**FWOP Twelfth Night Audition Sides #8**

MAl and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

*Act II, Scene 1*

**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?