

Scene 6

Setting: Olivia's home.

Enter TOBY, drinking, holding a piece of coral.

TOBY

It's completely bleached. "But it's resilient, repairing itself, nothing to be worried about?" A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can.

Enter FESTE.

Here comes the cockatoo, i'faith.

FESTE

How now, my heart!

TOBY

Welcome, galah. Now let's have a song! Let's have a catch! Come on, there's a mac nut for you. Let's have a song.

FESTE

Would you have a sad song, or a song of good life?

TOBY

A sad song, a sad song. I care not for good life.

FESTE

[sings]

On the headland's grassed and sheltered side,
out of the wind I crouch and watch
while driven by the seaward ship-destroying storm
races of insane processional breakers come.
A long-dead divine authority reflows the tide
at evening, and already the gnawed hill of beach
alters and shrinks. The waves cry out: Let us be done.

TOBY

Excellent good, i'faith.

FESTE

[sings]

Let us be done with the long submission, the whips—
that hurl us for ever on time's frigid stone
mouthing our ever-repeated plea for an answer and getting none.
Let us break free, smash down the land's gate

and all drown all questions under a black flood.
Hate, then, the waves cry: hate.¹

TOBY

Shall we rouse the tree frogs in our lament? Shall we do that?

FESTE

We shall indeed, and packs of distant dingoes will howl along.

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO

What a caterwauling do you keep here? Toby, are you mad? Or what are you? Do you make an alehouse of Olivia's house, that you squeak out such songs without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

TOBY

We are politicians. But we did have remorse, sir, in our laments. Screw you!

MALVOLIO

"Professor" Toby, I must be round with you. Olivia bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house. If not, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

TOBY

[*Singing*] "Along the road the magpies walk with hands in pockets, left and right".

FESTE

[*Singing*] "They tilt their head, and stroll and talk. In their well-fitted black and white"--

MALVOLIO

Is't even so?

TOBY

[*Singing*] "they look like certain gentlemen who seem most nonchalant and wise".

FESTE

[*Singing*] "until their meal is served—and then what clashing beaks, what greedy eyes!"²

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

¹ "Storm", by Judith Wright

² "Magpies", by Judith Wright

TOBY

[*To Malvolio*] Credit? You lie! Art any more than a builder? Dost thou think because thou art insured there shall be no more flooding?

MALVOLIO

You leftist, tree-hugging, animal-loving, vegan, eco-fascist! If you prized Olivia's property at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand. *Exit.*

TOBY

[*Yelling after him*] Go drown in your concrete!
--I'll be revenged upon him, force him to see. I know I can do it.

FESTE

Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

TOBY

Marry, he is nothing but a sleazy developer, an affected ass. He is so impressed with himself, it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. I can shadow Olivia's phone. I will sneak into Malvolio's inbox some professed message of love from Olivia.

FESTE

[*finding the cell phone*] I smell a device. He shall think by the texts that thou wilt send that they come from Olivia, and that she's in love with him.

TOBY

My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.

FESTE

And your horse now would make him an ass.

TOBY

More than that: he'll pay for what he has done. I'll go find a can o' beer; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Go, go now, cockatoo. *Exit Feste.*

TOBY

[*to audience*] When I was a young marine biologist, the unspoilt reefs teemed with life and corals burst with colours that just don't exist anymore. What nightmare am I in, when every reef I visit now has gone backwards? They think it's repairing itself, but look. It's only a matter of time, and we have run out of time. *Exit.*