OSWALD  "Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?"
KENT    Ay.
OSWALD  Where may we set our horses?
KENT    I’ th’ mire.
OSWALD  Prithee, if thou lov’st me, tell me.
KENT    I love thee not.
OSWALD  Why then, I care not for thee.
KENT    If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
OSWALD  Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
KENT    Fellow, I know thee.
OSWALD  What dost thou know me for?
KENT    A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stockings knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deny’st the least syllable of thy addition.
OSWALD  Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!
KENT    What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up
thy heels and beat thee before the King? He draws his sword. Draw, you rogue, for though it be night, yet the moon shines. I’ll make a sop o’ th’ moonshine of you, you whoreson, cullionly barbermonger.

Draw!

OSWALD Away! I have nothing to do with thee.
KENT Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against the King and take Vanity the puppet’s part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I’ll so carbonado your shanks! Draw, you rascal! Come your ways.

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Help!
KENT Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you neat slave! Strike! He beats Oswald.

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder, murder!