

TWELFTH NIGHT AUDITIONS – SCENE 1

Act 1, Scene 3

Characters: Sir Toby Belch, Maria, Sir Andrew Aguecheeck

TOBY Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheeck?

MARIA Ay, he.

TOBY He's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria. 20

MARIA What's that to th' purpose?

TOBY Why, he has three thousand ducats a year!

MARIA Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats.

He's a very fool and a prodigal.

TOBY Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys 25
and speaks three or four languages word
for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of
nature.

MARIA He hath indeed, almost natural, for, besides 30
that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler, and, but that
he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath
in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he
would quickly have the gift of a grave.

TOBY By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors 35
that say so of him. Who are they?

MARIA They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in
your company.

TOBY With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to 40
her as long as there is a passage in my throat and
drink in Illyria. ~~He's a coward and a coistrel that
will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th'
toe like a parish top.~~ What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo,*
for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

ANDREW Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

TOBY Sweet Sir Andrew! 45

ANDREW, *to Maria* Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA And you too, sir.

TOBY Accost, Sir Andrew, accost!

ANDREW What's that?

TOBY My niece's chambermaid. 50

ANDREW Good Mistress Accost, I desire better
acquaintance.

MARIA My name is Mary, sir.

ANDREW Good Mistress Mary Accost—

TOBY You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board 55
her, woo her, assail her.

ANDREW By my troth, I would not undertake her in
this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen. *She begins to exit.*

TOBY An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou 60
mightst never draw sword again.

ANDREW An you part so, mistress, I would I might
never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you
have fools in hand?

MARIA Sir, I have not you by th' hand. 65

ANDREW Marry, but you shall have, and here's my

hand.

He offers his hand.

MARIA, *taking his hand* Now sir, thought is free. I
pray you, bring your hand to th' butt'ry bar and let
it drink. 70

ANDREW Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your
metaphor?

MARIA It's dry, sir.

ANDREW Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I
can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 75

MARIA A dry jest, sir.

ANDREW Are you full of them?

MARIA Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry,
now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Maria exits.*