

MARIA

(Trying to muffle Toby's profanity in front of Malvolio)
/ GUN!

TOBY

YOU THINK JUST 'CAUSE YOU NEVER HAVE ANY FUN

ANDREW

THAT EVERYONE ELSE SHALL ALSO HAVE NONE!

TOBY

I'M SURE I'M NOT THE FIRST TO SAY
YOU'RE THE WORST

ALL

YOU ARE THE WORST!

MALVOLIO

I'm *not* the worst!

MALVOLIO

He's actually the worst!

YOU ARE THE WORST!
LET'S HEAR IT FROM
WHO TELLS THE TRUTH
FACE THAT
I hear hear!

(Just as Malvolio pulls the plug on the stereo or turns it off, he shoos them away, ending the party and storms off, muttering things like "Out, out all of you!" All groan and start to leave.)

MARIA

(Calling after MALVOLIO)
Go shake your ears!

ANDREW

Oh how I would love to challenge Malvolio to the field and then break promise with him and make a fool of him!

TOBY

Do it, knight. I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him.

TOBY

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love. I can write very like my lady Olivia.

TOBY

Excellent! I smell a device.

ANDREW

I have't in my nose too.

TOBY

He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MARIA

My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.

TOBY

And your horse now would make him an ass!

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event.

(MARIA exits as the band plays.)

#7a: "You're the Worst - TAG"

TOBY

She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What of that?

ANDREW

I was adored once too.

TOBY

Come, come, I'll go burn some sack. 'Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight. Come, knight.

(THEY exit)

Scene 7: Late Night in Town Square

(ORSINO and VIOLA enter)

ORSINO

Feste, give me some music.

(The band begins to play.)

#7b: "Beloved Underscore"