A Midsummer Night's Midterm

By Robert W. LaVohn

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# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S MIDTERM

Based on William Shakespeare's  
A Midsummer Night's Dream  
Adapted by ROBERT W. LaVOHN  

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### The Lovers

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Lines</th>
<th>Description</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LYSANDER</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>determined to marry Hermia; rash and impetuous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HERMIA</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>determined to marry Lysander; stubborn and headstrong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEMETRIUS</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>also determined to marry Hermia; proud and haughty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HELENA</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>determined to marry Demetrius; neurotic and unhappy</td>
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### The Court

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Lines</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THESEUS</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Duke of Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HIPPOLYTA</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Queen of the Amazons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EGEUS</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>father of Hermia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHILOSTRATE</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>servant of Theseus</td>
</tr>
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### The Faeries

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>OBERON</td>
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<td>King of the Faeries</td>
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<tr>
<td>TITANIA</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>Queen of the Faeries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBIN GOODFELLOW</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>mischievous imp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAERY</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>faery of the dewdrops</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PEASEBLOSSOM</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>faery in the service of Titania</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COBWEB</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>another</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOTE</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>another</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUSTARDSEED</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>another</td>
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### The Players

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<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Lines</th>
<th>Description</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>BOTTOM/PYRAMUS</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>buffoon and bad actor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUINCE/PROLOGUE</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>harried director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLUTE/THISBE</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>unwilling heroine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SNOUT/WALL</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>odd partition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STARVELING/MOONSHINE</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>incompetent illumination</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SNUG/LION</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>timid monster</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Students

TERRY ....................................... sarcastic and trendy; not fond of Shakespeare

KYLE .......................................... outstanding scholar helping her friends

CHRIS ........................................ sweet and innocent, probably an army brat

DALE .......................................... pessimistic and avant garde

SETTING

There are two settings: a student's home, the day before the test; in and around the city of Athens, in antiquity.

This adaptation of A Midsummer Night's Dream was first performed spring 1999 by the Westwood Christian School Drama Club. It is a two-act play.
DALE: Could we just go on, please?

KYLE: Fine. It’s Snout’s line. (Pause.) Uh, Snout?

SNOUT: Huh? Oh, right. I present a wall. A wall that had in it a hole through which the lovers, Pyramus (BOTTOM/ PYRAMUS waves.) and Thisbe (FLUTE/ THISBE waves.) did whisper often, very secretly.

DEMETRIUS: (In mock amazement.) The Wittiest partition that ever I heard. (COURT and LOVERS laugh.)

 THESEUS: Pyramus draws near the wall.

BOTTOM/ PYRAMUS: O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, show me thy chink to blink through with mine eye. (SNOUT opens a “hole” by separating two fingers in a “V”.) Thanks, wall. Thisbe?

FLUTE/ THISBE: My love! Thou art my love, I think.

BOTTOM/ PYRAMUS: O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall. (TERRY, CHRIS and DALE ad lib extreme disgust.)

KYLE: Come on, guys! In Shakespeare’s day, the women’s parts were all played by men. It didn’t mean anything!

FLUTE: Well, it means something to me! I’m not kissing him.

BOTTOM: You’re not exactly my dream date either.

SNOUT: Don’t look at me, I’m just the wall.

TERRY: Okay, look, we’re trying to get ready for a test here! We need to finish this play.

FLUTE: Then you kiss him! I’m not that kind of guy!

KYLE: Could we just go on?

FLUTE/ THISBE: (Suddenly inspired, poetic.) I kiss... the wall, not your lips... at all! (Kisses SNOUT’S hand.)

KYLE: So the lovers agree to meet that night.

SNOUT: I’m outta here. (HE EXITS UP CENTER as STARVELING/MOON, carrying a lantern, and SNUG/LION ENTER UP CENTER.)

 THESEUS: Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

SNUG/LION: You whose gentle hearts quake and tremble when lion in rage doth roar. Then know that I, Snug the joiner, am a lion.

STARVELING/MOON: (Halting, as if he’s forgotten his line, then

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S MIDTERM

ACT ONE

SETTING: The stage is divided into three areas: RIGHT, LEFT and CENTER. RIGHT is the home of a STUDENT, with a table and four chairs. LEFT is alternately the court of THESEUS, the bower of TITANIA and, briefly, the home of one of the PLAYERS; two chairs are there. The CENTER doubles as part of the court and the forest of Athens; it is essentially a bare stage. There are three ENTRANCES; one RIGHT, one UPSTAGE CENTER, and one LEFT. The three areas may be lighted independently as desired, but this is not necessary.

AT RISE: As the STUDENTS study Shakespeare’s play, they will interact, to a degree, with the characters. LIGHTS UP RIGHT on four tired STUDENTS sitting around a table. Evidence that they have been studying surrounds them.

KYLE: Okay, let’s try it again, from the start. William Shakespeare’s “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” Act One, Scene One. (TERRY, CHRIS and DALE groan.) You guys, the test is tomorrow. Try to pay attention this time.

TERRY: I am paying attention. I just don’t get it.

CHRIS: Me neither.

DALE: (To KYLE.) You’re the only one who understands this stuff. You’ve got to help us.

KYLE: Great. I do the reading so you can pass the test. Fine, but it’s getting late. Now, listen... (LIGHTS COME UP LEFT on PHILOSTRATE, THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA. HIPPOLYTA is seated, THESEUS is pacing.)

THESEUS: Now fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour draws on apace! Four happy days—

TERRY: (Interrupts.) Hold it! (THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA stop and stare at the STUDENTS.) This is hopeless! How does Mr. Lawrence expect us to understand Shakespeare? (Mocking.) “Now fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour draws on apace!” What is that supposed to mean?

KYLE: That means they’re about to get married four days from now.

CHRIS: Who’s about to get married?

KYLE: Theseus and what’s-her-name.

DALE: Titania?
KYLE: No, it starts with an “H.”
CHRIS: Hermia? Helena?
KYLE: Hipp... Hipp...
TERRY: Hippopotamus?
HIPPOLYTA: Hippolyta!
KYLE: Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons!
CHRIS: What’s an Amazon?
KYLE: You know, a female warrior.
DALE: So this guy Theseus is marrying a professional wrestler. I got it!
KYLE: Let’s just go on. So Hippolyta and Theseus are in love, about to get married. He sends Philostrate out to arrange the party—
PHILOSTRATE: Don’t I even get a line?
KYLE: Maybe later. (PHILOSTRATE shrugs and EXITS LEFT.) So Theseus and Hippolyta are talking about the wedding when Egeus storms in. (EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS ENTER UP CENTER.)
EGEUS: Full of vexation come I, with complaint—
TERRY: (Interrupts.) Egeus, Theseus, Hippopotamus—why doesn’t anyone in this play have a normal name?
HIPPOLYTA: It’s Hippolyta! Not Hippopotamus! Get it straight or I’ll carve you up and feed you to the hounds.
TERRY: Now there’s a good attitude for a blushing bride.
EGEUS: Could I please go on? Thank you! (To THESEUS.) Full of vexation come I with complaint against my child, my daughter Hermia. Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, this man hath my consent to marry her. Stand forth, lysander. And, my gracious duke, this man hath bewitched the bosom of my child. With cunning hast thou filched my daughter’s heart. Turned her obedience to stubborn harshness. Be it so she will not here before your Grace consent to marry with Demetrius, I beg the ancient privilege of Athens. As she is mine, I may dispose of her which shall be either to this gentleman or to her death, according to our law. (EVERYONE pauses and looks at the STUDENTS. TERRY, CHRIS and DALE look at each other, then shake their heads.)
KYLE: (Sighs.) Egeus wants his daughter Hermia to marry that guy, hour? Philostrate.
PHILOSTRATE: (Comes forward.) Here, mighty Theseus. (Hands him a paper.) Make choice of which your Highness will see first.
THESEUS: (Looks critically at the list.) We’ll none of that... that is old... that is not sorting with a nuptial ceremony. “Pyramus and Thisbe?”
PHILOSTRATE: My lord, in all the play, there is not one word apt, one player fitted.
THESEUS: What are they that do play it?
PHILOSTRATE: Hard-handed men that work in Athens here.
THESEUS: We will hear it!
PHILOSTRATE: No, my noble lord. It is not for you. I have heard it over, and it is nothing.
THESEUS: I will hear that play. Go, bring them in... and take your places. (PHILOSTRATE EXITS LEFT; EVERYONE sits.) Our sport shall be to take what they mistake. (ALL laugh.)
PHILOSTRATE: (ENTERS LEFT.) So please your grace, the prologue. (PLAYERS ENTER LEFT. QUINCE is the PROLOGUE, BOTTOM is PYRAMUS, FLUTE is THISBE, SNOT is the WALL, STARVELING is the MOON and SNUG is the LION.)
QUINCE/PROLOGUE: The actors are at hand, and by their show, you shall know all that you are like to know. This man is Pyramus, this lady Thisbe. This doth present “wall.” This man, Moonshine, this, Lion.
CHRIS: So what is Pyramus and Thisbe about, anyway?
KYLE: Two teenagers fall in love, but their families don’t like each other. They run away, but there’s a horrible misunderstanding. He thinks she’s dead, so he kills himself, then she finds him dead and kills herself.
TERRY: Hel-lo! I think they stole that idea from somewhere. That’s, like, so Romeo and Juliet. (STARVELING and SNUG quietly EXIT UP CENTER.)
KYLE: Shakespeare wrote “Romeo and Juliet” after “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”, but the story was already centuries old. He based Romeo and Juliet on this play, and it was—
DALE: On the test, or not on the test?
KYLE: Not on the test, but—
BOTTOM: Masters, I am to discourse wonders.

QUINCE: Let us hear, Bottom.

BOTTOM: Not a word of me. Get your apparel together. Meet presently at the palace. Every man look o'er his part. Our play is preferred! Eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath. Away! (PLAYERS run STAGE LEFT, then immediately huddle and do “1-2-3 Shakespeare!” again, then EXIT LEFT.).

CHRIS: So, the actors are going to get to perform their play for Theseus?

KYLE: Yep.

DALE: But I don’t get it. I thought Theseus was getting married.

TERRY: Right, to that Hippopotamus person.

HIPPOLYTA’S VOICE: (From OFF UP CENTER, yells menacingly.)
Hippolyta!

TERRY: Hippolyta.

KYLE: He did get married to Hippolyta. And Hermia and Lysander were married, and Demetrius and Helena. But the tradition was to have entertainment afterward.

CHRIS: Like a reception?

KYLE: Something like that. As a matter of fact, some people believe that Shakespeare wrote “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” to be performed at a wedding feast.

DALE: Is that on the test?

KYLE: Uh, no.

DALE: Then can we please get on with it?

KYLE: Oh, sure. (HIPPOLYTA, THESEUS and PHILOSTRATE ENTER UP CENTER.)

HIPPOLYTA: ’Tis strange, Theseus, what these lovers speak of.

THESEUS: More strange than true. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact.

HIPPOLYTA: But all the story of the night told over, and all their minds so transfigured so together— (The LOVERS ENTER UP CENTER.)

THESEUS: Here come the lovers full of joy and mirth! Where is our manager of mirth? Is there no play to ease the anguish of a torturing Demetrius. (DEMETRIUS waves.) But Hermia wants to marry the other guy, Lysander. (LYSANDER waves.) So Egeus brought them to the Duke of Athens, Theseus, and says, “Either she marries Demetrius or she dies.”

CHRIS: Hmm. Sounds like my dad.

TERRY: That is, like, so unfair.

KYLE: Anyway, Theseus gets the whole story.

THESEUS: (Crosses to CENTER.) What say you, Hermia? Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA: So is Lysander. I would my father looked but with my eyes.

THESEUS: Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

HERMIA: I do entreat your Grace to pardon me, but I beseech your Grace that I may know the worst that may befall me in this case if I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THESEUS: Either to die the death, or to abjure forever the society of men.

KYLE: So, you see she’s got three choices—

CHRIS: Marry the guy she doesn’t love—

DALE: Or die—

KYLE: Or—

TERRY: What are you looking at me for? I don’t know what “abjure” means!

HERMIA: To abjure means to give up, to renounce all right to, to deprive oneself of.

CHRIS: So she’s going to... become a nun?

TERRY: I’d rather die.

HERMIA: (To TERRY) Trust me, it’s better than marrying Demetrius. (To THESEUS.) So would I live, so die, my lord, ere I would yield my virgin patent up unto his lordship.

TERRY: You go, girl!

THESEUS: Take time to pause, and by the next new moon—the sealing day betwixt my love and me—upon that day either prepare to die, or wed Demetrius, or on Diana’s altar to protest for aye austerity and
single life.

**DEMETRIUS**: Relent, sweet Hermia, and Lysander, yield thy crazed title to my certain right!

**LYSANDER**: You have her father’s love, Demetrius. Let me have Hermia. You marry him! *(He and DEMETRIUS start to fight, but THESEUS separates them.)*

**EGEUS**: Scornful Lysander! What is mine my love shall render him.

**LYSANDER**: I am, my lord, as well derived as he, as well possessed. My love is more than his. And, which is more, I am beloved of beauteous Hermia. Demetrius, I’ll avouch it to his head, made love to Nedra’s daughter, Helena!

**KYLE**: Demetrius was going out with this other girl, Helena, but he dumped her to pursue Hermia.

**TERRY**: Somebody should hack him up and feed him to the hounds.

**CHRIS**: I remember this part! But, even though he dumped her, Helena still loves Demetrius, right?

**DALE**: That girl has some serious self-image problems.

**THESEUS**: I must confess that I have heard so much. Demetrius, come, and come, Egeus. You shall go with me. Fair Hermia, look you arm yourself to fit your fancies to your father’s will, or else the law of Athens yields you up, which by no means we may extenuate, to death or to a vow of single life. Come, my Hippolyta. Demetrius and Egeus, go along. *(He, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS and DEMETRIUS EXIT UP CENTER. LYSDANDER and HERMIA sit together, her head on his shoulder.)*

**LYSANDER**: Ay me! For aught that I could ever read, could ever hear by tale or history, the course of true love never did run smooth.

**HERMIA**: *(With sudden realization.)* If, then, true lovers have been ever crossed, it stands as an edict in destiny!

**LYSANDER**: *(Agrees with her.)* A good persuasion. *(Takes HERMIA’S hand and kneels.)* Hermia, I have a widow aunt. From Athens is her house remote seven leagues, and she respects me as her only son. There may I marry thee, and the sharp Athenian law cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then steal forth thy father’s house tomorrow night, and in the wood a league without the town, there will I stay for thee.

**HERMIA**: My good Lysander, by all the vows that ever men have broke... melted as the snow. The object and the pleasure of mine eye is only Helena. To her I will forever more be true.

**THESEUS**: Fair lovers, you are fortunately met. We more will hear anon. Egeus, I will overbear your will, for in the temple, with us, these couples shall eternally be knit. The morning now is something worn. Our hunting shall be set aside. Away to Athens! Three and three, we'll hold a feast. Come, Hippolyta. *(ALL EXIT UP CENTER except BOTTOM, asleep, and EGEUS, who tries to figure out what just happened. Finally, he gives up and EXITS UP CENTER.)*

**KYLE**: So you see, Theseus realized that these couples were the ones that were meant to be together.

**DALE**: Meant to be together? If it weren’t for the magic potion, things would still be messed up!

**CHRIS**: Well, I think it’s just fine. All’s well that ends well.

**TERRY**: That's original. Hey, what about that guy with the donkey head?

**CHRIS**: We’re not going out anymore.

**TERRY**: I meant Bottom.

**CHRIS**: Oh. Right.

**BOTTOM**: *(Wakes.)* When my cue comes, call me. Quince? Flute? I have had a dream past the wit of man. Methought I was and methought I had—but man is a fool if he will say what methought I had. *(He EXITS UP CENTER. THE REST OF THE PLAYERS ENTER LEFT.)*

**KYLE**: Bottom goes to the palace to find out what’s going on. Meanwhile, the other players meet together. They haven’t seen Bottom since Robin transformed him, and they assume the worst has happened to him.

**QUINCE**: Is Bottom come home yet?

**STARVELING**: He cannot be heard of.

**FLUTE**: The play goes not forward, doth it?

**QUINCE**: You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he. *(We hear the SOUND OF A HORN playing “Taps” in the background, as the PLAYERS hold their hats and sob.)*

**BOTTOM**: *(Rushes IN UP CENTER.)* Where are these lads?

**QUINCE**: Bottom! O most happy hours. *(PLAYERS greet him with enthusiasm.)*
night that I sleeping here was found with these mortals on the ground. (She EXITS LEFT with OBERON and ROBIN. THESEUS ENTERS UP CENTER with HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS and PHILOSTRATE.)

THESEUS: Now our observation is performed, my love shall hear the music of my hounds.

HIPPOLYTA: I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, when they bayed the bear with hounds of Sparta. I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS: My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind. Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells. Judge when you hear. But soft! What nymphs are these?

EGEUS: My lord, this is my daughter here asleep, and this Lysander. This Demetrius is, this Helena. I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS: No doubt they rose up early and came here in grace of our solemnity. But is not this the day that Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS: It is, my lord. (He and PHILOSTRATE try to wake the LOVERS to no effect.)

THESEUS: (To PHILOSTRATE.) Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns. (PHILOSTRATE EXITS UP CENTER. After a beat, he RE-ENTERS. At the SOUND OF THE HОРNS FROM OFF UP CENTER, the LOVERS wake up, very surprised.)

TERRY: And I thought an alarm clock was bad.

CHRI$: At my house, that is the alarm clock.

THESEUS: Good morrow, friends.

LYSANDER: Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS: I pray you all, stand up. (The LOVERS rise.) I know you two are rival enemies. How comes this gentle concord?

LYSANDER: I shall reply half sleep, half waking. I cannot truly say how I came here. But, I think—so it is. I came with Hermia hither, where we might, without the peril of Athenian law—

EGEUS: Enough! My lord, they would have stol’n away. Demetrius, they would have defeated you and me.

DEMETRIUS: Fair Helena told me of their stealth, and I followed them, fair Helena following me. But by some power, my love to Hermia (Sardonic aside.) in number more than ever women spoke... in that same place thou hast appointed me, tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

CHRI$: So, they’re running away together? How romantic!

DALE: Yeah, right. He’s a guy. I figure he’ll dump her just like Demetrius did Helena.

KYLE: Funny you should mention Helena. She comes in and immediately begins to whine that Demetrius loves her friend Hermia instead of her.

HELENA: (ENTERS UP CENTER, so caught up in her own problems that her interruption of the lover’s togetherness fails to register with her.) Sickness is catching. O, were favor so. O, teach me how you look and with what art you sway the motion of Demetrius’ heart.

HELMIA: I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA: O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA: His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HELENA: None, but your beauty. Would that fault were mine.

HERMIA: Take comfort—he no more shall see my face. Lysander and myself will fly this place.

LYSANDER: Helen, to you our minds we will unfold. Tomorrow night through Athens’ gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA: And in the wood, where often you and I were wont to lie, there my Lysander and myself shall meet, and thence from Athens turn away our eyes. Farewell, sweet playfellow. Pray thou for us, and good luck grant thee thy Demetrius. (HELENA smiles and congratulates HERMIA and LYSANDER as the two EXIT UP CENTER, then turns to a bitter expression.)

HELENA: How happy some o’er other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she, but what of that? Demetrius thinks not so. Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind. Ere Demetrius looked on Hermia’s eyes, he hailed down oaths that he was only mine. And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, so he dissolved, and show’rs of oaths did melt. I will go tell him of fair Hermia’s flight. Then to the wood he will tomorrow night pursue her. Herein mean I to have his sight back again. (She EXITS UP CENTER.)

DALE: So, Helena is going to tell Demetrius that Hermia and Lysander
are running away together!

TERRY: That is so low.

CHRIS: Well, what happens next?

KYLE: Now we're introduced to a group of bad actors.

TERRY: I thought we already had been.

KYLE: No, in the play there's a group of laborers from Athens who want to produce a play for the wedding. *(The PLAYERS ENTER UP CENTER. QUINCE carries a scroll and scripts.)*

QUINCE: Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit to play in our interlude.

BOTTOM: First, good Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

QUINCE: Our play is "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe."

BOTTOM: Now, good Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves. *(The PLAYERS all do spread eagles. BOTTOM and QUINCE shake their heads.)*

QUINCE: Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM: Ready! Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUINCE: You are set down for Pyramus, a lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOTTOM: That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. *(Over-enunciates.)" The rrrraging rrocks and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates." That was lofty. Now, name the rest of the players.

QUINCE: Francis Flute, the bellows mender.

FLUTE: Here, Quince.

QUINCE: Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.

FLUTE: What is Thisbe—a wand'ring knight?

QUINCE: It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE: Nay, faith, let me not play a woman. I have a beard coming.

QUINCE: That's all one; you shall play Thisbe. Robin Starveling, the

PEASEBLOSSOM: Ready.

BOTTOM: Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Cobweb?

COBWEB: Ready.

BOTTOM: Get you your weapons and kill me a humble-bee and bring me the honeybag. Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED: Ready.

BOTTOM: Help Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.

TITANIA: Wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? Or say what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM: Methinks I have a great desire to hay. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA: Sleep thou. Faeries, begone. *(FAERIES EXIT LEFT.)* O, how I love thee! *(She and BOTTOM sleep; ROBIN ENTERS LEFT.)*

OBERON: *(To ROBIN.)* Seest thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity. For, meeting her of late behind the wood, I did ask of her her changeling child, which straight she gave me. And now I have the boy, I will undo this hateful imperfection of her eyes. Puck, take this transformed scalp from off this Athenian, that he, awaking when the other do, may to Athens repair and think of this night's accidents but as a dream. But first... *(Applies antidote to TITANIA'S eyes.)* See as thou wast wont to see. Now, my Titania, wake you.

TITANIA: My Oberon, what visions have I seen!

OBERON: *(Indicates BOTTOM.)* There lies your love.

TITANIA: *(With shock and horror.)* How came these things to pass?

OBERON: Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

ROBIN: *(Shrugs, crosses to OBERON and begins to tug at OBERON'S head. OBERON shakes him off angrily, indicating BOTTOM. ROBIN reacts with mock-surprise and removes the donkey head from BOTTOM.)* When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep. *(To OBERON)* Faery king, I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON: Then, my queen, trip we after night's shade.

TITANIA: Come, my lord, and in our flight, tell me how it came this
Lysander, speak again. Thou coward, where dost thou hide?

ROBIN/LYSANDER: Come, thou child! I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled that draws a sword on thee. Follow my voice! (DEMETERIUS EXITS UP CENTER. [NOTE: If you wish, the scene can be extended with each one ENTERING once or twice more, to be called back OFFSTAGE by the other's voice while ROBIN mouths an insult.])

LYSANDER: (ENTERS LEFT) When I come where he calls, then he is gone. Fallen am I, and here will rest. Come, day, for if but once thou show me light, I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. (He lies down and sleeps, his face away from the audience.)

ROBIN/LYSANDER: (The "sleeping" LYSANDER delivers this line as ROBIN, again, mouths it.) Come hither. I am here.

DEMETERIUS: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) Nay, thou mock'st me. If ever I thy face by daylight see... Go thy way! By day's approach look to be visited. (He lies down and sleeps.)

HELENA: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) O weary night, abate thy hours that I may back to Athens by daylight. And sleep, steal me awhile from mine own company. (She lies down and sleeps.)

ROBIN: Yet but three? Come one more. Two of both kinds makes up four. Here she comes.

HERMIA: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) Never so weary, never so in woe. I can no further crawl. Here will I rest me till the break of day. Heavens shield Lysander if they mean a fray! (She lies down and sleeps.)

ROBIN: On the ground, sleep sound. I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy. (Anoints LYSANDER's eyes with the antidote.) That every man should take his own, in your waking shall be shown, and all shall be well. (He EXITS LEFT; OTHERS remain asleep.)

CHRIS: Well, it looks like everything's wrapped up.

DALE: Not quite, Einstein. That idiot Bottom still has a donkey's head, and Titania still thinks she loves him. This play is so messed up. (During this line, BOTTOM, TITANIA and FAERIES have ENTERED LEFT. The FAERIES wait on BOTTOM hand and foot while TITANIA holds him. OBERON sneaks IN LEFT and observes during the scene.)

TITANIA: Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed, while I kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM: Where's Peaseblossom?

tailor, you must play Thisbe's mother. Snout, the tinker—you, Pyramus's father, and myself, Thisbe's father. Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part.

SNUG: Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE: It is nothing but roaring. Masters, here are your parts. (Passes out scripts.) Tomorrow night, meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There we will rehearse. I pray you fail me not.

BOTTOM: We will meet, and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously.

QUINCE: At the duke's oak we meet.

PLAYERS: (Huddle as if before a sporting event.) 1-2-3 Shakespeare! (They EXIT UP CENTER.)

TERRY: Is it just me, or were they really stupid?

CHRIS: I think they're supposed to be stupid, right?

KYLE: Right—they're the zany comic part of the play.

DALE: Whatever. So, what happens next?

KYLE: We meet the faeries. (OTHERS give her questioning glances.) You know, tiny magical creatures?

DALE: Right. Gotcha.

ROBIN: (ENTERS UP CENTER with FAERY. They eye each other curiously.) How now, spirit? Whither wander you?

FAERY: Over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier, I do wander everywhere. I serve the Faery Queen. I must go seek some dewdrops here and hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. Farewell, thou lob of spirits. I'll be gone. Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

ROBIN: The king doth keep his revels here tonight. Take heed the queen come not within his sight. For Oberon is passing fell and wrath because that she hath a lovely boy stolen from an Indian king, and jealous Oberon would have the child. But she withholds the boy, and now they never meet but they do square, that all their elves for fear creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

FAERY: Either I mistake your shape and making quite, or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you
he that frights the maidens of the villagery and sometimes misleads night wanderers? Are not you he?

ROBIN: Thou speakest aright! I am that merry wanderer of the night! But room, faery! Here comes Oberon.

TERRY: Okay, fill me in here, because I am totally lost.

CHRIS: I think that Oberon and Titania are the king and queen of the faeries. I think they are fighting, but I’m not sure why.

DALE: Something about a boy they both wanted. I guess it’s sort of like a custody battle.

TERRY: Okay, but who are these guys?

KYLE: The faery is a servant of Titania, and Robin Goodfellow, who's also called Puck, works for Oberon.

CHRIS: Shh! Here come Oberon and Titania! (OBERON ENTERS UP CENTER with TITANIA and FAERIES.)

OBERON: Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA: What, jealous Oberon? Faeries skip hence. I have foresworn his company.

OBERON: Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

TITANIA: Then I must be thy lady. But I know that never, since the middle summer's spring, met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead, to dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, but with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport. And through this distemperate we see the seasons alter. The spring, the summer, the chiding autumn, angry winter, change their wonted liveries, and the mazed world now knows not which is which. This progeny of evils comes from our dissension.

OBERON: Do you amend it, then. It lies in you. I do but beg a little changeling boy to be my henchman.

TITANIA: Set your heart at rest. The faeryland buys not the child of me. His mother was a votress of my order, but she, being mortal, of that boy did die. And for her sake do I rear up her boy, and for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON: How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA: Perchance till after Theseus’ wedding day. If you will dance in our round, go with us. If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

TERRY: Ouch, that had to hurt.

DEMETRIUS: Take not her part.

LYSANDER: (Pushes HERMIA away.) Now she holds me not. Follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS: “Follow”? Nay, I’ll go with thee cheek by jowl. (He EXITS UP CENTER with LYSANDER.)

HERMIA: You! All this coil is long of you!

CHRIS: What did she say?

KYLE: She said it’s all Helena's fault. (HELENA retreating HERMIA.)

HERMIA: Nay, go not back.

HELENA: Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray. My legs are longer, though, to run away. (She runs OUT UP CENTER.)

HERMIA: I am amazed and know not what to say. (She EXITS UP CENTER.)

OBERON: Still thou mistak'st, or else committ's thy knavery willfully.

ROBIN: Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook. Did not you tell me I should know the man by the Athenian garments he had on?

OBERON: Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight. Lead these rivals so astray as one come not within another's way. Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, and sometime rail thou like Demetrius. Lead them thus till sleep with leaden legs doth creep. Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye. When they next wake, all this derision shall seem a dream. I’ll to my queen and beg her Indian boy, then I will her charmed eye release, and all things shall be peace. We may effect this business yet ere day. (He EXITS UP CENTER.)

ROBIN: I will lead them up and down. Here comes one.

LYSANDER: (ENTERS UP CENTER) Where art thou, proud Demetrius? [NOTE: The following lines are actually spoken by either LYSANDER or DEMETRIUS, as indicated, from OFFSTAGE. ROBIN merely mouths the words.]

ROBIN/DEMETRIUS: Here, villain, drawn and ready. Follow me to plainer ground.

DEMETRIUS: (ENTERS UP CENTER just as LYSANDER EXITS LEFT.)
LYSANDER: What? Should I strike her? Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA: Can you do me greater harm than hate? Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander? I am as fair as I was. Why, then, you left me shall I say?

LYSANDER: Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest that I do hate thee and love Helena. (Shocked, HERMIA releases LYSANDER.)

HERMIA: O me! (To HELENA.) You thief of love! What have you come by night and stolen my love's heart from him?

HELENA: Fine, in faith. Have you no modesty? Fie, you counterfeit, you puppet—

HERMIA: (Interrupts) "Puppet"? Ay, that way goes the game. Now I perceive that she hath made compare between our statures. She hath urged her height, and with her tall personage she hath prevailed with him. How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak! I am not yet so low but that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA: (Cowers.) I pray you, gentlemen, let her not hurt me. You perhaps may think, because she is something lower than myself that I can match her.

HERMIA: "Lower"? Hark, again! (DEMETRIUS and LYSANDER pick up HERMIA by the elbows and deposit her, kicking, a good distance from HELENA.)

HELENA: Hermia, do not be so bitter with me. I never wronged you, save that in love unto Demetrius I told him of your stealth unto this wood. Let me quiet go. To Athens will I bear my folly back and follow you no further. Let me go.

HERMIA: Get you gone.

LYSANDER: She shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS: No, she shall not.

HELENA: She was a vixen when she went to school, and though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA: "Little" again? Let me come to her! (As she starts toward HELENA, LYSANDER puts his hand on her forehead, keeping her at arm's length as she punches the air angrily)

LYSANDER: (To HERMIA.) Get you gone, you dwarf.

OBERON: Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

TITANIA: Not for thy faery kingdom. Faeries, away. We shall chide downright if I longer stay. (She and FAERIES EXIT UP CENTER.)

CHRIS: That's so sad. Why can't they both just swallow their pride?

DALE: When parents fight, the kids always lose.

KYLE: Oberon gets so angry he launches a plan to punish his wife.

TERRY: That is so like a guy.

OBERON: My gentle Puck, come hither. Fetch me the flower I showed thee once. The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid will make or man or woman madly dote upon the next live creature that it sees. Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again before the leviathan can swim a league.

ROBIN: I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. (He EXITS UP CENTER.)

OBERON: Having once this juice, I'll watch Titania when she is asleep and drop it in her eyes. The next thing she looks upon, be it on lion, bear, or busy ape, she shall pursue it with the soul of love. And ere I take this charm off from her sight with another herb, I'll make her render up her page to me. But who comes? I am invisible, and I will overhear their conference.

KYLE: Here come Helena and Demetrius looking for Hermia and Lysander. (OTHER STUDENTS sush her. DEMETRIUS ENTERS UP CENTER with HELENA; OBERON is "invisible" to the two.)

DEMETRIUS: I love thee not, therefore pursue me not. Where is Lysander and fair Hermia? Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA: You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant! Leave you your power to draw and I shall have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS: Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair? Or rather do I not in plainest truth tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HELENA: And even for that do I love you the more. I am your spaniel. What worser place can I beg in your love than to be used as you use your dog.

DEMETRIUS: Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit, for I am sick when I do look on thee.
HELENA: And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS: I’ll run from thee and hide me in the brakes and leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA: The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

DEMETRIUS: Let me go! If thou follow me, do not believe but I shall do thee mischief in the wood. (He EXITS UP CENTER.)

HELENA: Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, you do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius! We cannot fight for love as men may do. We should be wooed and were not made to woo. I’ll follow thee and make a heaven of hell to die upon the hand I love so well. (She EXITS UP CENTER.)

DALE: That girl should get into therapy. Soon.

TERRY: He is such a jerk. Reminds me of my ex-boyfriend.

KYLE: Oberon thinks Demetrius is a jerk, too. So, he expands his little scheme a bit. (ROBIN ENTERS UP CENTER with a flower.)

OBERON: Hast thou the flower there? I pray thee, give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows. There sleeps Titania sometime of the night, lulled in these flowers with dances and delight. With the juice of this I’ll streak her eyes and make her full of hateful fantasies. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove. A sweet Athenian maid is in love with a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes, but do it when the next thing he espies may be the lady. Thou shalt know the man by the Athenian garments he hath on.

ROBIN: Fear not, my lord. Your servant shall do so. (He and OBERON EXIT UP CENTER. After a beat, TITANIA ENTERS UP CENTER with FAERIES.)

TITANIA: Come, now a roundel and a faery song. Sing me now asleep. Then to your offices and let me rest.

FAERIES: (To the tune of “Lullaby and Goodnight”.)
Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby
Never harm nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh...
(TITANIA sleeps.) Faeries hence, away! Now all is well. (They EXIT UP CENTER.)

OBERON: (ENTERS UP CENTER and puts nectar on TITANIA’S eyes.)

LYSANDER: Why seek’st thou me? Could not this make thee know the hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA: You speak not as you think. It cannot be.

KYLE: Hermia’s completely confused, and naturally Helena thinks she’s in on the joke.

HELENA: Lo, she is one of this confederacy! Injurious Hermia, have you conspired to bait me with this foul derision? O, is all forgot? All schooldays’ friendship, childhood innocences? Will you join with men in scorning your poor friend?

HERMIA: I scorn you not. It seems that you scorn me.

HELENA: Have you not set Lysander to praise my eyes and face, and made Demetrius to call me goddess?

HERMIA: I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA: Ay, do persever, wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up. Fare you well!

LYSANDER: Stay, gentle Helena. My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena.

HELENA: (Disgusted.) O excellent!

LYSANDER: Helen, I love thee. By my life, I do.

DEMETRIUS: I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER: If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS: Quick, come.

TERRY: Oh, goody, they’re going to fight over her!

HERMIA: Lysander, whereto tends all this? (She takes LYSANDER’S arm.)

DEMETRIUS: Take on as you would follow, but yet come not!

LYSANDER: (To HERMIA.) Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose!

HERMIA: Why are you grown so rude? Do you not jest?

HELENA: (To HERMIA.) Yes, and so do you!

LYSANDER: Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS: I’ll not trust your word.
LYSANDER: Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

HELENA: These vows are Hermia's. Your vows to her and me, put in two scales will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER: Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS: (Awakes, sees HELENA.) O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! Pure snow turns to a crow when thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss this princess of pure white, this seal of bliss! (He takes her hand.)

TERRY: Okay, so he's calling her beautiful, right?

KYLE: Exactly! Now you're starting to get it!

TERRY: I don't think so. I mean, he just said she looked pale. To tell the truth, I think they could all use some time in the tanning salon.

CHRISS: Wait! I remember Mr. Lawrence saying something about how being pale was considered beautiful in Shakespeare's day.

TERRY: Whatever.

DALE: Well, it's pretty obvious what's going to happen now. Helena is finally getting attention from that toad Demetrius, so she's going to forget how badly he treated her. Sad, really.

KYLE: Actually, she doesn't quite buy into it. She figures the guys are making fun of her.

HELENA: (Snatches her hand away.) O spite! I see you all are bent to set against me for your merriment. You both are rivals and love Hermia, and now both rivals to mock Helena. None of noble sort would extort a poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYSANDER: You are unkind, Demetrius. Be not so, for you love Hermia.

DEMETRIUS: Lysander, keep thy Hermia. If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

LYSANDER: Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS: Yonder is thy dear.

HERMIA: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found. Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound. But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

What thou seest when thou dost wake, do it for thy true love take. In thy eye what shall appear when thou wak'st, it is thy dear. Wake when some vile thing is near. (He EXITS UP CENTER. LYSANDER ENTERS UP CENTER with HERMIA.)

LYSANDER: Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood, and I have forgot our way. We'll rest us and tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA: Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed, for I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER: (Lies down.) One turf shall serve as pillow for us both. One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HERMIA: Nay, good Lysander. For my sake, my dear, lie further off yet. Do not lie so near.

LYSANDER: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence. I mean that my heart unto yours is knit, so that but one heart we can make of it.

HERMIA: Gentle friend, for love and courtesy, lie further off in human modesty. Such separation, as may well be said, becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid. So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend. Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.

TERRY: You tell him, girlfriend!

CHRISS: Way to go, Hermia!

DALE: I told you Lysander was just another guy! He'll probably dump her now.

LYSANDER: “Amen, amen” to that fair prayer, say I, and then end life when I end loyalty. Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest.

HERMIA: With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed. (She and LYSANDER sleep.)

ROBIN: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) Through the forest have I gone, but Athenian found I none. Night and silence! Who is here? This is he my master said despaired the Athenian maid. And here the maiden, on the dank and dirty ground. Pretty soul, she durst not lie near this lack love. (He anoints LYSANDER's eyes.) Churl, upon thy eyes I throw all the power this charm doth owe. (He EXITS.)

CHRISS: Wait a minute! I thought he was supposed to put the stuff on Demetrius's eyes!

KYLE: He messed up.
HELENA'S VOICE: (From OFF UP CENTER.) Stay, though thou kill me, Sweet Demetrius.

TERRY: Oh, great. Now what? (DEMETRIUS ENTERS UP CENTER, followed by HELENA.)

DEMETRIUS: I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA: O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

DEMETRIUS: Stay, on thy peril. I alone will go. (He EXITS UP CENTER.)

DALE: No way. I have a bad feeling about this.

HELENA: Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lie, for she hath blessed and attractive eyes. I am as ugly as a bear. But who is here? Lysander? If you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER: (Wakes.) And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA: Lysander, Hermia still loves you. Then be content.

LYSANDER: Content with Hermia? No, not Hermia, but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove? You are the worthier maid.

DALE: I knew it! Now Helena will probably fall all over Lysander. It’s that stupid Robin Goodfellow’s fault, with his potion.

CHRIS: Don’t forget Oberon. It was his idea. Of course, he only wanted to help Helena by getting Demetrius to fall in love with her. Now everything’s messed up, and Lysander is ready to abandon his girlfriend Hermia!

TERRY: You know, most guys don’t need a potion in their eyes to do that.

DALE: But Helena’s such a moron she doesn’t care. She’s probably flattered!

KYLE: Not exactly...

HELENA: Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born? Is’t not enough that I did never deserve a sweet look from Demetrius’ eye, but you must flout my insufficiency? I thought you lord of more true gentleness. O, that a lady of one man refused should of another therefore be abused! (She EXITS UP CENTER, angry.)

LYSANDER: Hermia, sleep thou there, and never mayst thou come

ROBIN: This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS: O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

HERMIA: If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep, kill me too! The sun was not so true unto the day as he to me. Would he have stolen away from sleeping Hermia? It cannot be but thou hast murdered him. Where is he? Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS: I’d rather give his carcass to my hounds!

HERMIA: Hast thou slain him then? Hast thou killed him sleeping?

DEMETRIUS: I am not guilty of Lysander’s blood. Nor is he dead, for all that I can tell.

HERMIA: Tell me then that all is well.

DEMETRIUS: And if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA: From thy presence part I so. See me no more, whether he be dead or no. (She EXITS UP CENTER.)

DEMETRIUS: There is no following her in this fierce vein. Here for a while I will remain. (He lies down to sleep.)

OBERON: What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite and laid the love-juice on some true-love’s sight!

ROBIN: Then fate o’errules, that, one man holding troth, a million fail.

OBERON: About the wood go swifter than the wind, and Helena of Athens look thou find. I’ll charm his eyes against she do appear.

ROBIN: I go, I go—look how I go! (He EXITS UP CENTER.)

OBERON: Flower of this purple dye, sink in apple of his eye. (He anoints DEMETRIUS’S eyes.)

KYLE: So the plan now is to get Demetrius to fall in love with Helena.

CHRIS: I thought that was the plan before.

DALE: That was the plan before, but Robin messed it up.

TERRY: This is way too confusing.

ROBIN: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) Helena is here at hand, and the youth, mistook by me. Shall we their fond pageant see? Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON: Stand aside. The noise they make will cause Demetrius to
TITANIA: Come, wait upon him. Lead him to my bower. Tie up my love’s tongue. Bring him silently. (She, FAERIES and BOTTOM EXIT UP CENTER.)

CHRIS: How can two people just fall in love like that all of a sudden? That is so stupid!

TERRY: Really? What about that guy in your math class? The one with the big ears?

CHRIS: He did not have big ears! And besides, that was different.

DALE: I don’t know. As I recall, he really had a pretty striking resemblance to Bottom.

CHRIS: That is not fair!

TERRY: Hey, look, I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m starved. Let’s take a break and get something to eat.

KYLE: Good idea. (As STUDENTS EXIT RIGHT, they ad lib further discussions about the play, or food, or the guy with big ears.)

End of ACT ONE

ACT TWO

AT RISE: STUDENTS ENTER RIGHT and resume seats.

KYLE: Anyway, so about that time, Oberon comes back in. This is where things start getting really interesting.

OBERON: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) I wonder if Titania be awakened. (ROBIN ENTERS UP CENTER.) Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?

ROBIN: My mistress with a monster is in love. While she was sleeping, a crew of patches met together to rehearse a play. The shallowest thick-skin forsook his scene and entered in a brake. A donkey’s noll I fixed on his head. At his sight away his fellows fly. In that moment, Titania waked.

OBERON: This falls out better than I could devise. But hast thou latched the Athenian’s eyes?

ROBIN: That is finished too. (DEMETRIUS and HERMIA ENTER UP CENTER.)

OBERON: Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

Lyansder near. All my powers, address your love and might to honor Helen and to be her knight! (He EXITS UP CENTER.)

HERMIA: (Wakes.) Help me Lysander, help me! Ay me, for pity! What a dream! Lysander, methought a serpent ate my heart away and you sat smiling at his cruel prey. Lysander! Gone? Where are you? Speak, of all loves! No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh. Either death or you I’ll find immediately! (She EXITS UP CENTER.)

CHRIS: Oh, that’s so sad. She’s all alone.

DALE: Yeah, it’s a tough world. Let’s get on with it.

TERRY: Whatever happened to those actor guys?

KYLE: Oh, right. Well, they were practicing their play in the forest, and weird things started to happen. First, they started finding problems with the play. (The PLAYERS ENTER UP CENTER.)

BOTTOM: Quince, there are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide.

SNOUT: A parlous fear.

STARVELING: We must leave the killing out.

BOTTOM: I have a device to make all well. Let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed. This will put them out of fear.

QUINCE: Well, we shall have such a prologue.

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

STARVELING: I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM: There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living. We ought to look to it.

SNOUT: Another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM: (Grabs SNUG and uses him as an example.) Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion’s neck, and must speak thusly, or to the same defect “Ladies,” or “Fair Ladies, I would wish you,” or “I would entreat you not to fear. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. I am a man as other men are.” Let him name his name and tell them he is Snug.

QUINCE: Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things that is, to
bring moonlight into the chamber, for you know Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

BOTTOM: You may leave casement of the window open and the moon may shine in!

QUINCE: Ay, or else one must come in and say he comes to disfigure or present the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing. Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT: You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM: Some man must present wall, and let him hold his fingers thus... *(Holds fingers spread in a “V”*)... and through that cranney shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

QUINCE: Then all is well. Rehearse your parts. Pyramus, when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake.

ROBIN: *(ENTERS UP CENTER. He is “invisible” to the players and is awestruck at their absolute lack of theatrical ability.)* What hempen homespuns have we swagging here so near the cradle of the Faery Queen?


BOTTOM: Thisbe, the flowers of odious savors sweet—

QUINCE: Odors, odors!

BOTTOM: Odors savors sweet. So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe. But hark, a voice! Stay thou here, and by and by I will to thee appear. *(He EXITS UP CENTER.)*

ROBIN: A stranger Pyramus than ever played here! *(He follows BOTTOM OFF UP CENTER.)*

FLUTE: Must I speak now?

QUINCE: Ay, for he goes but to see a noise and is to come again.

FLUTE: *(As THISBE, infalsetto.)* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of bue, as true as truest horse that yet would never tire. I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s tomb.


FLUTE: O! As true as truest horse that yet would never tire.

BOTTOM: *(ENTERS UP CENTER with donkey-head.)* If I were fair, Thisbe... *(PLAYERS are frightened by the sight of him. SNUFF emits a bloodcurdling scream. FLUTE faints dead away, and SNOT and STARVELING drag him OFF UP CENTER.)*

QUINCE: O monstrous! Fly, masters! Help! *(He runs OFF UP CENTER. SNUFF is still standing and screaming. QUINCE RE-ENTERS UP CENTER, grabs SNUFF and drags him OFF UP CENTER.)*

ROBIN: I’ll follow you. I’ll lead you about a round, through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.

BOTTOM: Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afraid. I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *(Sings to the tune of “O Christmas Tree.”)* “The finch, the sparrow and the lark, the plain-song cuckoo grey, Whose note full many a man doth mark and dares not answer nay.”


BOTTOM: Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays.

TITANIA: Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM: If I had wit enough to get out of this wood—

TITANIA: Out of this wood do not desire to go. I do love thee. Therefore, go with me. I’ll give thee faeries to attend on thee. Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote and Mustardseed! *(FAERIES ENTER UP CENTER, singing their lines in four-part harmony wherever possible.)*

PEASEBLOSSOM: Ready.

COBWEB: And I.

MOTE: And I.

MUSTARDSEED: And I.

FAERIES: Where shall we go?

TITANIA: Be kind and courteous to this gentleman. Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

FAERIES: Hail, mortal.

BOTTOM: I beseech your worship’s names. *(FAERIES name themselves, in four-part harmony.)*
bring moonlight into the chamber, for you know Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

BOTTOM: You may leave casement of the window open and the moon may shine in!

QUINCE: Ay, or else one must come in and say he comes to disfigure or present the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing. Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT: You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

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FLUTE: Must I speak now?

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FLUTE: (As Thisbe, in falsetto.) Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue, as true as truest horse that yet would never tire. I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s tomb.


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QUINCE: O monstrous! Fly, masters! Help! (He runs off up center. SNUG is still standing and screaming. QUINCE RE-ENTERS UP CENTER, grabs SNUG and drags him OFF UP CENTER.)

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TITANIA: (Wakes.) I pray thee gentle mortal, sing again. On the first view, I love thee.

BOTTOM: Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays.

TITANIA: Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM: If I had wit enough to get out of this wood—

TITANIA: Out of this wood do not desire to go. I do love thee. Therefore, go with me. I’ll give thee faeries to attend on thee. Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote and Mustardseed! (FAERIES enter up center, singing their lines in four-part harmony wherever possible.)

PEASEBLOSSOM: Ready.

COBWEB: And I.

MOTE: And I.

MUSTARDSEED: And I.

FAERIES: Where shall we go?

TITANIA: Be kind and courteous to this gentleman. Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

FAERIES: Hail, mortal.

BOTTOM: I beseech your worship’s names. (FAERIES name themselves, in four-part harmony.)
TITANIA: Come, wait upon him. Lead him to my bower. Tie up my love's tongue. Bring him silently. (She, FAERIES and BOTTOM EXIT UP CENTER.)

CHRIS: How can two people just fall in love like that all of a sudden? That is so stupid!

TERRY: Really? What about that guy in your math class? The one with the big ears?

CHRIS: He did not have big ears! And besides, that was different.

DALE: I don't know. As I recall, he really had a pretty striking resemblance to Bottom.

CHRIS: That is not fair!

TERRY: Hey, look, I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm starved. Let's take a break and get something to eat.

KYLE: Good idea. (As STUDENTS EXIT RIGHT, they ad lib further discussions about the play, or food, or the guy with big ears.)

End of ACT ONE

ACT TWO

AT RISE: STUDENTS ENTER RIGHT and resume seats.

KYLE: Anyway, so about that time, Oberon comes back in. This is where things start getting really interesting.

OBERON: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) I wonder if Titania be awaked. (ROBIN ENTERS UP CENTER.) Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?

ROBIN: My mistress with a monster is in love. While she was sleeping, a crew of patches met together to rehearse a play. The shallowest thick-skin forsook his scene and entered in a brake. A donkey's noll I fixed on his head. At his sight away his fellows fly. In that moment, Titania waked.

OBERON: This falls out better than I could devise. But hast thou latched the Athenian's eyes?

ROBIN: That is finished too. (DEMETRIUS and HERMIA ENTER UP CENTER.)

OBERON: Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

Lyansder near. All my powers, address your love and might to honor Helen and to be her knight! (He EXITS UP CENTER.)

HERMIA: (Wakes.) Help me Lysander, help me! Ay me, for pity! What a dream! Lysander, methought a serpent ate my heart away and you sat smiling at his cruel prey. Lysander! Gone? Where are you? Speak, of all loves! No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh. Either death or you I'll find immediately! (She EXITS UP CENTER.)

CHRIS: Oh, that's so sad. She's all alone.

DALE: Yeah, it's a tough world. Let's get on with it.

TERRY: Whatever happened to those actor guys?

KYLE: Oh, right. Well, they were practicing their play in the forest, and weird things started to happen. First, they started finding problems with the play. (The PLAYERS ENTER UP CENTER.)

BOTTOM: Quince, there are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide.

SNOUT: A parlous fear.

STARVELING: We must leave the killing out.

BOTTOM: I have a device to make all well. Let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed. This will put them out of fear.

QUINCE: Well, we shall have such a prologue.

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

STARVELING: I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM: There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living. We ought to look to it.

SNOUT: Another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM: (Grabs SNUG and uses him as an example.) Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and must speak thusly, or to the same defect "Ladies," or "Fair Ladies, I would wish you," or "I would entreat you not to fear. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. I am a man as other men are." Let him name his name and tell them he is Snug.

QUINCE: Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things that is, to
DEDICATION:
To God, for giving me a chance.
To Karen, for believing in me, always.
To Mom & Sis & Taylor, for encouraging me all my life.
To the Whitney Clan, for supporting me in all I do.
To the WCS Drama Club, for bringing it to life.
To Wiess College, Rice U., for reminding me that Shakespeare's fun.
To Mrs. Holmes, for saying "Why don't you try out?" in 8th grade.
And to Jared, for smiling back at me.
1999 Westwood Christian School Drama Club, Miami, FLEET

THE ORIGINAL CAST:

The Lovers
Lysander .................................. Enrique Caboverde III
Hermia .................................. Christin Ramski
Demetrius .................................. Rafael Birriel-Ortega
Helena .................................. Janette Janero

The Court
Theseus, Duke of Athens ................... Alexander Braswell
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons ........... Christine Rodriguez
Egeus .................................. Frank Arteaga
Philostrate .................................. David Dunteman

The Fairies
Oberon, King of the Fairies ................... Runel Rodriguez
Titania, Queen of the Fairies .............. Melissa Mojarena
Robin Goodfellow ............................ Manuel Jimenes
Faery of the Dewdrops ....................... Maylin Rodriguez
Peaseblossom ................................ Lissette Perez
Cobweb .................................. Jackie Piera
Mote .................................. Julie Ayo
Mustardseed ................................. Vanessa Cianci

The Players
Bottom/Pyramus ............................ Derek Finn
Quince/Prologue ............................. Adrianna Diaz
Flute/Thisbe ................................. Ronny Diaz
Snout/Wall ................................. Jennifer Mojena
Starveling/Moonshine ....................... Victor Estorino
Snug/Lion ................................ Giorey Valdes

The Students
Student A ................................ Maria Jose Morales
Student B ................................ Ana C. Perez
Student C ................................ Melody Dyson
Student D ................................ Yamile Molina

PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ONSTAGE: Table with four chairs, books, notebooks, writing utensils on table; two chairs.

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE: Scroll, scripts (QUINCE); flower (ROBIN); donkey's head (BOTTOM).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO: Antidote (OBERON); list (PHILOSTRATE); lantern (STARVELING/MOON); cloak (SNUG/LION).

SOUND: Horn blasts; horn playing "Taps."

MISCELLANEOUS

As written, TERRY, KYLE, CHRIS and DALE are all female. With just a few line changes, any or all of the students can become male roles.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

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