MALVOLIO: '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 anyone else that follows her. What should I think on it?

SIR TOBY: Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN: O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him—how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW: 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.

SIR TOBY: Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO: To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY: Ah, rogue.

SIR ANDREW: Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY: Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO: There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachey married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW: Fie on him, Jezebel.

FABIAN: O peace, now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO: Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

SIR TOBY: O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO: Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day-bed where I have left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY: Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN: O peace, peace.

MALVOLIO: And then to have the humor of state and—after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby.

SIR TOBY: Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN: O peace, peace, peace, now, now.

MALVOLIO: Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—[touching his chain] some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me.

SIR TOBY: Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN: Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO: I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

SIR TOBY: And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

MALVOLIO: Saying "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech"—

SIR TOBY: What, what!

MALVOLIO: "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TOBY: Out, scab.