeycock of him±±how he jets under his advanced plumes! 30

SIR ANDREW 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.

SIR TOBY Peace, I say.
MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio!
SIR TOBY Ah, rogue.
SIR ANDREW Pistol him, pistol him. 35
SIR TOBY Peace, peace.
MALVOLIO There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachey
 married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
SIR ANDREW Fie on him, Jezebel.
FABIAN O peace, now he's deeply in. Look how imagina- 40
 tion blows him.
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 45
 velvet gown, having come from a day-bed where I have
 left Olivia sleeping±±
SIR TOBY Fire and brimstone!
FABIAN O peace, peace.
MALVOLIO And then to have the humour of state and±± 50
 after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know
 my place, as I would they should do theirs±±to ask for
 my kinsman Toby.
SIR TOBY Bolts and shackles!
FABIAN O peace, peace, peace, now, now. 55
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±± (*touching his*
chain) some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there
 to me. 60
SIR 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±± 65
SIR TOBY And does 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'±±
SIR TOBY What, what! 70
MALVOLIO `You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY Out, scab.

FABIAN Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO `Besides, you waste the treasure of your time
with a foolish knight'±± 75

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 (*seeing the letter*) What employment have we
here? 80

FABIAN Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY O peace, and the spirit of humours intimate
reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO (*taking up the letter*) By my life, this is my lady's
hand. These be her very c's, her u's, and her t's, and 85
thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of
question her hand.

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! (*Opening the letter*) By 90
your leave, wax±±soft, and the impressure her Lucrece,
with which she uses to seal±±'tis my lady. To whom
should this be?

FABIAN This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

`Jove knows I love,
But who? 95

Lips do not move,
No man must know.'

`No man must know.' What follows? The numbers
altered. `No man must know.' If this should be thee, 100
Malvolio?

SIR TOBY Marry, hang thee, brock.

MALVOLIO

`I may command where I adore,
But silence like a Lucrece knife
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore. 105
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.'

FABIAN A fustian riddle.

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. 110

FABIAN What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY And with what wing the staniel 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 115 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.'

SIR TOBY O ay, make up that, he is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be 120 as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO 'M.' Malvolio±±'M'±±why, that begins my name.

FABIAN Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults. 125

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.

SIR TOBY Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!' 130

MALVOLIO And then 'I' comes behind.

FABIAN Ay, an 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; 135 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 140 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 145 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 desirest to be so; if not, 150
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 champaign discovers not more. This is 155
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 160
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- 165
gartered, 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
entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy
smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still 170
smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee. I
will smile, I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit

Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian come from hiding

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

SIR TOBY I could marry this wench for this device. 175

SIR ANDREW So could I, too.

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

Enter Maria

SIR ANDREW Nor I neither.

FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher. 180

SIR TOBY *(to Maria)* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR ANDREW *(to Maria)* Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY *(to Maria)* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,
and become thy bonds slave?

SIR ANDREW *(to Maria)* I'faith, or I either? 185

SIR TOBY *(to Maria)* 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, does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY Like aqua vitae with a midwife. 190

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-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her 195 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.

SIR TOBY To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit. 200

SIR ANDREW I'll make one, too.

Exeunt