

The Shakespeare Theatre Company  
AUDITION SIDES – 12<sup>th</sup> Night

**FABIAN**  
Side 1 of 3

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.

FABIAN. 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, 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

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should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, 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, 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.

*Exit SIR ANDREW*

FABIAN. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FABIAN. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

SIR TOBY BELCH. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FABIAN. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

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SIR TOBY BELCH. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,  
let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly  
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o'  
favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY BELCH. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will  
fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Here comes the little villain.

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Side 1 of 3

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

FABIAN. More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW. Here's the challenge, read it: warrant there's  
vinegar and pepper in't.

FABIAN. Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Give me.

[*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN. Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,  
why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

FABIAN. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my  
sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy  
throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

FABIAN. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense--less.

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it  
be thy chance to kill me,'--

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FABIAN. Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

FABIAN. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon  
one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but  
my hope is better, and so look to thyself.

Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

FABIAN. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.