A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By PAUL T. NOLAN

CHARACTERS

THE CRAFTSMEN OF ATHENS:

QUINCE ........................................... a carpenter 39
SNUG ............................................... a joiner 6
BOTTOM .......................................... a weaver 57
FLUTE .............................................. a bellows mender 17
SNOUT ............................................. a tinker 12
STARVELING .................................. a tailor 6

THE FAIRIES:

OBERON .......................................... King of the Fairies 43
TITANIA ........................................... Queen of the Fairies 43
PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW... 32
PEASEBLOSSOM ........................... a fairy 3
COBWEB ......................................... a fairy 5
MOTH ............................................... a fairy 2
MUSTARDSEED .............................. a fairy 4
OTHER FAIRIES .............................. attending their king and queen
The play takes place in a forest near Athens, in the days when Greek heroes roamed the world and fairies still ruled the air. There is a clearing in the forest surrounded by trees and shrubbery. In the CENTER of the stage is a small platform, a stage for the play in rehearsal. DOWNSTAGE RIGHT are two throne chairs for the KING and QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES, and DOWNSTAGE LEFT are two benches for the audience of FAIRIES. All of the stage properties are intentionally artificial, made of cardboard and gaily colored. During the realistic scenes the colors should approximate the colors of nature - green for leaves, brown for trees, etc. However, during the FAIRY scenes, the properties should be turned around so that the pastel colors show - pink and yellow for leaves, purple flowers, etc. These changes are made by the FAIRIES as they enter or leave a scene and no attempt should be made to disguise the simple operation. If lights are available, the stage should change from ambers and whites for the realistic scenes to oranges and blues for the fairy scenes.

Except for a few properties needed for the action of the play - the platform for the play-within-a-play and a tree under which BOTTOM and TITANIA sleep - the stage should be arranged for scenic appeal. It should suggest a wonderland, a place for a midsummer-night's dream.
ACT ONE

AS THE CURTAIN RISES, the craftsmen of Athens are gathered around the platform getting ready for a play they are to perform. QUINCE and BOTTOM are on the platform; SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT and STARVELING stand off looking up.

QUINCE: Are all the players here?

BOTTOM: You'd better call the roll, man by man, according to the script.

QUINCE: (UNROLLING A SCRIPT) Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens to play in our play.

BOTTOM: But first, good Peter Quince, you should tell about the play, then read the names of the actors.

QUINCE: To be sure, to be sure. Our play is called "The Lamentable Comedy and Most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby."

BOTTOM: It's a good play, I assure you, and a most merry one. Now, Peter Quince, call forth the actors from the scroll. (TO THE OTHER PLAYERS) Spread yourself out so that you will look like more when you are called. (SNUG, FLUTE, STARVELING AND SNOUT MOVE APART SO THAT THEY RANGE AROUND THE PLATFORM.)

QUINCE: Now, answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM: Here, I am here. Here I am. What part am I to play? Tell me quickly and then go on to the others.

QUINCE: Nick Bottom, you are to play Pyramus.

BOTTOM: Goody. Is this Pyramus a lover or a tyrant?

QUINCE: He's a lover, and he kills himself most gallantly for love.
BOTTOM: Oh, that's good. That will make the audience weep. If I do this part, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms. But I'm really best as a tyrant. I could play a warring king with greatness that would split rocks and make the shivering sheep break the locks of prison gates. Oh, I said that well. But name the rest of the players. The part of a warring king is too strong; a lover's part is more consoling. I will be Pyramus.

QUINCE: Francis Flute, the bellows-maker.

FLUTE: Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE: You must play the part of Thisby.

FLUTE: What is Thisby - a wandering knight?

QUINCE: It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE: Oh, please, don't make me play a lady. I think I'm growing a beard.

QUINCE: That's all right. You can play it in a mask. But make your voice sound small.

BOTTOM: But I could wear a mask and play the part of Thisby, too. I'll speak in a monstrous small voice, (IN SMALL VOICE) "Pyramus. Pyramus. Ah, Pyramus, my dear lover." (IN GRUFF VOICE) "Ah, Thisby, my own Thisby." (IN SMALL VOICE) "Pyramus, my dear."

QUINCE: No, no. You must play Pyramus, Bottom. And, Flute, you play Thisby.

BOTTOM: Oh, very well. Go on.

QUINCE: Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING: Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE: You must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.
SNOUT: Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE: You, Snout, will play Pyramus’ father. I will play Thisby’s father. Snug, the joiner, I want you to play the lion’s part. Now, then, I hope the play is all cast.

SNU G: Have you got the lion’s part all written down? If you have, give it to me so that I can start memorizing my part. I am a slow study.

QUINCE: You won’t need to memorize your part—just do it extempore. It is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM: Oh, let me play the lion, too. I will roar so loud that it will do any man’s heart good to hear me. I will roar so that King Oberon will say, "Let him roar again. Let him roar again."

QUINCE: And that would be terrible. You would frighten all the ladies and the queen. Then they would shriek, and then the king would have us all hanged or bewitched.

SNOUT: Don’t let him play the lion.

SNU G: He would roar too loud and frighten the ladies.

FLUTE: And then we should be hanged all, every mother’s son.

BOTTOM: That’s true. That’s true. If I frightened the ladies with the roaring. But I have more discretion than to get us all hanged. I will soften my voice so that I will roar as gently as a young dove. I will roar no louder than a nightingale. Coo. Coo. Coo.

QUINCE: You can play no part but Pyramus for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as proper a man as one shall see on a summer’s day. He is a most lovely gentleman-like man. Therefore you must play Pyramus.

BOTTOM: Well, I’ll try. What kind of a beard should I wear for the part?
QUINCE: Any kind you want.

BOTTOM: Maybe I'll wear a straw-colored beard, an orange-tawny beard. Or maybe I'll wear a French-crown-color beard - a perfect yellow.

QUINCE: Or maybe you should play it bare-faced. But, friends, you all now have your parts. And I entreat you, request you, and desire you to learn your parts by tonight and we will meet here for a full rehearsal. In the meantime, I'll make out a list of properties we'll need.

BOTTOM: We will meet here and here we will rehearse most diligently and courageously. Every man, take pains and be perfect in the parts. Adieu.

QUINCE: Tonight we meet, here in the forest, a play to rehearse.

ALL march off UPSTAGE LEFT. MUSIC BRIDGE. PUCK enters DOWNSTAGE LEFT and looks about. FIRST FAIRY enters DOWNSTAGE RIGHT and looks about, too. They do not, however, look at each other. As the players leave, the LIGHTS change from bright to blue. Both PUCK and THE FAIRY run to the bushes and trees and reverse the sides so that now the stage has changed to a FAIRY scene. As each completes his side of the stage, they BOTH back up to STAGE CENTER and bump into each other. They jump, turn around, and face each other.

PUCK: How, now, Spirit. Where have you been?

FIRST FAIRY: Over hill, over dale, Through bush, through brier, Over park, over pale, Through flood, through fire.

I do wander everywhere, Swifter than the moon's sphere, To serve my fairy queen, Soon here to be upon this green.

PUCK: Titania's coming here?
FIRST FAIRY:
    She'll soon be here with all her elves,
    And other fairy folk besides ourselves.

PUCK:  But King Oberon doth meet here tonight;
        Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
        For he is angry and full of wrath
        That the queen refused to use his path
        In our journey here to Greece,
        After India's frolics ceased.
        And now they never meet in grove or green,
        This gentle king and his spirited queen,
        But they do growl and faces make
        That cause their elves to shake and quake.

FIRST FAIRY:
    I know you now, wild spirit.
    You're Robin Goodfellow, are you not he?
    That frightens girls in their bowers,
    And causes skim milk to sour?
    That misleads night-wanderers, laughing at
    their plight
    And quite confusing everyone as to why day is
    day and night is night?
    Those that Hobgoblin call you sweet Puck;
    You do their work and they shall have good
    luck.
    Tell me, impish spirit, are you not he?

PUCK:  (LAUGHS, RUNS AROUND THE STAGE IN A CIRCLE AND
        RETURNS TO EXACTLY THE SAME SPOT)
        Thou speakest right.
        I am that merry wanderer of the night.
        I joke with Oberon and make him smile,
        And whistle tunes that make him sing.
        But, make room, Fairy, here comes my king.

    Enter OBERON, King of the Fairies, from LEFT, fol-
    lowed by his train, and the QUEEN, from RIGHT, followed
    by hers.

FIRST FAIRY:  And here comes my queen.  Would that your
    king were gone.

    The two groups stop and OBERON and TITANIA stare at
    each other and advance.  All the FAIRIES, except PUCK,
    crouch and cover their heads with their hands.  There
    is a moment of silence.
OBERON: Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA: And yet I came by another path. (TO HER FAIRIES)
Arise, my followers, and skip about.
We'll not stay here the hour out.

OBERON: Wait, wait, rash woman. Am I not they lord?

TITANIA:
If you are, then I must be your lady.
But I know that when I devised the best way
For bird and spirit to travel on the windy ray,
This journey from India to Greece to make,
You scorned to take it for my sweet sake.

OBERON:
How can you speak thus, for shame, Titania?
It is the king who says which way to travel;
A queen should not stoop to cavil
With her lord and master.
It can only lead to disaster.
Admit I'm right and I'll forgive you;
Come, sweet Titania, do.

TITANIA: No.

OBERON: Oh?

TITANIA: No, no, no, no.

OBERON: So?

TITANIA: So.

OBERON: How long within these woods do you intend to stay?

TITANIA: Until we see a play.
If you wish, you may attend our moonlight revels,
And dance a dance with us.

OBERON: If you'll admit I was right.

TITANIA: Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies away.
I will grow downright angry if I stay! (EXIT QUEEN WITH TRAIN UPSTAGE RIGHT BEYOND PLATFORM)
OBERON: Well, they can go round and round this
grove,
But they shall not leave until I have my way.
Gentle Puck, come hither. I have need of you.
(PUCK HOPS OVER TO HIM, SQUATS AND LOOKS UP)

PUCK: I listen.

OBERON: Do you remember once I sat upon a cliff
And heard a mermaid singing on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such sweet and harmonious songs
That the rude sea grew civil in respect,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To bear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK: I remember.

OBERON: That very time I saw Cupid shoot his arrow,
And it fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's power,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

PUCK: (LAUGHING GLEEFULLY) Ah, what mischief love
can cause.

OBERON: Fetch me that flower, for of it I have need.
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make a man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

PUCK: I see. I see.

OBERON: Fetch me that flower, and be thou here again
Before the swiftest sparrow can fly a league.

PUCK: I'll put a girdle round about the earth in
forty minutes or I'll burst.

PUCK runs OFF the stage and DOWN INTO THE AUDIENCE,
running up the AISLE, stopping once or twice, to look
quickly under various audience seats. He goes to the
back of the audience, finds a large purple flower, al-
most his own size, and runs down the OTHER AISLE and
back UP on the stage. While he is in the audience,
OBERON speaks to himself.
OBERON: Once Puck brings me this juice,
    I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
    And drop the liquid of it in her eyes.
    The next thing then she waking looks upon,
    Be it lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
    Or meddling monkey, or a busy ape,
    She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
    And before I take this charm from off her
    sight,
    As I can do it with another herb,
    I'll make her admit that I was right.
    Oh, where's that Puck?
    I only sent him on a journey here on earth,
    Not to the moon. (OBERON STANDS IMPATIENTLY
    UNTIL PUCK RETURNS TO STAGE) Has thou the
    flower?

PUCK: Ay, here it is.

OBERON: I pray thee, give it to me. (PUCK GIVES HIM
    THE FLOWER) I know a bank where the wild
    thyme blows,
    Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
    Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
    With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
    There sleeps Titania sometime of a night,
    Lulled in these flowers with dances and
    delight.
    With the juice of this (WAVES FLOWER) I'll
    streak her eyes,
    And make her full of wild fantasies.
    And thou, Good Robin, gentle Puck,
    Find me a beast, a fool, a clumsy man
    To stir her heart and win her hand.
    And you be sure, Good Robin,
    That you have the fellow ready
    When she awakes.

PUCK: Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

    PUCK runs OFF STAGE LEFT. TITANIA enters from UP
    STAGE CENTER, and OBERON hides DOWNSTAGE LEFT. The
    STAGE LIGHTS are now their softest and gayest, and
    fairy music can be heard in the background.
TITANIA: Come, now, a dance and a fairy song. 
Then all of you about your midnight chores 
will go - 
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, 
Some to war with rete-mice for their leathern 
wings 
To make my small elves' coats, and some keep 
back 
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and 
wonders 
At our quaint spirits. Lull me now asleep; 
Then to your work and let me rest.

TITANIA sits on a blanket by a tree and the dance 
of the fairies begins. The short dance concludes 
with TITANIA falling asleep and the fairies tiptoe 
OFF UPSTAGE LEFT. OBERON looks about and then tip-
toes over to TITANIA, covers her with the blanket and 
pours the flower, like a vase of liquid, into her eyes.)

OBERON: What thou seest when thou dost awake, 
Do it for thy true love take. 
Love and languish for its sake. 
Be it rat or cat or bear, 
Pard, or boar with bristled hair, 
In thy eye that shall appear 
When thou wakest as most dear. (HE NOW GOES 
QUICKLY ABOUT THE STAGE, TURNING ALL THE BUSHES 
AND TREES AROUND SO THEY ARE "REALISTICALLY" COLO- 
ORED. THEN HE RETURNS TO TITANIA.) 
Wake when some vile thing is near.

The voices of BOTTOM and SNOOUT are heard OFFSTAGE.

BOTTOM: Let's go.

SNOOUT: Let's go.

BOTTOM: It is time to start.

SNOOUT: We are almost there.

OBERON steals OFFSTAGE, DOWN RIGHT, and the STAGE 
LIGHTS turn from the soft colors to bright white. En- 
ter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOUT, and STARVEL- 
ING. The sleeping TITANIA is unobserved throughout 
the scene.
BOTTOM: Are we all met?

QUINCE: Pat, pat, we are indeed. This is a marvelous place for the rehearsal of our play.

BOTTOM: Peter Quince!

QUINCE: What sayest thou, Bully Bottom?

BOTTOM: There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself and that will displease the ladies.

SNOUT: It's true. They will fear for his life.

STARVELING: I think we should leave the killing out.

BOTTOM: Not a whit. I have a plan to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let this prologue tell that we will do no harm with our swords. Have it say, too, that Pyramus is not really killed. Then to make the ladies sure, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus but Bottom, the weaver. This will make them unafraid.

QUINCE: Very well. We shall have such a prologue.

SNOUT: Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

STARVELING. I fear it. I do indeed.

BOTTOM: We should consider the matter. To bring in a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing for there is not a more fearful bird in the air than a lion. We should consider this matter.

SNOUT: Therefore, another prologue must tell that he is not a lion.

BOTTOM: You must do more than that. You must give the actor's name who plays the lion and then show half his face through the lion's neck, and he himself must say something to this effect or defect, "Ladies," or better still, "Fair ladies, I would request you not to fear, not to tremble. If you think I come hither as a lion, it is the pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. I am a man as other men are." Then he should give his
name and tell the ladies plainly that he is Snug, the joiner.

QUINCE: It shall be so. But there are still two difficult matters. How are we to bring moonlight on stage? You know Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT: We must have someone come in with a lantern in his hand and say he comes as the moon—that is, he comes to represent the figure of Moonshine.

QUINCE: Then there is another thing. We must have a wall, for Pyramus and Thisby, according to the story, did talk through a chink in the wall.

SNOUT: We cannot bring a wall on stage. What do you say, Master Bottom?

BOTTOM: Some man must represent wall. Let one of our number get him a brick and let him carry it to signify that he is a wall. And when Pyramus and Thisby speak, the wall can hold his fingers thus (HOLDING HIS HAND UP AND SEPARATING THE FINGERS) and through that cranny in our wall Pyramus and Thisby can whisper, one to the other.

QUINCE: Then, that settled, all is well. Come, let us sit down and rehearse our parts.

ALL sit on the platform. PUCK comes out DOWNSTAGE LEFT and whispers to audience.

PUCK: What home-spun fools do we have swaggering here, So near the sleeping place of our fairy queen? What, a play in progress! I shall be the audience, And an actor, too, if I see cause.

QUINCE: (RISEING) Speak, Pyramus. And, Thisby, you rise, and stand off there. (POINTS UPSTAGE LEFT OF PLATFORM. BOTTOM RISES AND STANDS ON STAGE AND FLUTE GOES UPSTAGE LEFT OF PLATFORM.)

BOTTOM: Thisby, my Thisby, the flowers stink so sweet—

BOTTOM: ....smell so sweet,
   So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.
   But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
   And by and by, I will to thee appear. (BOTTOM DISAPPEARS UPSTAGE CENTER BEHIND PLATFORM)

PUCK: (TO AUDIENCE) A stranger Pyramus never played here.

FLUTE: Must I speak now?

QUINCE: Yes, you must. You know that Pyramus has
gone to see about a noise and he will appear again.

FLUTE: (IN "SMALL VOICE") Most radiant Pyramus, most
lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on a funeral hearse,
Most briskly youthful and also most lovely, too,
As true as the truest horse that ever ran first,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

And you are not supposed to say that yet, anyway.
Those are your lines to Pyramus. You have said all
of your lines for the whole play altogether. That
will ruin it all.

PUCK: Was ever fool so fondly played? This, methinks,
is the very being that King Oberon needs to be loved
by his queen. But I must add a touch. (GOES OFF STAGE DOWN LEFT AND RETURNS WITH AN ASS'S HEAD. HE RUNS ACROSS THE STAGE TO UPSTAGE RIGHT AS BOTTOM ENTERS.)

BOTTOM: I return. (HE WALKS AROUND THE PLATFORM AND PUCK PUTS THE ASS'S HEAD OVER BOTTOM'S HEAD. BOTTOM TAKES NO NOTICE.)

PUCK: (TO AUDIENCE) This crew cannot see me for I
am invisible to human eyes except when I deem other-
wise. But this fool with an ass's head is but in
the character that the play calls for. (PUCK NOW
FOLLOWS AFTER BOTTOM, RUNNING ABOUT AND PEERING AT HIM. BOTTOM DOES NOT NOTICE PUCK.)

BOTTOM: (CLIMBING UP ON PLATFORM) I come, fair This-
by, for I am truly thine.
QUINCE: Oh, what is this? What thing of night has taken the fair voice of our noble Bottom?

SNUG: It is a monster.

SNOUT: We are haunted.

They ALL run about trying to get away from BOTTOM, who stands dumbly on the PLATFORM.

FLUTE: Flee, flee. We are bewitched.

STARVELING: Fly, fly.


QUINCE, SNUG, SNOUT, FLUTE and STARVELING EXIT, running UPSTAGE OFF RIGHT.

PUCK: I'll lead them around on a merry chase and sometimes they'll see me as horse, sometimes as hare, sometimes as dog, sometimes as bird. I'll neigh, I'll start, I'll bark, I'll chirp. For away we go. (RACES AFTER THEM)

BOTTOM: Why do they run away? What evil frightens them?

SNOUT: (RUNNING ACROSS STAGE LEFT FROM RIGHT BEFORE PLATFORM) O, Bottom, thou are changed. What do I see on thee?

BOTTOM: What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own. (EXIT SNOUT AGAIN)

QUINCE: (RUNNING ACROSS STAGE FOLLOWING SNOUT) Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee. Thou are translated.

BOTTOM: I see their game. They're trying to make an ass of me, to frighten me if they could. But I will not move from this place, do what they will. I will walk up and down here. (STEPS OFF PLATFORM AND STARTS WALKING UP AND DOWN FROM UPSTAGE CENTER TO DOWNSTAGE CENTER.)
The LIGHTS now change to fairy colors again.
The QUEEN'S FOLLOWERS - PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH
and MUSTARDSEED, and PUCK - change the STAGE PROPER-
tIES from their realistic sides to their fairy sides.
All of this is done while BOTTOM is walking up and
down, and it is done without his notice.

BOTTOM: They cannot frighten me. I will sing, and
then they will hear I am not afraid. (HE STARTS
TO SING)
The cow gives milk, and the bull eats hay,
Hey nonny-nonny, hay, hay.
And Monday comes in Wednesday's way,
Hey nonny-nonny, hay, hay.
Oh, this doesn't get any better. I'll sing louder.
Hey nonny-nonny, hay, hay, hay!

TITANIA: (WAKING UP AND ARISING) Oh, what a beauti-
ful voice. Who sings?

BOTTOM: I? My very self? Do you mean me, lady?

TITANIA: I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
My ear is much enamoured of thy note;
And in mine eye you sit enshrined;
A lovelier man nowhere I'd find.
On this first view, I swear, I say,
I love you.

BOTTOM: Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that. And yet, to tell the truth,
reason and love never have had much to do with
one another.

TITANIA: Oh! Thou art as wise as thou are beautiful.

BOTTOM: That's not so. But I wish I were smart
enough to get out of this wood.

TITANIA: Out of this wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit that rules the night,
At least in summer when the night is bright;
And I do love thee. Therefore stay with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou doth gently sleep.
And, in due time, a spirit thou shall be,
If only thou wilt love and stay with me.

(CALLS) Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! Mustardseed!

The four FAIRIES, who have been crouching, now rush to TITANIA.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Ready.

COBWEB: And I.

MOTH: And I.

MUSTARDSEED: And I.

ALL: Where shall we go?

TITANIA: Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
Hop in his walks and twinkle in his eyes; 
Feed him with apricots and dewberries, 
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries. 
The honey-bags steal from the bumblebees, 
And for night candles crop their waxen wings 
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes. 
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesy.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Hail, mortal!

COBWEB: Hail!

MOTH: Hail!

MUSTARDSEED: Hail!

BOTTOM: Well, well, well, well. I've never been hailed so heartily in all my life.

TITANIA: And they will serve you equally as well. 
Now, come. Sit with me in my bower, and put your head in my lap. (SHE SITS ON HER BLANKET) Come, sit thee down upon this flower bed while I thy dow-ny cheeks do pat, and stick sweet roses in they sleek smooth head, and kiss thy large ears, my gentle joy.
BOTTOM: Oh, very well. (FLOPS ON STAGE, PUTTING HEAD IN TITANIA’S LAP)

COBWEB: Gentle queen, what would you have of us?

TITANIA: Whatever his master wishes. Speak, fair master.

BOTTOM: I'll have music and dance and maybe a draught of pure moonbeams. Yes, that would be nice. (MUSIC STARTS OFF STAGE; THE FAIRIES BEGIN A DANCE) Yes, indeed, this is really the life that I was born to lead.

CURTAIN

END OF ACT ONE
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