

SIDE THREE: ANDREW/TOBY

SIR ANDREW

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

SIR ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

SIR TOBY BELCH

This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

SIR TOBY BELCH

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you. To awake your dormouse valour- To put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her! And with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail than report of valour.

SIR ANDREW

Will you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and brief! Go, about it.

SIR ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.