

## Act 4

### Scene 1

Sir Andrew's two legs pumped frantically. Pride powered leg one: he was Brave Sir Andrew, a bold knight from whom the cowardly Cesario had run away! Hope drove leg two - hope that he was about to win the hand of the fair Olivia, as soon as he'd defeated that same Cesario. If only he wasn't so tired! He and Sir Toby had had to stop to catch their breath and had lost sight of Cesario. Now, heavens be praised, they'd found him again, in the middle of the town square, talking to Feste! With a renewed surge of energy Sir Andrew ran forward, thinking to himself 'this shall be the moment when my life changes forever!'

SMACK! What a satisfying sound. Sir Andrew's bony hand went crashing into the side of Cesario's head.

THWACK! What a very, very, very painful sensation as Cesario's fist quickly responded, punching Sir Andrew on the nose.

He groaned and sat down. For a few minutes, he'd been a hero. Now he sat in the dust - his nose throbbing and his dreams gone.

He'd been quite surprised at how hard Cesario had been able to punch.

Well - as you may have guessed - it wasn't Cesario.

Sebastian was starting to think that everyone in this town was mad. Only a moment ago, he'd been approached by a clown who kept calling him a strange name, Caesar or something like that. And now some beanpole who he'd never met before had hit him for no reason. It was very odd.

And here came the beanpole's friend, a very fat and red-faced man, drawing his sword, seemingly also determined to fight him. What was going on??

"Come, my young soldier!" roared Sir Toby.

Sebastian sighed and drew his own weapon. Though he wasn't particularly worried - the most dangerous thing about his opponent was how smelly he was - it was very annoying to keep being attacked. However, he'd only exchanged a couple of blows when that strange clown returned, this time accompanied by a woman who hurled herself between the two fighters, shouting at his fat foe:

"Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!"

Sir Toby let his sword drop and the colour drained out of his face.

"Madam!"

"Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario. Rudesby, be gone!"

So commanding, and so furious was Olivia that Sir Andrew and Sir Toby ran away without hesitation.

Ah! Not Caesar, but *Cesario*, thought Sebastian, that was the name! Why was this woman, who had so fearlessly thrown herself in front of his sword calling him that? And why, now that he looked at her more closely, was he feeling this strange sensation in his chest? His heart was pounding! And it was as if angels had started to sing to him and placed wings on his feet! A thought popped into his head: 'This is the most wonderful person I have ever met' and the more he stared at her, the more convinced he was that this was true. It was only with some effort that he made himself concentrate on what she was saying.  
When he did, he could hardly believe it - it was like a dream!

"I prithee gentle friend go with me to my house. Thou shalt not choose but go; do not deny."

Somehow, Sebastian stuttered out a reply:  
"If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!"

"Nay, come, I prithee. Wouldst't thou be ruled by me!"

"Madam, I will."

Olivia gasped. She had also been dreaming – of a life with *Cesario* – but hadn't dared hope, until this moment, that it might come true.

"O, say so, and so be!"

## Scene 2

For some, dreams come true. For others, nightmares.

Malvolio was in darkness - inside and out. Sir Toby had locked him up in a lightless dungeon, and declared him mad. Malvolio's thoughts, so recently full of joy, had turned to black despair. He was desperate to escape, but couldn't think how. Then, out of the darkness came an unfamiliar voice,

"What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!"

"Who calls there?"

"Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic."

Praise be, thought Malvolio, he was saved! This was his chance to get a message to Olivia!

"Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady."

If only the cell had not been so dark, Malvolio would have seen the truth: there was no Sir Topas. There was instead, a false beard, a false curate's robe and a false Feste putting on a false voice; and now he pretended to believe that Malvolio was possessed by a devil!

“Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?”

“Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness!” replied the miserable Malvolio.

Lurking nearby were Sir Toby and Maria, delighted at the success of their plan for revenge and, as ‘Sir Topas’ continued to torment the servant, they found it hard to stifle their giggles. Malvolio had been well and truly humiliated. Yet, thought Sir Toby, now would be a good time to call a halt. He dared not, in torturing Malvolio, Olivia’s favourite servant, risk incurring any more of his niece's anger. Who knows, she might make good her threat and throw him out. And so, the miserable Malvolio was allowed to write a message to his mistress pleading for her help.

### Scene 3

Sebastian had a big smile on his face. He had just decided to go for it: the clown, the punch in the face, the beautiful woman who seemed to be in love with him, and now the priest who’d arrived and the wedding about to take place. He’d quite like to be able to talk it over with Antonio - where was he, by the way?- as Antonio was always full of good advice, but, on balance, he was pretty sure it was all going to be lovely.

Olivia, for her part, was not taking any chances; she was going to marry Cesario without delay. The priest was here, the chapel was ready, and Olivia was pretty sure it could all be done and dusted in the next ten minutes - certainly before Cesario had a chance to change his mind.

Now, hold on a minute, before there are any complaints about your brain hurting and the fact that this ISN’T actually Cesario and that Olivia is, theoretically, marrying the wrong person. I just want to point out that I *did* warn you and all I can say is (like I did at the beginning) write to William about it. As far as he’s concerned, the fact that they LOOK identical is enough. It’s a happy ending. At least, it will be soon...