

MALVOLIO has been imprisoned by Olivia's uncle and his friends. He has been shut in a dark room and thinks there was a priest who entered. He is desperate to get out. FESTE is holding up the jest.

FESTE [Singing] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO Fool!

FESTE 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

MALVOLIO Fool, I say!

FESTE '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.

FESTE Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Ay, good fool.

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

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

FESTE But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

FESTE Alas, sir, be patient.

MALVOLIO Good fool, I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FESTE Well-a-day that you were, sir

MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady:

it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

FESTE 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, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

FESTE [Singing] 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;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil.

SIDE 2 - FESTE is playing music at the top of this scene, outside Olivia's house. VIOLA has returned, dressed as Cesario to woo the lady Olivia. FESTE, having seen how VIOLA acted at Duke Orsino's is distrusting of him. FESTE also uses this interchange to extort money out of Cesario/Viola.

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

FESTE No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA Art thou a churchman?

FESTE 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.

FESTE 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.

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

VIOLA Why, man?

FESTE Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that
word might make my sister wanton.

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

FESTE 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?

FESTE No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she
will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; I am indeed not
her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

FESTE 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.

FESTE 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; *[Aside]*
though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

FESTE Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA Yes, being kept together and put to use.

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

VIOLA I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

FESTE 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]*