

The Shakespeare Theatre Company
AUDITION SIDES – 12th Night

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK
Side 1 of 2

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.

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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?

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SIR ANDREW. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary
put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit
than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a
great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY BELCH. No question.

SIR ANDREW. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home
to-morrow, Sir Toby.

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!

SIR TOBY BELCH. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY BELCH. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

SIR TOBY BELCH. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I
hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW. 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.

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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.

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

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.

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

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and
reason.

SIR TOBY BELCH. And they have been grand-jury-men since before
Noah was a sailor.

FABIAN. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to
exasperate you. You should then have accosted her; and you
should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for
at your hand, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's
opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,

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unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour
or policy.

SIR ANDREW. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate:
I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of
valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him
in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself,
there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's
commendation with woman than report of valour. There is no way
but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief. Let
there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-
pen, no matter: about it.

SIR ANDREW. Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY BELCH. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.