

Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare

M/M R&D, Kn, SS, SmS

12 Night by William Shakespeare
Swordplay
MvM

TOBY: Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN: Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

TOBY: Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my niece, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither – Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN: I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me.

TOBY: Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it anywhere. Vent my folly! I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my niece. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN: I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

TOBY: Worse payment, quoth 'a! There's for you. [striking Sebastian.]

SEBASTIAN: Why there's for thee, and there, and there. [beating Toby.]
Are all the people mad?

TOBY: Hold sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. Come on, sir; hold.

SEBASTIAN: Let go thy hand.

TOBY: Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEBASTIAN: I will be free from thee. [breaks free.] What wouldst thou now?
If you dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [Draws.]

TOBY: What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or to of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.]

[They fight]

TOBY: Why, what are you, sir!?

SEBASTIAN: 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.

TOBY: [Panting.] Hold, hold; here come the officers.