

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.