

Monologue

'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't? To be Count Malvolio! There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, and then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to for my kinsman Toby. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me, I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech. You must amend your drunkenness. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight, one Sir Andrew. *(Sees the letter on the ground)* What employment have we here?

Scene

OLIVIA

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft? How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'Some are born great,'--

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

'Some achieve greatness,'--

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'--

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO

'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered!

MALVOLIO

'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;!--

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.