

Toby

Nay, pursue him

TOBY

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him.

(ANDREW enters triumphantly, letter in hand.)

ANDREW

Ah Ha!

MARIA

More matter for a May morning.

(MARIA exits)

(ANDREW presents TOBY with the letter.)

ANDREW

Here's the challenge for that brute Cesario, read it.

TOBY

Give me.

(Reads) 'Cesario, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN

Good, and valiant.

TOBY

(To Andrew) If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give it to him! Go, Sir Andrew. Away!

(ANDREW runs off)

TOBY (CONT'D)

Now will not I deliver his letter. This letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in Cesario. He will find it comes from a clodpole. But, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Sir Andrew a notable report of valor; and drive Cesario into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look.

(VIOLA enters, chased by OLIVIA and the HORN TRIO, out of breath from trying to keep up with her.)

#12a: "Olivia's Fanfare #4"

FABIAN

Here he comes, with your niece!