

SIDE 12 – FESTE AND MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO Who calls there?

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

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady—

FOOL Out, hyperbolic fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. They have laid me here in hideous darkness—

FOOL Fie, thou dishonest Satan! Saystthou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories 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.

FOOL Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance.

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.

FOOL What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

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

FOOL What thinkst thou of his opinion?

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

FOOL Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th' 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!

TOBY My most exquisite Sir Topas!

MARIA Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

TOBY To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

*Toby and Maria exit.*

FOOL *sings, in his own voice*

*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*

*Tell me how thy lady does.*

MALVOLIO Fool!

FOOL *sings*

*My lady is unkind, perdy.*

MALVOLIO Fool!

FOOL *sings*

*Alas, why is she so?*

MALVOLIO Fool, I say!

FOOL *sings*

*She loves another—*

Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

FOOL Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Ay, good Fool.

FOOL Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

FOOL But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a Fool.

Advise you what you say. The minister is here.

*In the voice of Sir Topas.* Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore. Endeavor thyself to sleep and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas!

FOOL, *as Sir Topas* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. *As Fool.* Who, I, sir? Not I, sir!

*As Sir Topas.* Marry, amen.

*As Fool.* I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!

FOOL Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper and convey what I will set down to my lady.

FOOL I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FOOL Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, begone.

*sings*

*I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,*

*I'll be with you again,*

*In a trice, like to the old Vice,*

*Your need to sustain.*