

SCENE V.

Olivia's garden

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN]

SIR TOBY BELCH

Young Fabian? Servant?

FABIAN

I beg your pardon?

SIR TOBY BELCH

How lucky for you that you're here in the garden.

FABIAN

What's happening, Sir Toby? Is there a show?

SIR ANDREW

We're taking down Malvolio!

FABIAN

He always calls my fun a sin.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well stick around, the joke's on him.

SIR ANDREW

And here she is, the mastermind!

[Enter MARIA]

MARIA

Behind this tree, if you'd be so kind.
Malvolio is on his way.
He's been practicing his manners all day.
Now not a peep, you all must hide.
I'll lay these letters in his stride.

[MARIA places the letters and exits]

SIR TOBY BELCH

This will be such an easy job.

FABIAN

He's such a daft pretentious snob.

SIR ANDREW

His manners are both trite and fickle,
Here comes the old trout, let's give him a tickle.

[Enter MALVOLIO, speaking to himself]

MALVOLIO

Maria did state on Olivia's behalf
That I am her favourite member of staff.
It's really no surprise that she
Is really rather taken with me!

SIR ANDREW

Deluded fool.

SIR TOBY BELCH

His mind is slack.

FABIAN

And such an egomaniac.

SIR ANDREW

I'll beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sir Andrew, no!

MALVOLIO

They'll call me Count Malvolio!

I won't be the first to marry my way

From a servant to royalty, that I dare say.

FABIAN

Look how he dreams.

SIR ANDREW

Such pretentious a tone.

For a man so skilled at living alone!

MALVOLIO

And after three months married, I'll be the state's head,

Surrounded with servants, Olivia in bed....

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

Calm thee, man!

MALVOLIO

Handing out judgments as only I can...
I'll call Uncle Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Oh will he? We'll see!

MALVOLIO

I'll act all aloof as he courtesies to me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll kill the old goat for this story he's spun.

FABIAN

Just let him continue and don't spoil the fun.

MALVOLIO

I'll offer my ring which he will then kiss.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll punch him in the chops!

MALVOLIO

Like this,
'Sir Toby', I'll say, with my newfound prestige,
'You must give up your drinking, I do you besiege!'

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll give up my temper.

MALVOLIO

'You're a waster, you see
And you drink with a moron.'

SIR ANDREW

He's talking about me!

MALVOLIO

'The fool that is Sir Aguecheek'.

SIR ANDREW

I knew he was!

SIR TOBY BELCH

[To SIR ANDREW] Your mind is weak!

MALVOLIO

What's this I see? A mysterious letter?

[Taking up the letter]

FABIAN

This just keeps getting better and better.

SIR TOBY BELCH

For the love of God, let him read it aloud.

MALVOLIO

It's my lady's handwriting!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Already he's proud

MALVOLIO

[Reads the envelope] 'To my unknown beloved, with all my heart'.

It's sealed with her ring; it's a very good start.

I'll open it. I cannot wait.

FABIAN

The fish is hooked.

SIR ANDREW

He took the bait!

MALVOLIO

[Reads]

‘I love a man, but no one must know’.

Well, that could be Malvolio!

‘I may command who I adore

But silence does my poor heart gore

Without a knife, in a bloodless fashion

M.O.A.I. commands my passion’.

FABIAN

It’s an awful tease and he should know it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Maria is an excellent poet.

MALVOLIO

The Lady adores to whom she writes.

Well, clearly, I’m within her sights.

For years I’ve been right by her side

Will I take her for my bride?

Does she foresee a great romance?

SIR TOBY BELCH

I think I’m going to pee my pants!

MALVOLIO

And what about this final bit
M.O.A.I.?

SIR ANDREW

We'll judge his wit

MALVOLIO

Well M could be Malvolio,
And the end of my name could be the O.
But the A remains a mystery
With an 'I' at the back...

SIR TOBY BELCH

Of your head, you could see,
That you are being played, my friend.

MALVOLIO

There is some more writing, this isn't the end....

[Reads]

'If this letter is in your hands,
Follow carefully its commands.
By birth, I am a bit of a toff¹
But don't let that fact put you off.
Some are born great, some greatness achieve
And greatness for others they simply receive.
The high life awaits you. Make changes, it's urgent:
Argue with relatives and be rude to a servant!
Talk about politics, think outside the box,

1 Derogatory British idiom for a rich or noble person

Show me you love me, wear yellow socks.
 I hate to ask and I'll never beg
 But wear crisscrossing laces that go right up your leg.
 A new life awaits you, most grand and not crappy.
 Yours sincerely, my love, signed The Fortunate Unhappy!
 What could be clearer? It's easy to see,
 I'm as light as a feather. The lady loves me.
 I recall she liked my yellow tights.
 I'll wear them now for days and nights!
 I'll baffle Sir Toby and ditch my old chums
 And embrace the fate that this way comes.
 From today, I'll be cultured in manners and dress,
 The ying to her yang... [*Looking at the letter*] Oh, here's PS
 [*Reading*] 'To let me know that you've deciphered this
 letter,
 Walk around with a smile, or a grin, even better.
 I'll know this is true and I am not simply dreaming
 Whenever you're near me, your face it is beaming!'.
 I can't believe it. My dream has come true!
 Whatever the woman wants, I'll do.

[*Exit*]

FABIAN

I would not have missed this for a million quid.²

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll marry Maria for what she just did.

² British term for silver pounds.

SIR ANDREW

What a gem, what a legend!

FABIAN

What a wonderful hoax!

[Re-enter MARIA]

SIR TOBY BELCH

And here is the queen of the practical jokes!

Your letter it worked!

MARIA

I am ever so glad!

SIR ANDREW

When he finds out the truth, he'll go stark-raving mad!

MARIA

You think that that's funny? You wait for a while

Till he wears yellow stockings and a big stupid smile.

My mistress hates yellow and continues to mourn.

With his socks and his grinning, she will pour on him
scorn.

So stick with me to see her attack.

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'd follow you to hell and back.

[Exeunt]