

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Twelfth Night, Or What You Will

Act III, scene 4: Cesario (Viola) and Sir Andrew

VIOLA

Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

SIR ANDREW

I know that I, the knight, am incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement.

VIOLA

I beseech you, what manner of man are you?

SIR ANDREW

I am, indeed, sir, the most skilful,
bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly
have found in any part of Illyria.

VIOLA

I am one that
had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I
care not who knows so much of my mettle.

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby swears you're the very devil, that he had a pass with you, rapier, scabbard
and all, and that you have been fencer to the Sophy.
[Aside] Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

VIOLA

[Aside] Pray God defend me! A little thing would
make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

SIR ANDREW

Pray God, you keep your oath!

VIOLA

I do assure you, 'tis against my will!

[Fight]