

# Twelfth Night 3.4

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK from one side, SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN from the other*

**SIR ANDREW** Here's the challenge: warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it. Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for it. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! Thy friend and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. -- If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give it him.

**SIR TOBY** A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

**FABIAN** Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner the orchard. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible! Away!

**SIR ANDREW** Nay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit*

*Enter CESARIO*

**TOBY** Gentleman, God save thee.

**CESARIO** And you, sir.

**TOBY** That defense thou hast, betake thee to it! Thy interceptor, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful and deadly.

**FABIAN** Aye! Quick, skillful and deadly!

**CESARIO** You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me.

**TOBY** You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore betake you to your guard!

**FABIAN** Aye! Betake you to your guard!

**CESARIO** I pray you, sir, what is he?

**TOBY** He is knight, and a devil in private brawl.

**CESARIO** I will return into the house! I am no fighter.

**TOBY** Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on!

**CESARIO** This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is.

**TOBY** I will do so. Senor Fabian, stay by this gentleman. *Exit*

**CESARIO** Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

**FABIAN** I know the knight is incensed against you!

**CESARIO** I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

**FABIAN** He is the most skillful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.

**CESARIO** I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

*Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW*

**TOBY** Why, man, he's a very devil!

**ANDREW** Pox on it, I'll not meddle with him!

**TOBY** But he will not now be pacified! Fabian can scarce hold him yonder!

**ANDREW** Plague on it! Let the matter slip!

**TOBY** Stand here, make a good show on it.

**TOBY** *To FABIAN* I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

**FABIAN** *To TOBY* He pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

**TOBY** *To CESARIO* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake!

**CESARIO** Pray God defend me!

**FABIAN** *To ANDREW* Give ground, if you see him furious.

**TOBY** Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you.

**ANDREW** Pray God!

**FABIAN** Come on; to it! **TOBY** Come on!

**CESARIO** Tis against my will!

*They draw - Enter ANTONIO*

**ANTONIO** Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me. If you offend him, I for him defy you.

**TOBY** You, sir! why, what are you?

**ANTONIO** One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more than you have heard him brag to you he will.

**TOBY** Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*They draw and fight*