

SIDE 1 - This is the first time we meet these characters. TOBY is always slightly drunk. MARIA and him have a fun, flirtatious relationship. ANDREW is kind of a lovable idiot.

SIR TOBY BELCH What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY BELCH Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY BELCH Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY BELCH Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA Ay, he.

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

MARIA What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY BELCH 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.

SIR TOBY BELCH Fie, that you'll say so! he 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 that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that

he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he
hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent
he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY BELCH By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors
that say so of him. Who are they?

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

SIR TOBY BELCH With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to
her as long as there is a passage in my throat and
drink in Illyria: What, wench! Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW Good Mistress Mary Accost,--

SIR TOBY BELCH You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

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

MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen.

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

SIR 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 the hand.

SIR ANDREW Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MARIA Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

MARIA It's dry, sir.

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

MARIA A dry jest, sir.

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. *Exit*

SIR TOBY BELCH O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down.

SIR TOBY BELCH Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts! Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one

she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY BELCH She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY BELCH What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW Faith, I can cut a caper. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH What shall we do else? Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!
Exeunt

SIDE 2 - TOBY and ANDREW are VERY drunk, they were making noise, which woke up Olivia's steward Malvolio, whom they hate. Malvolio has just told them off and left. They are angry, drunk, tired, and want revenge.

SIR ANDREW 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY BELCH Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolia, let me alone with her: if I do not gull her into a nayword, and make her a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH Possess us, possess us; tell us something of her.

MARIA Marry, sir, sometimes she is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW O, if I thought that I'd beat her like a dog!

SIR TOBY BELCH What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA The devil a puritan that she is, so
 crammed, as she thinks, with excellencies, that it is
 her grounds of faith that all that look on her love
 her; and on that vice in her will my revenge find
 notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY BELCH What wilt thou do?

MARIA I will drop in her way some obscure epistles of
 love; wherein, by the shape of her leg, the manner of her gait, the
 expressure of her eye, forehead, and complexion, she shall find
 herself most feelingly personated. I can write very
 like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we
 can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW I have't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY BELCH She shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop,
 that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with her.

MARIA My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR ANDREW And your horse now would make her an ass.

MARIA Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will
 work with her. I will plant you two, and let the

fool make a third, where she shall find the letter:
observe her construction of it. For this night, to
bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exit*

SIR TOBY BELCH Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR ANDREW I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY BELCH Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY BELCH Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.
Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late
to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. *Exeunt*