

# **SHAKESPEARENCE!**

## Twelfth Night

### Act I, scene 5: Olivia, Feste, Malvolio

**Clown**

Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!  
Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft  
prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may  
pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus?  
'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'

*[Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO]*

God bless thee, lady!

**OLIVIA**

Take the fool away.

**Clown**

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

**OLIVIA**

Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you:  
besides, you grow dishonest.

**Clown**

Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel  
will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is  
the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend  
himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if  
he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing  
that's mended is but patched: virtue that  
transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that  
amends is but patched with virtue. If that this  
simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not,  
what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but  
calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take  
away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

**OLIVIA**

Sir, I bade them take away you.

**Clown**

Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non  
facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not  
motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to  
prove you a fool.

**OLIVIA**

Can you do it?

**Clown**

Dexterously, good madonna.

**OLIVIA**

Make your proof.

**Clown**

I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse  
of virtue, answer me.

**OLIVIA**

Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

**Clown**

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

**OLIVIA**

Good fool, for my brother's death.

**Clown**

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

**OLIVIA**

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

**Clown**

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

**OLIVIA**

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

**MALVOLIO**

Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

**Clown**

God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

**OLIVIA**

How say you to that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

**OLIVIA**

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

**Clown**

Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!