



SHAKESPEARE IN PARTS, *TWELFTH NIGHT*, 2.5.22-82

MALVOLIO (cues left, lines right)

<i>START HERE:</i>	'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?
Peace, I say.	To be Count Malvolio!
Peace, peace!	There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Imagination blows him.	Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,--
hit him in the eye!	Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,--
O, peace, peace!	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,--
Peace! Now, now.	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,--
cars, yet peace.	I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,--
the lips then?	Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'--
What, what?	'You must amend your drunkenness.'
sinews of our plot.	'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'--
I warrant you.	'One Sir Andrew,'--



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SIR TOBY BELCH (Cues left/lines right)

should I think on't?	Here's an overweening rogue!
beat the rogue!	Peace, I say.
Count Malvolio!	Ah, rogue!
Pistol him.	Peace, peace!
in my state—	O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Olivia sleeping—	Fire and brimstone!
kinsman Toby—	Bolts and shackles!
there to me—	Shall this fellow live?
regard of control—	And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?
Prerogative of speech—	What, what?
your drunkenness.	Out, scab!



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FABIAN (Cues left/lines right)

overweening rogue!	O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!
on him, Jezebel!	O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.
Fire and brimstone!	O, peace, peace!
Bolts and shackles!	O peace, peace, peace! now, now.
this fellow live?	Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.
Out, scab!	Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.



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SIR ANDREW (Cues left/lines right)

his advanced plumes!

Ah, rogue!

of the wardrobe.

A foolish knight—

One Sir Andrew—

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Pistol him, pistol him.

Fie on him, Jezebel!

That's me, I warrant you.

I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool. (*END HERE*)