

1 *Exit*

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

8 *Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO*

9 God bless thee, lady!

10 **OLIVIA**
11 Take the fool away.

12 **Clown**
13 Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

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

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

30 **OLIVIA**
31 Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

37 **OLIVIA**
38 Can you do it?

39 **Clown**
40 Dexterously, good madonna.

41 **OLIVIA**
42 Make your proof.
43

1 **Clown**
2 I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse
3 of virtue, answer me.
4 **OLIVIA**
5 Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
6 **Clown**
7 Good madonna, why mournest thou?
8 **OLIVIA**
9 Good fool, for my brother's death.
10 **Clown**
11 I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
12 **OLIVIA**
13 I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
14 **Clown**
15 The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's
16 soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
17 **OLIVIA**
18 What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?
19 **MALVOLIO**
20 Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him:
21 infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the
22 better fool.
23 **Clown**
24 God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
25 better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be
26 sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his
27 word for two pence that you are no fool.
28 **OLIVIA**
29 How say you to that, Malvolio?
30 **MALVOLIO**
31 I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a
32 barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day
33 with an ordinary fool that has no more brain
34 than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard
35 already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to
36 him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men,
37 that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better
38 than the fools' zanies.
39 **OLIVIA**
40 Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste
41 with a distempered appetite. To be generous,
42 guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those
43 things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets:
44 there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do
45 nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet
46 man, though he do nothing but reprove.