

Kayla's explanation from the wiki:

In this scene Manly tells Olivia that he now hates her. Olivia steps into the next room; Manly tells Fidelity that his reason has been restored along with his heart. Fidelity reminds him that Olivia still has his money and jewels. Fidelity and Freeman tell Olivia that they accidentally witnessed the disagreement, and that she must still return Manly's jewels. Olivia admits that she has given the money and jewels to her husband! Olivia's husband is out of the country, and thus unable to return Manly's possessions.

This scene, I think, sets the tone for the rest of the play. Manly believes that Olivia is the most honest and trustworthy person and leaves the rest of his jewels and money with her, not knowing that later on she will get married. After knowing this, Manly is angry and with Fidelity helps exacts revenge on Olivia. This scene also shows Manly's character, a honest and surly person.

Kayla's "Setup" posting:

My scene is in Act 2 and in this scene Manly and Olivia are trading insults toward each other.

Manly then tells Fidelity that his reason has been restored along with his heart. Fidelity reminds him that Olivia still has his money and jewels. Fidelity and Freeman tell Olivia that they accidentally witnessed the disagreement, and that she must still return Manly's jewels. Olivia admits that she has given the money and jewels to her husband! Olivia's husband is out of the country, and thus unable to return Manly's possessions. Freeman tells Manly that once you give money to women they have power over man, and they don't leave you till all of the money is with them.

The scene:

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good captain Swagger-huff, and be saucy with your mistress, like a true captain; but be civil to your rivals and betters, and do not threaten anything but me here; no, not so much as my windows; nor do not think yourself in the lodgings of one of your suburb mistresses beyond the Tower.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so; for those less infamous women part with their lovers, just as you did from me, with unforced vows of constancy and floods of willing tears; but the same winds bear away their lovers and their vows: and for their grief; if the credulous unexpected fools return, they find new comforters, fresh cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those women too suffers shipwreck with their gallants' fortunes; now you have heard chance has used me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falsehood, and disdain; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn as I was to your feigned love; and henceforward will despise, condemn, hate, loathe, and detest you most faithfully.

Enter Lettice

Oliv. Get the ombre-cards ready in the next room Lettice, and--

[Whispers to Lettice, who goes out.

Free. Bravely resolved, captain!

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your word, I hope, sir?

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, sir? If you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever bragged.

Man. She has restored my reason with my heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, captain, there are other things, which next to one's heart one would not part with; I mean your jewels and money, which it seems she has, sir.

Man. What's that to you, sir?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours I have a share in't I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, though you may be too generous or too angry now to do't yourself.

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make my claim too. [Both going towards Olivia]

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious fops--Aside.? How have I been deceived!

Free. Madam, there are certain appurtenances to a lover's heart, called jewels, which always go along with it.

Fid. And which, with lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with. Our captain's, madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. A gentleman so well made as you are, may be confident--us easy women could not deny you anything you ask, if 'twere for yourself, but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave to give him my answer.-- [Aside] An agreeable young fellow this--and would not be my aversion.-- [Aloud.] Captain, your young friend here has a very persuading face, I confess; yet you might have asked me yourself for those trifles you left with me, which (hark you a little, for I dare trust you with the secret; you are a man of so much honour, I'm sure) I say then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have delivered your jewels to--

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My husband.

Man. Your husband!

Oliv. Ay, my husband. For since you could leave me, I am lately and privately married to one, who is a man so much honour and experience in the world, that I dare not ask him for your jewels again to restore 'em to you; lest he should conclude you never would have parted with 'em to me on any other score but the exchange of my honour which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose I'm sure yourself; those trifles of yours

Man. Triumphant impudence! but married too

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my servants know it not: I am married, there's no resisting one's destiny or love, you know.

Man. Why, did you love him too?

Oliv. Most passionately; nay, love him now, though I have married him, and he me: which mutual love I hope you are too good, too generous a man to disturb, by any future claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the country, but returns shortly; therefore I beg of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I never had seen you

Oliv. But if you should ever have anything to say to me hereafter, let that young gentleman there be your messenger

Man. You would be kinder to him; I find he should be welcome

Oliv. Alas! his youth would keep my husband from suspicions, and his visits from scandal; for we women may have pity for such as he, but no love: and I already think you do not well to spirit him away to sea; and the sea is already but too rich with the spoils of the shore

Man. True perfect woman! If I could say anything more injurious to her now, I would; for I could outtrail a bilked whore, or a kicked coward; but now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love than hatred; and I must not talk, for something I must do. [Aside.]

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again. [Aside]

Re-enter Lettice.

Well, Lettice, are the cards and all ready within? I come then.-- Captain, I beg your pardon: you will not make one at ombre?

Man. No, madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go

Oliv. No, if you would have me thrive, curse me: for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man. Then if you will have it so, may all the curses light upon you, women ought to fear, and you deserve! First, may the curse of loving play attend your sordid covetousness, and fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the curse of pride, or a good reputation, fall on your lust; the curse of affectation on your beauty; the curse of your husband's company on your pleasures; and the curse of your gallant's disappointments in his absence; and the curse of scorn, jealousy, or despair on your love; and then the curse of loving on!

Oliv. And to requite all your curses, I will only return you your last; may the curse of loving me still fall upon your proud hard heart, that could be so cruel to me in these horrid curses! but heaven forgive you! [Exit]

Man. Hell and the devil reward thee!

Free. Well, you see now, mistresses, like friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your money; and most women are such kind of witches, who can have no power over a man, unless you give 'em money: but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you till they have all. Therefore I never give a woman a farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's money with one's mistress, a man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love, who, like a pirate, takes you by spreading false colours: but when once you have run your ship a-ground, the treacherous picaroon loots; so by your ruin you save yourself from slavery at least.