

A Midsummer Nights Dream
Juxtaposed by FCKFRG & MI
Original / Modernized English Of
Shakespeare's Original Play

16.10.2023

INT. ATHENS - ROYAL PALACE - DAY

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants

THESEUS
Now, fair Hippolyta, our
nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy
days bring in Another moon:
but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she
lingers my desires, Like to a
step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young
man revenue.

THESEUS
The clock's ticking,
Hippolyta. Our wedding's
coming up fast. But man,
time's dragging. It's like
waiting for an inheritance
that's taking forever to come
through.

HIPPOLYTA
Four days will quickly steep
themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly
dream away the time; And then
the moon, like to a silver
bow New-bent in heaven, shall
behold the night
Of our solemnities.

HIPPOLYTA
Four days and nights will fly
by, and then the new moon
will light up our big night.

THESEUS
Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to
merriments; Awake the pert
and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to
funerals;
The pale companion is not for
our pomp.

THESEUS
Philostrate, go get the young
people of Athens excited. We
need energy and fun, not
gloom and doom. Save the
sadness for funerals; it has
no place here.

INT. ATHENS - ROYAL PALACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Exit Philostrate.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius.

THESEUS
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with
my sword, And won thy love,
doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in
another key,
With pomp, with triumph and
with revelling.

THESEUS
Hippolyta, I won you over
through conquest, but our
wedding will be a different
story - full of celebration
and joy.

EGEUS
Happy be Theseus, our
renowned duke!

EGEUS
Good to see you, Theseus, our
respected leader!

THESEUS
Thanks, good Egeus: what's
the news with thee?

THESEUS
Thanks, Egeus. What brings
you here?

EGEUS

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 bewitch'd the
 bosom of my child;
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou
 hast given her rhymes,
 And interchanged love-tokens
 with my child:
 Thou hast by moonlight at her
 window sung,
 With feigning voice verses of
 feigning love,
 And stolen the impression of
 her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair,
 rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays,
 sweetmeats, messengers
 Of strong prevailment in
 unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou
 filch'd my daughter's heart,
 Turn'd her obedience, which
 is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness: and,
 my gracious duke,
 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
 Immediately provided in that
 case.

THESEUS

What say you, Hermia? be
 advised fair maid:
 To you your father should be
 as a god;
 One that composed your
 beauties, yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form
 in wax
 By him imprinted and within
 his power
 To leave the figure or
 disfigure it.

EGEUS

I'm here, frustrated and
 complaining about my
 daughter, Hermia. Demetrius,
 step forward. I've given him
 my blessing to marry her. And
 Lysander, you too. You've
 enchanted my daughter, given
 her poems, exchanged love
 tokens, and even serenaded
 her. You've stolen her heart
 and turned her against me. If
 she doesn't agree to marry
 Demetrius, according to
 Athenian law, I can either
 give her to him or she faces
 death.

THESEUS

Hermia, think carefully. Your
 father should be like a god
 to you. He made you, and
 you're like clay in his
 hands. He can shape or
 reshape you. Demetrius is a
 good catch.

Demetrius is a worthy
gentleman.

HERMIA

So is Lysander.

THESEUS

In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting
your father's voice,
The other must be held the
worthier.

HERMIA

I would my father look'd but
with my eyes.

THESEUS

Rather your eyes must with
his judgment look.

HERMIA

I do entreat your grace to
pardon me.
I know not by what power I am
made bold,
Nor how it may concern my
modesty,
In such a presence here to
plead my thoughts;
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
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia,
question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine
well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to
your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of
a nun,
For aye to be in shady
cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all
your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the
cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that
master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden
pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the
rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on
the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in
single blessedness.

HERMIA

Lysander is a good catch too.

THESEUS

He might be, but without your
father's approval, Demetrius
is the better option.

HERMIA

I wish my father could see
things my way.

THESEUS

You should see things through
your father's eyes, not your
own.

HERMIA

Please forgive me for
speaking so boldly. I don't
know what's come over me, but
I need to know the worst that
can happen if I don't marry
Demetrius.

THESEUS

You have two choices: either
face death or give up men
forever. So think carefully,
Hermia. If you don't agree
with your father, are you
ready to live like a nun,
locked away, singing hymns
for the rest of your life?
Some might say it's a
blessing to live such a
chaste life, but even a rose
that's picked and distilled
is happier than one that
withers away untouched.

HERMIA

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THESEUS

Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon--
 The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship--
 Upon that day either prepare to die
 For disobedience to your father's will,
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
 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's: do you marry him.

LYSANDER

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
 As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
 I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

HERMIA

I'd rather live and die alone, my lord, than be with someone I don't love. I won't give up my freedom to a man I don't want.

THESEUS

Take some time to think. By the next new moon, which is also my wedding day, you must decide. Either prepare to die for disobeying your father, marry Demetrius as he wishes, or vow to live a single life forever at Diana's altar.

DEMETRIUS

Give in, Hermia. And Lysander, give up your ridiculous claim; she's mine by right.

LYSANDER

You've got her father's approval, Demetrius. Let me have Hermia's love; you can have her father.

LYSANDER

I'm just as noble as Demetrius, just as wealthy. I love Hermia more than he does, and what's more, she loves me back. So why shouldn't I fight for what's rightfully mine? I'll say it straight to Demetrius: he wooed Helena, Nedar's daughter, and won her heart. And now she's head over heels, completely infatuated with this unreliable man.

Upon this spotted and
inconstant man.

THESEUS

I must confess that I have
 heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to
 have spoke thereof;
 But, being over-full of self-
 affairs,
 My mind did lose it. But,
 Demetrius, come;
 And come, Egeus; you shall go
 with me,
 I have some private schooling
 for you both.
 For you, 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: what
 cheer, my love?
 Demetrius and Egeus, go
 along:
 I must employ you in some
 business
 Against our nuptial and
 confer with you
 Of something nearly that
 concerns yourselves.

EGEUS

With duty and desire we
 follow you.

THESEUS

I admit, I've heard about
 this situation before, but I
 got sidetracked with my own
 matters. Demetrius, Egeus,
 come with me; we have some
 private matters to discuss.
 Hermia, prepare yourself to
 obey your father, or face the
 consequences—either death or
 a life of solitude. Now,
 let's go; I have some
 business to discuss with you
 both that's relevant to our
 upcoming wedding.

EGEUS

We follow you willingly and
 dutifully.

INT. ATHENS - ROYAL PALACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

LYSANDER

How now, my love! why is your
 cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do
 fade so fast?

LYSANDER

What's the matter, my love?
 Why do you look so pale? Why
 are the roses in your cheeks
 fading so quickly?

HERMIA

Belike for want of rain,
 which I could well
 Beteem them from the tempest
 of my eyes.

HERMIA

Probably because they lack
 the rain that I could easily
 provide from the storm in my
 eyes.

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;
 But, either it was different
 in blood,-

LYSANDER

Oh, from what I've read and
 heard, the path of true love
 is never easy; it's either
 complicated by family
 differences-

HERMIA

O cross! too high to be
enthralld to low.

LYSANDER

Or else misgraffed in respect
of years,-

HERMIA

O spite! too old to be
engaged to young.

LYSANDER

Or else it stood upon the
choice of friends,-

HERMIA

O hell! to choose love by
another's eyes.

LYSANDER

Or, if there were a sympathy
in choice,
War, death, or sickness did
lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a
sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as
any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the
collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds
both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to
say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do
devour it up:
So quick bright things come
to confusion.

HERMIA

If then true lovers have been
ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in
destiny:
Then let us teach our trial
patience,
Because it is a customary
cross,
As due to love as thoughts
and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor
fancy's followers.

LYSANDER

A good persuasion: therefore,
hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a
dowager

HERMIA

Oh, what a challenge! To be
caught between high
expectations and low
realities.

LYSANDER

Or mismatched in terms of
age-

HERMIA

Oh, the irony! Too old to be
with someone so young.

LYSANDER

Or it's all about who your
friends think you should be
with-

HERMIA

Oh, hell! To have your love
life dictated by someone
else's opinion.

LYSANDER

Or, if love seemed perfect
for a moment, it was quickly
threatened by war, death, or
illness. It's as fleeting as
a sound, as quick as a
shadow, as brief as a dream.
Just like lightning that
briefly illuminates the
night, love can vanish before
you even have a chance to
appreciate it.

HERMIA

If true love has always faced
obstacles, then it's just
fate. We should learn to be
patient through these trials.
After all, challenges are as
much a part of love as are
thoughts, dreams, sighs,
wishes, and tears.

LYSANDER

Listen, Hermia, I've got a
plan. My aunt, who's a widow
with a lot of money and no
kids, lives seven leagues

Of great revenue, and she
hath no child:
From Athens is her house
remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her
only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I
marry thee;
And to that place the sharp
Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou
lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's
house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league
without the town,
Where I did meet thee once
with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of
May,
There will I stay for thee.

away from Athens. She treats
me like her own son. We can
get married there, far from
the laws that would separate
us. Meet me tomorrow night in
the woods where we once met
with Helena. I'll wait for
you there.

HERMIA

My good Lysander!
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's
 strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the
 golden head,
 By the simplicity of Venus'
 doves,
 By that which knitteth souls
 and prospers loves,
 And by that fire which burn'd
 the Carthage queen,
 When the false Troyan under
 sail was seen,
 By all the vows that ever men
 have broke,
 In number more than ever
 women spoke,
 In that same place thou hast
 appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet
 with thee.

LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look,
 here comes Helena.

HERMIA

Oh, Lysander! I swear by all
 things romantic and divine,
 I'll meet you there tomorrow.
 You can count on it.

LYSANDER

Keep your promise, love. Oh,
 look, Helena's coming.

INT. ATHENS - ROYAL PALACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter Helena.

HERMIA

God speed fair Helena!
 whither away?

HERMIA

Hey Helena, where are you off
 to?

HELENA

Call you me fair? that fair
 again unsay.
 Demetrius loves your fair: O
 happy fair!
 Your eyes are lode-stars; and
 your tongue's sweet air
 More tuneable than lark to
 shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when
 hawthorn buds appear.
 Sickness is catching: O, were
 favour so,
 Yours would I catch, fair
 Hermia, ere I go;
 My ear should catch your
 voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your
 tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine,
 Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I'd give to be to
 you translated.
 O, teach me how you look, and
 with what art
 You sway the motion of
 Demetrius' heart.

HELENA

You're calling me fair?
 Demetrius thinks you're the
 fair one. You're so lucky!
 Your eyes are like stars, and
 your voice is sweeter than a
 bird's song. If only beauty
 were contagious, I'd catch
 yours in a heartbeat. If I
 could, I'd trade places with
 you just to win Demetrius'
 love. Teach me how you do it,
 how you've captured his
 heart.

HERMIA

I frown upon him, yet he
loves me still.

HELENA

O that your frowns would
teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA

I give him curses, yet he
gives me love.

HELENA

O that my prayers could such
affection move!

HERMIA

The more I hate, the more he
follows me.

HELENA

The more I love, the more he
hateth me.

HERMIA

His folly, Helena, is no
fault of mine.

HELENA

None, but your beauty: would
that fault were mine!

(Insert cut scene here ?)

HERMIA

Take comfort: he no more
shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly
this place.
Before the time I did
Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise
to me:
O, then, what graces in my
love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven
unto a hell!

LYSANDER

Helen, to you our minds we
will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phoebe
doth behold
Her silver visage in the
watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the
bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights
doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we
devised to steal.

HERMIA

I'm not even nice to him, but
he's still into me.

HELENA

I wish my smiles had the
power your frowns do!

HERMIA

I push him away, but he keeps
coming back.

HELENA

If only my love could make
him feel the same way!

HERMIA

The less I care, the more
he's into me.

HELENA

The more I want him, the less
he wants me.

HERMIA

It's not my fault he's acting
this way, Helena.

HELENA

It's all because you're
gorgeous. I wish I had that
problem!

HERMIA

Don't worry, he won't see me
again;
Lysander and I are leaving
this place.
Before I met Lysander, Athens
seemed perfect to me.
But now, the love I have for
him
Has turned what was heaven
into hell.

LYSANDER

Helen, we'll let you in on
our plan:
Tomorrow night, when the moon
shines bright
Reflecting its light on the
dewy grass,
A time when lovers often
sneak away,
We're planning to slip out of
Athens.

HERMIA

And in the wood, where often
 you and I
 Upon faint primrose beds were
 wont to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their
 counsel sweet,
 There my Lysander and myself
 shall meet;
 And thence from Athens turn
 away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and
 stranger companies.
 Farewell, sweet playfellow:
 pray thou for us;
 And good luck grant thee thy
 Demetrius!
 Keep word, Lysander: we must
 starve our sight
 From lovers' food till morrow
 deep midnight.

LYSANDER

I will, Helena, adieu: as you
 on him,
 Demetrius dote on you!

HERMIA

And in that forest, where you
 and I used to lay
 On beds of primroses and
 share our deepest thoughts,
 That's where Lysander and I
 will meet.
 From there, we'll leave
 Athens behind,
 To find new friends and new
 experiences.
 Goodbye, dear friend: pray
 for us;
 And may you find happiness
 with Demetrius!
 Lysander, keep your promise:
 we'll avoid
 Seeing each other until
 tomorrow at midnight.

LYSANDER

I will, Helena, goodbye: just
 as you love him,
 May Demetrius fall for you!

INT. ATHENS - ROYAL PALACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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;
 He will not know what all but
 he do know:
 And as he errs, doting on
 Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his
 qualities:
 Things base and vile, folding
 no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form
 and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes,
 but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid
 painted blind:
 Nor hath Love's mind of any
 judgement taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure
 unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to
 be a child,
 Because in choice he is so
 oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game
 themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured
 every where:
 For ere Demetrius look'd on
 Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he
 was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat
 from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers
 of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair
 Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he to-
 morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this
 intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a
 dear expense:
 But herein mean I to enrich
 my pain,
 To have his sight thither and
 back again.

HELENA

How some people are happier
 than others! In Athens, I'm
 considered as beautiful as
 her. But what does that
 matter? Demetrius doesn't
 think so. He's blind to what
 everyone else can see. Just
 as he's infatuated with
 Hermia, I'm smitten with him.
 Even the most worthless
 things, love can elevate to
 something meaningful. Love
 isn't about looks, it's about
 feelings. That's why Cupid is
 often depicted as blind. Love
 doesn't think logically. It
 acts hastily, without seeing
 the consequences. That's why
 Love is said to be like a
 child, easily fooled and
 often making poor choices.
 Just as mischievous kids lie
 during games, love is also
 deceitful. Before Demetrius
 ever saw Hermia, he swore he
 was only interested in me.
 But as soon as he felt
 something for Hermia, his
 promises evaporated. I'll go
 tell him about Hermia running
 away. He'll chase after her
 in the woods tomorrow night.
 If he thanks me for this,
 it'll be a costly reward. But
 my real goal is to see him
 again, even if it hurts.

INT. ATHENS - QUINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING

QUINCE
Is all our company here?

QUINCE
Is everyone here?

BOTTOM
You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

BOTTOM
You should probably call everyone one by one, just like it says in the script.

QUINCE
Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

QUINCE
Here's the list of everyone who's been chosen to perform in our play for the duke and duchess on their wedding night.

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

BOTTOM
First, tell us what the play is about, Peter Quince. Then read out the names of the actors. Let's get to the point.

QUINCE
Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

QUINCE
Well, our play is called "The Most Lamentable Comedy and Most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby."

BOTTOM
A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

BOTTOM
Sounds like a great and entertaining play. Now, Peter Quince, call out the actors from the list. Everyone, pay attention.

QUINCE
Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

QUINCE
Respond when I call your name. Nick Bottom, the weaver, you're up.

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

BOTTOM
I'm ready. Tell me what role I have and let's move on.

QUINCE
You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

QUINCE
Nick Bottom, you're cast as Pyramus.

BOTTOM
What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

BOTTOM
What's Pyramus? A romantic or a dictator?

QUINCE

A lover, that kills himself
most gallant for love.

QUINCE

A lover who bravely takes his
own life for love.

BOTTOM

That will ask some tears in
the true performing of it: if
I do it, let the audience
look to their eyes; I will
move storms, I will condole
in some measure.

BOTTOM

That's gonna require some
real emotion. If I do it, the
audience better have tissues;
I'll bring the house down,
I'll make 'em feel it.

QUINCE

To the rest: yet my chief
humour is for a tyrant: I
could play Ercles rarely, or
a part to tear a cat in, to
make all split.

QUINCE

As for the other roles, I'm
really feeling the tyrant
vibe. I could totally nail
playing Ercles, or any role
that requires tearing it up.

BOTTOM

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

BOTTOM

The rocks will rage,
The shocks will shake,
And prison gates
Will surely break.
Phibbus' ride
Will shine so wide,
It'll mess with Fate,
Both make and bide.

QUINCE

This was lofty! Now name the
rest of the players. This is
Ercles' vein, a tyrant's
vein; a lover is more
condoling.

QUINCE

Wow, that was intense! Now,
let's hear about the other
roles. This is totally in the
style of Ercles, very
tyrannical. But remember, a
lover's role requires more
empathy.

FLUTE

Here, Peter Quince.

FLUTE

I'm here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Flute, you must take Thisby
on you.

QUINCE

Flute, you're going to play
Thisby.

FLUTE

What is Thisby? a wandering
knight?

FLUTE

Who's Thisby? Some kind of
roving hero?

QUINCE

It is the lady that Pyramus
must love.

QUINCE

She's the lady that Pyramus
is head over heels for.

FLUTE

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

FLUTE

Hold on, I can't play a
woman; I've got some facial
hair sprouting.

QUINCE

That's all one: you shall
play it in a mask, and you
may speak as small as you
will.

QUINCE

No worries: you'll wear a
mask, and you can use a high-
pitched voice if you want.

BOTTOM

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah, Pyramus, lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

QUINCE

No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM

Well, proceed.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.

QUINCE

Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG

Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE

You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

BOTTOM

If I can wear a mask, let me play Thisby as well. I'll use a ridiculously tiny voice. 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah, Pyramus, my love! Your Thisby, your lady!'

QUINCE

No, no; you're stuck with Pyramus. And Flute, you're Thisby.

BOTTOM

Alright, go on.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, you're the tailor.

STARVELING

I'm here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, you're cast as Thisby's mother.

QUINCE

Tom Snout, the handyman.

SNOUT

I'm here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

You'll be Pyramus' dad. I'll be Thisby's dad. Snug, you're the carpenter, and you'll play the lion. Hopefully, we've got a well-cast play now.

SNUG

Do you have the lion's part written down? If you do, could you give it to me? I'm a slow learner.

QUINCE

You can improvise; all you have to do is roar.

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion as well! I'll roar so well it'll warm anyone's heart. I'll roar so well the duke will ask for an encore!

QUINCE

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL

That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUINCE

Why, what you will.

BOTTOM

I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

QUINCE

Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

BOTTOM

But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there

QUINCE

If you roar too loudly, you'll scare the duchess and the ladies. They'll scream, and we'll all get in trouble.

ALL

We'd all be doomed, every last one of us.

BOTTOM

I agree, if we scare the ladies too much, we're all in hot water. But don't worry, I'll tone it down. I'll roar as gently as a dove or a nightingale.

QUINCE

You're only suited for Pyramus, who's supposed to be handsome and gentlemanly. So, you have to play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Alright, I'll do it. Which beard should I wear for the role?

QUINCE

Whatever you like, really.

BOTTOM

I can pull it off with any beard—straw-colored, orange-tawny, purple, or even French-crown yellow.

QUINCE

Well, some French crowns are bald, so you might end up playing the role without a beard at all.

BOTTOM

Alright, everyone, here are your scripts. Make sure to memorize your lines by tomorrow night. We'll meet in the palace woods, a mile outside of town, to rehearse. We can't risk being seen in

will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. the city.

QUINCE

In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM

We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

QUINCE

At the duke's oak we meet.

BOTTOM

Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

QUINCE

In the meantime, I'll make a list of props we'll need for the play. Please, don't let me down.

BOTTOM

We'll meet up, and we'll rehearse like there's no tomorrow. Give it your all; strive for perfection. See ya!

QUINCE

We'll meet at the Duke's Oak tree.

BOTTOM

Enough said; it's do or die now.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK

PUCK

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

PUCK

Hey, what's up? Where are you off to?

FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough
brier, Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough
fire, I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's
sphere; And I serve the fairy
queen, To dew her orbs upon
the green. The cowslips tall
her pensioners be: In their
gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy
favours, In those freckles
live their savours: 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 our elves
come here anon.

FAIRY

Up hills, down dales, through
bushes and thorns, across
parks and fences, through
water and fire—I'm
everywhere, faster than the
moon orbits. I work for the
fairy queen, making sure her
world is dewy fresh. The tall
cowslips are her special
guards; their golden coats
are actually full of ruby-
like spots, which are fairy
treats. Now, I gotta go find
some dewdrops and hang them
like pearls on every cowslip.
Later, you big lump of
spirit! Our queen and all her
elves will be here soon.

PUCK

The king doth keep his revels
here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not
within his sight; For Oberon
is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her
attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an
Indian king;
She never had so sweet a
changeling;

PUCK

The king's throwing a party
tonight, and he's super mad
at the queen. She's got this
awesome kid she won't give
up, and Oberon's super jelly.
He wants the kid to be part
of his crew, running wild in
the forests. But the queen's
not giving him up; she's too
busy making flower crowns for
him. Now, they can't even

And jealous Oberon would have
the child
Knight of his train, to trace
the forests wild; But she
perforce withholds the loved
boy,
Crowns him with flowers and
makes him all her joy: And
now they never meet in grove
or green,
By fountain clear, or
spangled starlight sheen,
But, they do square, that all
their elves for fear Creep
into acorn-cups and hide them
there.

stand to be in the same
place, whether it's a forest,
by a clear fountain, or under
the stars. They fight so
much, all the little fairies
are scared and hide in acorn
cups.

FAIRY

Either I mistake your shape
and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd
and knavish sprite Call'd
Robin Goodfellow: are not you
he
That frights the maidens of
the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes
labour in the quern
And bootless make the
breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink
to bear no barm; Mislead
night-wanderers, laughing at
their harm? Those that
Hobgoblin call you and sweet
Puck,
You do their work, and they
shall have good luck: Are not
you he?

PUCK

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of
the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him
smile
When I a fat and bean-fed
horse beguile, Neighing in
likeness of a filly foal: And
sometime lurk I in a gossip's
bowl, In very likeness of a
roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against
her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap
pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the
saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool
mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum,
down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls
into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold
their hips and laugh, And
waxen in their mirth and
neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never
wasted there. But, room,
fairy! here comes Oberon.

FAIRY

And here my mistress. Would
that he were gone!

FAIRY

Either I'm totally wrong
about what you look like, or
you're that sneaky trickster
known as Robin Goodfellow,
right? Aren't you the one who
scares village girls, messes
with milk, and makes
housewives' work pointless?
You even ruin drinks and lead
people astray at night, all
while laughing at their
misfortune. People call you
Hobgoblin and sweet Puck, and
you bring them good luck when
you do their bidding. That's
you, isn't it?

PUCK

You got it right; I'm the
jester of the night. I make
Oberon laugh by tricking fat
horses into thinking I'm a
young foal. Sometimes, I hide
in a gossip's drink, looking
like a roasted crab, and mess
with her when she takes a
sip. I've even been mistaken
for a stool by a wise old
lady, making her fall and
everyone laugh. But hey, make
way! Oberon's coming.

FAIRY

And here comes my queen. I
wish he'd just leave.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers

OBERON
Ill met by moonlight, proud
Titania.

OBERON
Bad timing, meeting under the
moon, Titania.

TITANIA
What, jealous Oberon!
Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and
company.

TITANIA
What's the matter, Oberon?
Jealous much? Fairies, leave
us. I'm done sharing a bed or
any time with him.

OBERON
Tarry, rash wanton: am not I
thy lord?

OBERON
Hold on, you impulsive woman.
Aren't I your king?

TITANIA
Then I must be thy lady: but
I know
When thou hast stolen away
from fairy land, And in the
shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and
versing love To amorous
Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest Steppe
of India?
But that, forsooth, the
bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and
your warrior love, To Theseus
must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and
prosperity.

TITANIA
If you're my king, then I'm
your queen. But I know you've
snuck away from fairyland
before, pretending to be
someone else and flirting all
day. Why are you even here?
Is it because your warrior
girlfriend is getting married
to Theseus and you want to
bless their marriage?

OBERON
How canst thou thus for
shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with
Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to
Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him
through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he
ravished?
And make him with fair AEgle
break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

OBERON
How can you shame me like
this, Titania, bringing up
Hippolyta when you know about
your own history with
Theseus? Weren't you the one
who guided him through the
night, away from Perigenia,
whom he took by force? Didn't
you also make him break his
promises to Aegle, Ariadne,
and Antiopa?

TITANIA
These are the forgeries of
jealousy:
And never, since the middle
summer's spring, Met we on
hill, in dale, forest or
mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy
brook,
Or in the beached margent of

TITANIA
This is all just your
jealousy talking. Ever since
last summer, every time we've
met—whether it's on a hill,
in a valley, by a fountain or
stream, or even by the sea—
we've been fighting. Your
anger has disrupted nature
itself. The winds, the

the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the
 whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast
 disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping
 to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up
 from the sea Contagious fogs;
 which falling in the land
 Have every pelting river made
 so proud
 That they have overborne
 their continents:
 The ox hath therefore
 stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat,
 and the green corn Hath
 rotted ere his youth attain'd
 a beard;
 The fold stands empty in the
 drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the
 murrion flock;
 The nine men's morris is
 fill'd up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the
 wanton green
 For lack of tread are
 undistinguishable:
 The human mortals want their
 winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or
 carol blest:
 Therefore the moon, the
 governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all
 the air, That rheumatic
 diseases do abound:
 And thorough this
 distemperature we see The
 seasons alter: hoary-headed
 frosts Far in the fresh lap
 of the crimson rose, And on
 old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet
 summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: the

rivers, the seasons, even the
 moon are all out of whack.
 Diseases are spreading, crops
 are failing, and animals are
 suffering. All of this chaos
 is because of our fighting.
 We're the cause of all these
 problems.

OBERON

Do you amend it then; it lies
in you:
Why should Titania cross her
Oberon? I do but beg a little
changeling boy, To be my
henchman.

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the
child of me.
His mother was a votaress of
my order:
And, in the spiced Indian
air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd
by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's
yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders
on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see
the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the
wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and
with swimming gait
Following,--her womb then
rich with my young squire,--
Would imitate, and sail upon
the land,
To fetch me trifles, and
return again,
As from a voyage, rich with
merchandise
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 patiently dance
in our round
And see our moonlight revels,
go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will
spare your haunts.

OBERON

Give me that boy, and I will
go with thee.

OBERON

If you want to fix this, it's
on you. Why are you defying
me? All I'm asking for is
that little boy to be my
sidekick.

TITANIA

Forget it. I'm not giving you
the child. His mom was a
close friend of mine. We used
to hang out on the beach at
night, watching ships and
laughing at the wind filling
their sails. She'd even
pretend to be a ship,
waddling around while
pregnant with this boy. She
died giving birth to him, and
I'm raising him in her
memory. There's no way I'm
giving him up.

OBERON

How long are you planning to
hang out in this forest?

TITANIA

Maybe until after Theseus
gets hitched. If you want to
join our moonlit party,
you're welcome. If not, stay
away from me, and I'll stay
away from you.

OBERON

Give me the kid, and I'll
join your party.

TITANIA

Not for thy fairy kingdom.
Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if
I longer stay.

TITANIA

Not even for your entire
fairy realm. Let's go,
fairies! If I stay any
longer, there's going to be a
real fight.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

EXIT Titania and her train.

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt
not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this
injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither.
Thou rememberest Since once I
sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a
dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and
harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil
at her song
And certain stars shot madly
from their spheres, To hear
the sea-maid's music.

OBERON

Alright, do what you want,
but you're not leaving this
forest until I've had my
revenge. Puck, come here. You
remember that time I was
chilling on a cliff,
listening to a mermaid sing?
Her voice was so sweet, it
even made the wild ocean
behave. Stars literally fell
from the sky just to hear
her.

PUCK

I remember.

PUCK

Yeah, man, I remember. That
was something else.

OBERON

That very time I saw, but
thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon
and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain
aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by
the west,
And loosed his love-shaft
smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred
thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's
fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams
of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress
passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-
free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt
of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western
flower,
Before milk-white, now purple
with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-
idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the

OBERON

That same night, you wouldn't
believe it,
I saw Cupid, fully armed,
flying between
the moon and Earth. He aimed
his bow
at a beautiful woman sitting
in the west
and let his love arrow fly.
But I saw Cupid's arrow get
extinguished
by the moon's pure light, and
the woman
moved on, free from love's
grip.
I saw where the arrow landed,
on a small western flower,
once white, now purple from
love's touch.
We call it love-in-idleness.
Get me that flower; remember
the one I showed you?
Its juice, when applied to
sleeping eyes,
will make anyone fall madly
in love
with the first living thing
they see.
Get it for me, and be back

herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping
eye-lids 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
Ere the leviathan can swim a
league.

before a whale can swim a
mile.

PUCK

I'll put a girdle round about
the earth
In forty minutes.

PUCK

I'll circle the Earth and be
back
in less than an hour.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Exit Puck.

OBERON

Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she
is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in
her eyes.
The next thing then she
waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf,
or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on
busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the
soul of love:
And ere I take this charm
from off her sight,
As I can take it with another
herb,
I'll make her render up her
page to me.
But who comes here? I am
invisible;
And I will overhear their
conference.

OBERON

Once I have this potion,
I'll wait for Titania to fall
asleep,
Then put a few drops in her
eyes.
The next thing she sees when
she wakes up,
Whether it's a lion, bear,
wolf, or bull,
Or even a nosy monkey or busy
ape,
She'll fall head over heels
in love with it.
Before I remove the spell
from her eyes,
Which I can do with another
herb,
I'll make her give me her
servant.
Who's coming now? I can't be
seen;
I'll eavesdrop on their
conversation.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore
pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair
Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other
slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were
stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode
within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my
Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and
follow me no more.

DEMETRIUS

I don't love you, so stop
following me.
Where are Lysander and
Hermia?
I'll kill him, but she's
killing me.
You said they ran off into
this forest;
And here I am, frustrated and
lost,
Because I can't find Hermia.
So go away and stop following
me.

HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted
adamant;
But yet you draw not iron,
for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you
your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to
follow you.

HELENA

You attract me like a magnet,
But you can't attract metal,
because my heart
Is as loyal as steel: give up
your pull,
And I won't be able 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; and,
Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will
fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel,
spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only
give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow
you.
What worser place can I beg
in your love,--
And yet a place of high
respect with me,--
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

You do impeach your modesty
too much,
To leave the city and commit
yourself
Into the hands of one that
loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of
night
And the ill counsel of a
desert place
With the rich worth of your
virginity.

HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege:
for that
It is not night when I do see
your face,
Therefore I think I am not in
the night;
Nor doth this wood lack
worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all
the world:

DEMETRIUS

Am I leading you on? Am I
sweet-talking you?
Or am I being clear when I
say,
I don't and can't love you?

HELENA

And that's exactly why I love
you more.
I'm like your loyal dog,
Demetrius,
The more you mistreat me, the
more I'll adore you:
Treat me like your dog, kick
me, hit me,
Ignore me, forget me; just
let me,
As unworthy as I am, follow
you.
What worse role could I ask
for in your love,
Yet a role I highly respect,
Than to be treated like you
treat your dog?

DEMETRIUS

Don't push my patience too
far;
I feel sick just looking at
you.

HELENA

And I feel sick when I can't
see you.

DEMETRIUS

You're really compromising
your dignity,
Leaving the city to follow
someone who doesn't love you,
Trusting the cover of night
And the bad advice of a
deserted place
With something as valuable as
your purity.

HELENA

Your goodness is my safety
net: because of it,
It's not night when I see
your face,
So I don't think I'm in the
dark;
This forest isn't lonely at
all,
Because you're my whole
world:

Then how can it be said I am
alone,
When all the world is here to
look on me?

So how can I be alone,
When the whole world is here
watching me?

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.
Run when you will, the story
shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne
holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin;
the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the
tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and
valour flies.

DEMETRIUS

I will not stay thy
questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not
believe
But I shall do thee mischief
in the wood.

HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the
town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie,
Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal
on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as
men may do;
We should be wood and were
not made to woo.

DEMETRIUS

I'll run away from you and
hide in the bushes,
Leaving you to the mercy of
wild animals.

HELENA

Even the wildest animal isn't
as heartless as you.
Run if you want, the roles
will be reversed:
Apollo runs away, and Daphne
gives chase;
The dove chases the griffin;
the gentle deer
Rushes to catch the tiger;
it's pointless,
When the coward runs and
bravery flees.

DEMETRIUS

I won't stick around to
answer your questions; let me
go.
And if you follow me, know
that
I'll harm you in the forest.

HELENA

You harm me everywhere—
temple, town, field.
Shame on you, Demetrius!
Your actions disgrace women:
We can't fight for love like
men;
We're supposed to be passive,
not the ones doing the
chasing.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Exit DEMETRIUS

HELENA

I'll follow thee and make a
heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love
so well.

HELENA

I'll follow you and turn hell
into heaven,
Just to die by the hand of
the one I love so much.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Exit Helena.

OBERON

Fare thee well, nymph: ere he
do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he
shall seek thy love.

OBERON

Take care, nymph: before he
leaves this forest,
You'll run from him and he'll
chase after you.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

OBERON
Hast thou the flower there?
Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK
Ay, there it is.

OBERON
I pray thee, give it me.
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 the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with
dances and delight;
And there the snake throws
her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a
fairy in:
And 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 lady 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.
Effect it with some care,
that he may prove
More fond on her than she
upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the
first cock crow.

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

OBERON
Do you have the flower?
Welcome back, traveler.

PUCK
Yep, got it right here.

OBERON
Please, hand it over.
I know a spot where wild
thyme grows,
Along with oxlips and nodding
violets,
Covered by lush woodbine,
And fragrant musk-roses and
eglantine:
Titania sometimes sleeps
there at night,
Soothed by these flowers and
entranced by dances;
And there, snakes shed their
colorful skin,
Wide enough to wrap a fairy
in:
I'll use this juice to dab
her eyes,
And fill her mind with
hateful thoughts.
Take some and search the
forest:
A lovely Athenian woman is
smitten
With a guy who couldn't care
less: dab his eyes;
But make sure the first thing
he sees
Is her: you'll recognize him
By the Athenian clothes he's
wearing.
Be careful, so he ends up
More in love with her than
she is with him:
And meet me before the
rooster crows.

PUCK
Don't worry, boss, I'll get
it done.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Enter TITANIA, with her train

TITANIA

Come, now a roundel and a
fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a
minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the
musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-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. Sing
me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let
me rest.

THE FAIRIES

(Sing)

You spotted snakes with
double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not
seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no
wrong,
Come not near our fairy
queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla,
lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.
Weaving spiders, come not
here;
Hence, you long-legg'd
spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not
near;
Worm nor snail, do no
offence.

FAIRY

Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.

TITANIA

Alright, let's have a dance
and a fairy tune;
Then, for just a moment,
scatter;
Some of you take care of the
pests in the rosebuds,
Some fight with bats for
their leather-like wings,
To make coats for my little
elves, and some of you
Keep away the noisy owl that
hoots and is amazed
By our magical presence. Sing
me to sleep now;
Then go about your tasks and
let me rest.

THE FAIRIES

(Sing)

Spotted snakes with forked
tongues,
Spiky hedgehogs, stay away;
Newts and blind-worms, do no
harm,
Don't come near our fairy
queen.
Philomel, with your sweet
song,
Join our gentle lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla,
lulla, lullaby:
No harm done,
No spells or curses,
Come near our lovely lady;
So, goodnight, with a
lullaby.
Weaving spiders, stay away;
Long-legged spinners, go
away!
Black beetles, don't come
near;
Worms and snails, don't
interfere.

FAIRY

Go, go! Everything's fine
now:
One of you, stand guard from
a distance.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TITANIA falls asleep

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids

OBERON
 What thou seest when thou
 dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love take,
 Love and languish for his
 sake:
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled
 hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wakest, it is thy
 dear:
 Wake when some vile thing is
 near.

OBERON
 Whatever you see when you
 wake up,
 Take it as your true love,
 And pine for him:
 Whether it's a lynx, or a
 cat, or a bear,
 Leopard, or a boar with spiky
 fur,
 Whatever catches your eye
 When you wake, that's your
 love:
 Wake up when something awful
 is near.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER
 Fair love, you faint with
 wandering in the wood;
 And to speak troth, I have
 forgot our way:
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you
 think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of
 the day.

LYSANDER
 My love, you're tired from
 wandering in the forest;
 And honestly, I've lost our
 way:
 Let's rest, Hermia, if you're
 okay with it,
 And wait for the daylight to
 comfort us.

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

HERMIA
 Sounds good, Lysander: find
 yourself a spot;
 I'll rest my head on this
 bank here.

LYSANDER
 One turf shall serve as
 pillow for us both;
 One heart, one bed, two
 bosoms and one troth.

LYSANDER
 One patch of grass can be a
 pillow for both of us;
 One heart, one resting place,
 two souls, one promise.

HERMIA
 Nay, good Lysander; for my
 sake, my dear,
 Lie further off yet, do not
 lie so near.

HERMIA
 No, Lysander; for my sake,
 please,
 Keep some distance, don't lie
 so close.

LYSANDER
 O, take the sense, sweet, of
 my innocence!
 Love takes the meaning in
 love's conference.
 I mean, that my heart unto
 yours is knit
 So that but one heart we can
 make of it;
 Two bosoms interchained with

LYSANDER
 Oh, understand the sincerity
 in my words!
 Love finds its meaning when
 we talk about love.
 My heart is so connected to
 yours,
 That we can say we share one
 heart;
 Two hearts bound together by

an oath;
So then two bosoms and a
single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room
me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do
not lie.

a promise;
So, two hearts and one
commitment.
Don't deny me a spot beside
you;
For in doing so, Hermia, I'm
not lying.

HERMIA

Lysander riddles very
prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners
and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say
Lysander lied.
But, 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!

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 press'd!

They fall asleep

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter PUCK

PUCK

Through the forest have I
gone.
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in
stirring love.
Night and silence. -- Who is
here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping
sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not
lie
Near this lack-love, this
kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth
owe.
When thou wakest, let love
forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:

HERMIA

Lysander, you speak in
charming riddles:
I'd be rude and proud to say
you're lying.
But, my dear friend, for the
sake of love and decency,
Keep some distance; it's only
proper,
For a respectful man and
woman to keep some space.
So, let's keep our distance;
good night, dear friend:
May your love never change
until your life ends!

LYSANDER

Amen to that beautiful
prayer, I say;
And may my life end when my
loyalty does!
Here's my resting spot: may
sleep give you all its peace!

HERMIA

May the one who wishes that
have peaceful sleep too!

PUCK

I've roamed through the
forest,
But found no Athenian,
On whose eyes I could test
This flower's love potion.
It's night and quiet. --
Who's this?
Wearing Athenian clothes:
This is the guy, my boss
said,
Who rejected the Athenian
girl;
And here she is, sound
asleep,
On the cold and filthy
ground.
Poor thing! She wouldn't dare
Lie near this loveless, rude
guy.
Dude, on your eyes I sprinkle
All the magic this charm
holds.
When you wake, may love
prevent

So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

Sleep from closing your eyes:
Wake up after I leave;
I've got to go back to
Oberon.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA

HELENA
Stay, though thou kill me,
sweet Demetrius.

HELENA
Wait, even if you hate me,
sweet Demetrius.

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

DEMETRIUS
Leave, and stop following me
like this.

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

HELENA
Oh, are you going to leave me
in the dark? Don't.

DEMETRIUS
Stay, on thy peril: I alone
will go.

DEMETRIUS
Stay at your own risk: I'm
going alone.

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HELENA
O, I am out of breath in this
fond chase!
The more my prayer, the
lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er
she lies;
For she hath blessed and
attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright?
Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener
wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a
bear;
For beasts that meet me run
away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though
Demetrius
Do, as a monster fly my
presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling
glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's
sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on
the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no
blood, no wound.
Lysander if you live, good
sir, awake.

LYSANDER
(Awaking)
And run through fire I will
for thy sweet sake.

HELENA
Oh, I'm out of breath from
this crazy chase!
The more I pray, the less I
feel grace.
Hermia's so lucky, wherever
she is;
Her eyes are so beautiful,
they're pure bliss.
Why are her eyes so bright?
Not from tears:
If that's the case, I cry way
more than she ever hears.
No, I'm as unattractive as a
bear;
Animals run away from me in
fear:
So it's no surprise that
Demetrius
Runs away from me like I'm
monstrous.
What mirror tricked me into
thinking
I could compare to Hermia's
eyes twinkling?
But who's this? Lysander! On
the ground!
Dead or asleep? No blood or
wounds I've found.
Lysander, if you're alive,
please wake up.

LYSANDER
(Awakening)
I'd run through fire for you,
that's straight up.

LYSANDER

Transparent Helena! Nature
shows art,
That through thy bosom makes
me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how
fit a word
Is that vile name to perish
on my sword!

HELENA

Do not say so, Lysander; say
not so
What though he love your
Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you:
then be content.

LYSANDER

Content with Hermia! No; I do
repent
The tedious minutes I with
her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven
for a dove?
The will of man is by his
reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the
worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe
until their season
So I, being young, till now
ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of
human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to
my will
And leads me to your eyes,
where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in
love's richest book.

HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keen
mockery born?
When at your hands did I
deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not
enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor
never can,
Deserve a sweet look from
Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my
insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong,
good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me
to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I
must confess
I thought you lord of more

LYSANDER

Helena, you're so
transparent! It's like art,
I can see right through you,
straight to your heart.
Where's Demetrius? Oh, what a
fitting name
For someone I'd gladly run
through with my blade!

HELENA

Don't say that, Lysander,
don't.
So what if he loves Hermia?
Seriously, so what?
Hermia still loves you, so be
happy with that.

LYSANDER

Happy with Hermia? No, I
regret
Every boring minute I've
spent with her.
It's not Hermia, it's you,
Helena, I love:
Who wouldn't trade a raven
for a dove?
People are guided by reason,
And reason says you're the
better choice.
Things aren't ready until
their time,
And I wasn't ready to be
reasonable until now.
Now that I'm wiser, reason
guides my will,
Leading me to your eyes,
love's greatest thrill.

HELENA

Why was I born to be mocked
like this?
What did I do to deserve your
scorn?
Isn't it enough that I can't,
And never will, get a loving
look from Demetrius,
Without you making fun of my
shortcomings?
Honestly, you're doing me
wrong, you really are,
Wooing me in such a
disrespectful way.
Fine, go ahead: I thought you
were a better man.
It's sad that a woman
rejected by one man,
Gets mistreated by another.

true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man
refused.
Should of another therefore
be abused!

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

LYSANDER

She sees not Hermia. Hermia,
 sleep thou there:
 And never mayst thou come
 Lysander near!
 For as a surfeit of the
 sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the
 stomach brings,
 Or as tie heresies that men
 do leave
 Are hated most of those they
 did deceive,
 So thou, my surfeit and my
 heresy,
 Of all be hated, but the most
 of me!
 And, all my powers, address
 your love and might
 To honour Helen and to be her
 knight!

LYSANDER

She doesn't see Hermia.
 Hermia, stay asleep:
 And never come near me again!
 Just like too much of a good
 thing can make you sick,
 Or how people hate the lies
 they used to believe,
 You're my overindulgence and
 my mistake,
 Hated by all, but especially
 by me!
 Now, I'll focus all my love
 and strength
 To honor Helena and be her
 knight!

EXT. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HERMIA

(Awaking)

Help me, Lysander, help me!
 do thy best
 To pluck this crawling
 serpent from my breast!
 Ay me, for pity! what a dream
 was here!
 Lysander, look how I do quake
 with fear:
 Methought a serpent eat my
 heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his
 cruel pray.
 Lysander! what, removed?
 Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone?
 no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you speak,
 an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves! I swoon
 almost with fear.
 No? then I well perceive you
 all not nigh
 Either death or you I'll find
 immediately.

HERMIA

(Awaking)

Help me, Lysander, help me!
 Get this snake off me!
 Oh my God, what a nightmare!
 Lysander, look, I'm shaking
 with fear:
 I dreamt a snake was eating
 my heart,
 And you were just sitting
 there, smiling.
 Lysander! Where are you?
 Can't hear me?
 Gone? No response?
 Oh no, where are you? Speak
 if you can hear me;
 Speak, for the love of God!
 I'm about to faint.
 No? Then I get it, you're not
 here.
 I'll find either death or you
 right away.

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT

Titania lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

BOTTOM
Are we all met?

QUINCE
Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

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; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT
By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STARVELING
I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOTTOM
Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

QUINCE
Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOTTOM
Is everyone here?

QUINCE
Perfect, perfect; and this is a really great spot for our rehearsal. This grassy area will be our stage, and that hawthorn bush will be our dressing room; and we'll rehearse it just like we'll perform it for the duke.

BOTTOM
Peter Quince,--

QUINCE
What's up, my man Bottom?

BOTTOM
There are parts in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe that just won't work. First off, Pyramus has to pull out a sword to kill himself; and that's something the ladies won't be able to handle. What do you think?

SNOUT
By all means, that's a serious concern.

STARVELING
I think we should just skip the killing scene altogether.

BOTTOM
Not at all: I have a plan to make everything okay. Write an introduction; and let the intro make it clear that we won't actually use our swords, and that Pyramus isn't really dead; and to make it even more clear, tell them that I, Pyramus, am actually Bottom the weaver: this will calm their fears.

QUINCE
Alright, we'll have that kind of introduction; and it'll be written in eight lines of six syllables each.

BOTTOM

No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING

I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

SNOUT

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM

Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,--'Ladies,'--or 'Fair-ladies--I would wish You,'--or 'I would request you,'--or 'I would entreat you,--not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

No, add two more lines; make it eight lines of eight syllables each.

SNOUT

Won't the ladies be scared of the lion?

STARVELING

I'm worried about that, for sure.

BOTTOM

Guys, we really need to think this through: bringing a lion into a room full of ladies is super scary; there's nothing more terrifying than a live lion, and we need to address that.

SNOUT

So we'll need another intro to clarify that he's not a real lion.

BOTTOM

Exactly, you have to say his name, and only half of his face should be visible through the lion's costume. He should say something like, 'Ladies, I assure you, don't be scared: I'm not a lion. I'm just a regular guy.' And then he should say his name and make it clear that he's actually Snug the carpenter.

QUINCE

That works. But we have another issue; how do we bring moonlight into the room? Because, as you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet under the moonlight.

SNOUT

Doth the moon shine that
night we play our play?

BOTTOM

A calendar, a calendar! look
in the almanac; find
out moonshine, find out
moonshine.

QUINCE

Yes, it doth shine that
night.

BOTTOM

Why, then may you leave a
casement of the great
chamber window, where we
play, open, and the moon may
shine in at the casement.

QUINCE

Ay; or else one must come in
with a bush of thorns
and a lanthorn, and say he
comes to disfigure, or to
present, the person of
Moonshine. Then, there is
another thing: we must have a
wall in the great chamber;
for Pyramus and Thisby says
the story, did talk through
the crack of a wall.

SNOUT

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

BOTTOM

Some man or other must
present Wall: and let him
have some plaster, or some
loam, or some rough-cast
about him, to signify wall;
and let him hold his fingers
thus, and through that cranny
shall Pyramus and Thisby
whisper.

QUINCE

If that may be, then all is
well. Come, sit down,
every mother's son, and
rehearse your parts. Pyramus,
you begin: when you have
spoken your speech, enter
into that brake: and so every
one according to his cue.

SNOUT

Will the moon be out the
night we perform?

BOTTOM

Check the calendar, check the
calendar! Look it up, find
out if the moon will be out.

QUINCE

Yes, the moon will be out
that night.

BOTTOM

Great, then we can just leave
one of the big windows in the
room where we're performing
open, and let the moonlight
shine in.

QUINCE

Alternatively, someone could
come in with a bunch of
thorns and a lantern,
pretending to be the moon.
Also, we need a wall in the
room where we're performing;
the story says that Pyramus
and Thisbe talked through a
crack in a wall.

SNOUT

A wall? That's not happening.
What do you think, Bottom?

BOTTOM

Someone has to play the role
of the Wall. He can use
plaster, mud, or some
textured material to look
like a wall. He can hold his
fingers like this, and
Pyramus and Thisbe can
whisper through the gap.

QUINCE

If that works, then we're
good to go. Everyone, take a
seat and let's rehearse.
Pyramus, you start. After
your lines, go into those
bushes, and everyone else
follow your cues

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter PUCK from behind

PUCK

What hempen home-spuns have
we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the
fairy queen? What, a play
toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I
see cause.

PUCK

Who are these amateurs
strutting around so close to
the fairy queen's territory?
Ah, they're putting on a
play! I'll be an audience
member, and maybe even join
in if I feel like it.

QUINCE

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand
forth.

QUINCE

Go ahead, Pyramus. Thisby,
get ready.

BOTTOM

Thisby, the flowers of odious
savours sweet.

BOTTOM

Thisby, the flowers smell
really bad but sweet.

QUINCE

Odours, odours.

QUINCE

It's odors, not savors.

BOTTOM

odours savours sweet:
So hath 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

Odors smell sweet:
Your breath smells the same,
my dearest Thisby.
But wait, I hear something!
Stay here for a bit,
And I'll be back to you soon.

EXIT

PUCK

A stranger Pyramus than e'er
played here.

PUCK

A weirder Pyramus than has
ever performed here.

EXIT

FLUTE

Must I speak now?

FLUTE

Is it my turn to speak?

QUINCE

Ay, marry, must you; for you
must understand he goes but
to see a noise that he heard,
and is to come again.

QUINCE

Yes, you have to. Understand
that he's just gone to check
out a noise he heard and
he'll be back.

FLUTE

Most radiant Pyramus, most
lily-white of hue, Of colour
like the red rose on
triumphant brier, Most brisky
juvenal and eke most lovely
Jew, As true as truest horse
that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at
Ninny's tomb.

FLUTE

Pyramus, you're amazing, as
white as a lily, as red as a
rose, energetic and also a
lovely person. Just like a
reliable horse, you never get
tired. I'll meet you at
Ninny's tomb.

QUINCE

'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

QUINCE

It's 'Ninus' tomb,' not 'Ninny's.' Don't say that part yet; you're supposed to respond to Pyramus. You're saying all your lines at once, cues and all. You missed your cue; it was 'never tire.'

FLUTE

O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

FLUTE

Oh,--Just like the most reliable horse, I'll never get tired.

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head
(PUCK comes back, and BOTTOM returns with a donkey's head)

BOTTOM

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

BOTTOM

If I were good-looking, Thisby, I'd be all yours.

QUINCE

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

QUINCE

Oh my God! This is terrifying! We're cursed! Run, everyone! Help!

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

PUCK

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier: Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

PUCK

I'll follow you and lead you in circles, through swamps, bushes, and thorny areas. Sometimes I'll be a horse, sometimes a dog, a pig, a headless bear, or even fire. I'll neigh, bark, grunt, roar, and burn, changing forms at every turn.

Exit Puck

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Re-enter SNOUT

SNOUT

O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

SNOUT

Oh Bottom, you've changed! What's happened to you?

BOTTOM

What do you see? you see an asshead of your own, do you?

BOTTOM

What do you see? You're looking at your own donkey face, aren't you?

Exit SNOUT

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Re-enter QUINCE

QUINCE
Bless thee, Bottom! bless
thee! thou art translated.

QUINCE
Bless you, Bottom! Bless you!
You've been transformed.

Exit

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BOTTOM
(sings)
I see their knavery: this is
to make an ass of me; to
fright me, if they could. But
I will not stir from this
place, do what they can: I
will walk up and down here,
and I will sing, that they
shall hear I am not afraid.

BOTTOM
I get it, they're trying to
make a fool out of me and
scare me if they can. But I'm
not moving from here, no
matter what they do. I'll
walk around here and sing so
they know I'm not scared.

BOTTOM (CONT'D)
The ousel cock so black of
hue, With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so
true, The wren with little
quill,--

BOTTOM (CONT'D)
The blackbird so dark, with
its orange beak, The song
thrush with its true notes,
The wren with its tiny
feathers,--

TITANIA
(awaking)
What angel wakes me from my
flowery bed?

TITANIA
(awaking)
Who is this angel waking me
up from my bed of flowers?

BOTTOM
(sings)
The finch, the sparrow and
the lark, The plain-song
cuckoo gray, Whose note full
many a man doth mark, And
dares not answer nay;-- for,
indeed, who would set his wit
to so foolish a bird? who
would give a bird the lie,
though he cry 'cuckoo' never
so?

BOTTOM
(sings)
The finch, the sparrow, and
the lark, The simple cuckoo
too, Whose call everyone
notices, but no one dares to
argue with;-- because,
really, who would argue with
such a silly bird? Who would
contradict a bird, even if it
keeps saying 'cuckoo'?

TITANIA
I pray thee, gentle mortal,
sing again: Mine ear is much
enamour'd of thy note; So is
mine eye enthralled to thy
shape; And thy fair virtue's
force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to
swear, I love thee.

TITANIA
Please, kind mortal, sing
again. I love the sound of
your voice; I'm captivated by
your appearance; and your
goodness compels me to say,
even swear, that I love you
at first sight.

BOTTOM

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.

TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM

Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITANIA

Out of this wood do not desire to go: Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state; And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep; And I will purge thy mortal grossness so That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

BOTTOM

I think you don't have much reason to say that, but to be honest, reason and love don't often go hand in hand these days. It's a shame that they can't be better friends. But hey, I can joke when the time is right.

TITANIA

You're as smart as you are good-looking.

BOTTOM

Not really, but if I were smart enough to get out of this forest, I'd be smart enough to take care of myself.

TITANIA

Don't wish to leave this forest; you're staying here whether you like it or not. I'm no ordinary spirit; I'm important enough that summer follows me. I love you, so come with me. I'll give you fairies to serve you, they'll bring you jewels from the ocean, and sing to you while you sleep on a bed of flowers. I'll even cleanse you of your human flaws so you'll feel as light as a spirit. Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

EXT. THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

PEASEBLOSSOM

I'm ready.

COBWEB

And I.

COBWEB

Me too.

MOTH

And I.

MOTH

Same here.

MUSTARDSEED

And I.

MUSTARDSEED

And me.

ALL
Where shall we go?

TITANIA
Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries, With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, To have my love to bed and to arise; And pluck the wings from Painted butterflies To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes: Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM
Hail, mortal!

COBWEB
Hail!

MOTH
Hail!

MUSTARDSEED
Hail!

BOTTOM
I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

COBWEB
Cobweb.

BOTTOM
I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM
Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM
I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

ALL
What's the plan?

TITANIA
Be nice and polite to this guy; Dance around him and catch his eye; Feed him apricots and berries, grapes, figs, and mulberries too; Steal honey from bees, and use their wax to make candles; Light them with the glow-worm's fire, so my love can sleep and wake; Take the wings from colorful butterflies to fan away the moonlight from his eyes; Nod at him, fairies, and be courteous.

PEASEBLOSSOM
Hello, human!

COBWEB
Hey!

MOTH
Hi!

MUSTARDSEED
Greetings!

BOTTOM
I'm really sorry, may I know your name?

COBWEB
I'm Cobweb.

BOTTOM
Nice to meet you, Cobweb. If I ever get a cut, I'll come to you for help. And you are?

PEASEBLOSSOM
I'm Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM
Please say hi to your mom, Mistress Squash, and your dad, Master Peascod, for me. I'd like to get to know you better, Peaseblossom. And your name is?

MUSTARDSEED

Mustardseed.

BOTTOM

Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred had made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

TITANIA

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower. The moon methinks looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity. Tie up my love's tongue bring him silently.

EXEUNT

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT

OBERON

I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK

OBERON (CONT'D)

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented, in their sport

MUSTARDSEED

I'm Mustardseed.

BOTTOM

Nice to meet you, Mustardseed. I know you guys are tough. I've heard that a lot of your family got eaten by a big, cowardly ox. It's even made me cry before. I'd like to get to know you better.

TITANIA

Come on, let's take him to my private space. The moon looks like it's about to cry; and when it does, every flower cries too, as if they're all being forced to stay pure. Let's bring him quietly.

OBERON

I'm curious if Titania's awake yet;
And if she is, what's the first thing she saw that she's now totally obsessed with.

OBERON (CONT'D)

Ah, here's my go-to guy.
What's up, crazy spirit!
What's the latest happening in this spooky forest?

PUCK

My boss is in love with a literal monster. Close to her private and sacred space, While she was out cold, A bunch of amateurs, basically handymen, Who earn their living in Athens, Gathered to practice a play For Theseus' big wedding day. The dumbest guy among them, playing Pyramus, Left his spot and hid in the bushes. That's when I saw my chance, And stuck a donkey's head on him. Soon, his Thisbe had to reply, And out he comes. When they see him, They scatter

Forsook his scene and enter'd
 in a brake
 When I did him at this
 advantage take,
 An ass's nole I fixed on his
 head:
 Anon his Thisbe must be
 answered,
 And forth my mimic comes.
 When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the
 creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many
 in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the
 gun's report,
 Sever themselves and madly
 sweep the sky,
 So, at his sight, away his
 fellows fly;
 And, at our stamp, here o'er
 and o'er one falls; He murder
 cries and help from Athens
 calls. Their sense thus weak,
 lost with their fears thus
 strong,
 Made senseless things begin
 to do them wrong; For briers
 and thorns at their apparel
 snatch; Some sleeves, some
 hats, from yielders all
 things catch.
 I led them on in this
 distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus
 translated there:
 When in that moment, so it
 came to pass,
 Titania waked and straightway
 loved an ass.

like scared geese, Or noisy
 birds startled by agunshot.
 They all fly off in a panic,
 And he's left shouting for
 help. Their fear made them
 lose all sense, Getting
 caught in thorns and
 bushes, Losing hats and
 sleeves. I led them on this
 wild goose chase, And left
 Pyramus transformed: Just
 then, Titania woke up and
 fell in love with a donkey.

OBERON

This falls out better than I could devise. But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

OBERON

This is even better than I planned. But did you manage to get the Athenian with the love potion like I told you to?

PUCK

I took him sleeping, - that is finish'd, too -
And the Athenian woman by his side:
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

PUCK

I got him while he was asleep, so that's done.
And the Athenian woman was right next to him;
So, when he wakes up, he'll have to look at her.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS

OBERON

Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

OBERON

Stand close: this is the Athenian I was talking about.

PUCK

This is the woman, but not this the man.

PUCK

This is the right woman, but not the right man.

DEMETRIUS

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

DEMETRIUS

Why are you so harsh to someone who loves you?
Why waste your anger on your enemy?

HERMIA

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

HERMIA

I'm just scolding you now, but I could do worse.
I think you've given me a reason to curse.
If you've killed Lysander while he was asleep,
You might as well go all in and kill me too.
Lysander was as faithful to me as the sun is to the day.
Would he really leave me while I was asleep?
I'd sooner believe the earth could be hollowed out
And the moon could pass through its center.
You must have killed him; you look like a murderer.

DEMETRIUS

So should the murder'd look,
and so should I,
Pierced through the heart
with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look
as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her
glimmering sphere.

HERMIA

What's this to my Lysander?
where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou
give him me?

DEMETRIUS

I had rather give his carcass
to my hounds.

HERMIA

Out, dog! out, cur! thou
drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast
thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd
among men!
O, once tell true, tell true,
even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon
him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him
sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder,
do so much?
An adder did it; for with
doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent,
never adder stung.

DEMETRIUS

You spend your passion on a
misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's
blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught
that I can tell.

HERMIA

I pray thee, tell me then
that he is well.

DEMETRIUS

An if I could, what should I
get therefore?

HERMIA

A privilege never to see me
more.
And from thy hated presence
part I so: See me no more,
whether he be dead or no.

DEMETRIUS

A murder victim would look
like this, and so do I,
Stabbed in the heart by your
harshness.
Yet you, the real killer,
look as radiant as Venus in
the sky.

HERMIA

What does this have to do
with Lysander? Where is he?
Demetrius, can you give him
back to me?

DEMETRIUS

I'd rather feed his body to
my dogs.

HERMIA

Get lost, you dog, you
coward! You've pushed me too
far.
Did you kill him? If so,
you're no longer a man in my
eyes.
Just tell me the truth, for
my sake!
Could you even look at him
when he was awake,
And you killed him while he
was asleep? How brave of you!
Even a worm or a snake could
do that.
A snake did it; even a snake
is less deceitful than you.

DEMETRIUS

You're wasting your anger on
a misunderstanding.
I didn't kill Lysander; as
far as I know, he's not dead.

HERMIA

Then please tell me he's
okay.

DEMETRIUS

Even if I could tell you,
what would I get out of it?

HERMIA

The privilege of never seeing
me again.
I'm leaving your hated
presence: don't ever look for
me, whether he's dead or
alive.

Exit

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DEMETRIUS

There is no following her in
this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I
will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth
heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep
doth sorrow owe:
Which now in some slight
measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make
some stay.

Lies down and sleeps.

OBERON

What hast thou done? thou
hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on
some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must
perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd and not
a false turn'd true.

PUCK

Then fate o'er-rules, that,
one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding
oath on oath.

OBERON

About the wood go swifter
than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look
thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and
pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that
costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou
bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against
she do appear.

PUCK

I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the
Tartar's bow.

Exit

OBERON

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,

DEMETRIUS

There's no point in chasing
her when she's this mad.
So, I'll stay here for a bit.
My sadness is getting worse
because I can't sleep,
And now I'll try to catch up
on some rest.

OBERON

What have you done? You've
messed up big time,
Putting the love potion on
the wrong person's eyes.
Now, real love is going to
get twisted, not fake love
turned real.

PUCK

Well, if fate's in charge,
then one loyal guy
Is going to mess up a million
other promises.

OBERON

Go through the forest faster
than the wind,
And find Helena from Athens.
She's lovesick and looking
miserable,
Sighing so much it's like
she's losing blood.
Bring her here with some
trick;
I'll make sure he falls for
her when she shows up.

PUCK

I'm on it, I'm on it; watch
me go,
Faster than an arrow from a
Tartar's bow.

OBERON

Flower with this purple hue,
Struck by Cupid's arrow too,
Become the focus of his view.
When he sees the one he's

Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be
by,
Beg of her for remedy.

into,
Let her glow and really shine
through,
Just like Venus in the sky so
blue.
When he wakes up and she's in
sight,
He should ask her to make it
right.

Re-enter PUCK

PUCK
 Captain of our fairy band,
 Helena is here at hand;
 And the youth, mistook by me,
 Pleading for a lover's fee.
 Shall we their fond pageant
 see?
 Lord, what fools these
 mortals be!

OBERON
 Stand aside: the noise they
 make
 Will cause Demetrius to
 awake.

PUCK
 Then will two at once woo
 one;
 That must needs be sport
 alone;
 And those things do best
 please me
 That befall preposterously.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER
 Why should you think that I
 should woo in scorn?
 Scorn and derision never come
 in tears:
 Look, when I vow, I weep; and
 vows so born,
 In their nativity all truth
 appears.
 How can these things in me
 seem scorn to you,
 Bearing the badge of faith,
 to prove them true?

HELENA
 You do advance your cunning
 more and more.
 When truth kills truth, O
 devilish-holy fray!
 These vows are Hermia's: will
 you give her o'er?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you
 will nothing weigh:
 Your vows to her and me, put
 in two scales,
 Will even weigh, and both as
 light as tales.

PUCK
 Leader of our fairy crew,
 Helena is here, it's true;
 And the guy I messed up with,
 Is begging for love,
 forthwith.
 Should we watch this silly
 show?
 Man, humans are dumb, you
 know.

OBERON
 Step back: the noise they're
 making
 Will wake Demetrius, no
 mistaking.

PUCK
 Then two guys will chase one
 girl;
 That's gotta be fun in
 itself, unfurl;
 And the things that make me
 laugh the most
 Are the ones that happen
 totally messed.

LYSANDER
 Why would you think I'm
 mocking you?
 Mockery and scorn don't come
 with tears.
 Look, I'm crying as I make my
 vows;
 So you should know they're
 sincere.
 How can you think I'm not
 serious,
 When I'm showing all the
 signs of being true?

HELENA
 You're just getting more
 clever with your lies.
 When one truth kills another,
 what a mess!
 These promises were meant for
 Hermia, not me.
 Compare your promises, and
 they'll weigh the same:
 Both are meaningless, as
 light as fairy tales.

LYSANDER

I had no judgment when to her
I swore.

HELENA

Nor none, in my mind, now you
give her o'er.

LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he
loves not you.

DEMETRIUS

(Awaking)

O Helena, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I
compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe
in show
Thy lips, those kissing
cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white,
high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind,
turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy
hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white,
this seal of bliss!

HELENA

O spite! O hell! I see you
all are bent
To set against me for your
merriment:
If you were civil and knew
courtesy,
You would not do me thus much
injury.
Can you not hate me, as I
know you do,
But you must join in souls to
mock me too?
If you were men, as men you
are in show,
You would not use a gentle
lady so;
To vow, and swear, and
superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me
with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love
Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock
Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly
enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor
maid's eyes
With your derision! none of
noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and

LYSANDER

I wasn't thinking clearly
when I promised her.

HELENA

And you're not thinking
clearly now, letting her go.

LYSANDER

Demetrius is the one who
loves her, not you.

DEMETRIUS

(Waking up)

Oh Helena, you're like a
goddess, a nymph, perfect and
divine!
How can I even describe your
eyes? Crystals don't compare.
Your lips are like ripe
cherries, so tempting!
Even the purest snow looks
dirty compared to you.
Let me kiss this epitome of
purity, this symbol of
happiness!

HELENA

Oh, this is cruel! You're all
ganging up on me for fun!
If you had any decency, you
wouldn't treat me like this.
You can't just hate me, you
have to mock me too?
If you were real men, you
wouldn't treat a woman this
way.
You make vows and
compliments, but I know you
hate me.
You're both in love with
Hermia, and now you're
mocking me.
It's a real achievement,
making a girl cry for your
amusement.
No one with any honor would
behave like this, just for
fun.

extort
A poor soul's patience, all
to make you sport.

LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

HELENA

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
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?

LYSANDER

Demetrius, don't be cruel; you love Hermia, and you know I know it.
So, I'm willingly giving up my claim on Hermia to you,
And you can give me your claim on Helena,
Who I truly love and will love until I die.

HELENA

I've never heard such pointless mockery.

DEMETRIUS

Lysander, you can have Hermia; I don't want her anymore.
If I ever loved her, that love is gone now.
My heart was just a guest in her life,
And now it's found its home with Helena.

LYSANDER

Helena, that's not true.

DEMETRIUS

Don't doubt a love you don't understand,
Or you might regret it.
Look, here comes your love; there she is.

HERMIA

Darkness takes away our sight but sharpens our hearing.
When we can't see, our ears work twice as hard.
I couldn't see you, Lysander, but I heard you.
Why did you leave me like that?

LYSANDER

Why should he stay, whom love
doth press to go?

HERMIA

What love could press
Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

Lysander's love, that would
not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds
the night
Than all you fiery oes and
eyes of light.
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.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this
confederacy!
Now I perceive they have
conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport,
in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most
ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you
with these contrived
To bait me with this foul
derision?
Is all the counsel that we
two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours
that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-
footed time
For parting us,--O, is it all
forgot?
All school-days' friendship,
childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two
artificial gods,
Have with our needles created
both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting
on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song,
both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides,
voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we
grow together,
Like to a double cherry,
seeming parted,
But yet an union in

LYSANDER

Why should I stay when love
is pushing me to go?

HERMIA

What kind of love could push
you away from me?

LYSANDER

My love for Helena, who
shines brighter than any
star,
Is what's pulling me away.
Why are you looking for me?
Can't you see,
My feelings for you have
changed, that's why I left.

HERMIA

You're not saying what you
really feel; this can't be
true.

HELENA

Look, now I see you're in on
this cruel joke too!
All three of you are ganging
up on me.
Hermia, how could you? We've
been friends for so long!
Have you plotted this just to
make fun of me?
What about all the times
we've shared, the secrets,
the promises?
Is all of that just gone now?
We've been like sisters,
doing everything together,
Singing the same songs,
sharing the same dreams.
We were so close, like two
cherries on the same stem.
And now you're tearing that
apart, just to mock me?
That's not what friends do,
that's not what women do.
I'm the one who's hurt, but
you should be ashamed.

partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on
one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies,
but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats
in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned
with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient
love asunder,
To join with men in scorning
your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not
maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may
chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the
injury.

HERMIA

I am amazed at your
passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems
that you scorn me.

HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as
in scorn,
To follow me and praise my
eyes and face?
And made your other love,
Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me
with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph,
divine and rare,
Precious, celestial?
Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and
wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich
within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth,
affection,
But by your setting on, by
your consent?
What thought I be not so in
grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so
fortunate,
But miserable most, to love
unloved?
This you should pity rather
than despise.

HERMIA

I understand not what you
mean by this.

HELENA

Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit
sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I
turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the
sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried,
shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace,
or manners,
You would not make me such an
argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly
my own fault;
Which death or absence soon
shall remedy.

LYSANDER

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my
excuse:
My love, my life, my soul,
fair Helena!

HERMIA

I'm shocked by what you're
saying.
I'm not mocking you; it seems
like you're mocking me.

HELENA

Did you not send Lysander to
follow me and compliment me?
And get Demetrius, who just
rejected me, to call me all
these wonderful names?
Why would they do this unless
you put them up to it?
Even if I'm not as popular or
lucky in love as you,
You should feel sorry for me,
not mock me.

HERMIA

I don't understand what
you're talking about.

HELENA

Go ahead, keep pretending,
make faces behind my back.
Wink at each other, keep the
joke going.
If you had any decency, you
wouldn't treat me like this.
But fine, I'll leave; some of
this is my own fault,
And either death or leaving
will fix it.

LYSANDER

Wait, Helena, let me explain:
You're my love, my life, my
everything!

HELENA
O excellent!

HERMIA
Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS
If she cannot entreat, I can
compel.

LYSANDER
Thou canst compel no more
than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more
strength than her weak
prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my
life, I do:
I swear by that which I will
lose for thee,
To prove him false that says
I love thee not.

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

LYSANDER
If thou say so, withdraw, and
prove it too.
Quick, come!

HERMIA
Lysander, whereto tends all
this?

LYSANDER
Away, you Ethiope!

DEMETRIUS
No, no; he'll
Seem to break loose; take on
as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a
tame man, go!

LYSANDER
Hang off, thou cat, thou
burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me
like a serpent!

HERMIA
Why are you grown so rude?
what change is this?
Sweet love,--

LYSANDER
Thy love! out, tawny Tartar,
out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated
potion, hence!

HELENA
Oh, wonderful!

HERMIA
Hey, don't be so harsh on
her.

DEMETRIUS
If she can't persuade you, I
can make you listen.

LYSANDER
You can't force me any more
than she can beg me.
Your threats are as weak as
her pleas.
Helena, I love you, I swear
on my life,
And I'll risk it to prove
anyone wrong who says I
don't.

DEMETRIUS
I love you more than he ever
could.

LYSANDER
If you say so, step back and
prove it.
Come on, let's go!

HERMIA
Lysander, what's going on?

LYSANDER
Get away from me!

DEMETRIUS
No, he's just acting out.
Pretend you'll follow him,
But don't actually go. You're
too passive, just leave!

LYSANDER
Back off, you pest! If you
don't, I'll shake you off
like a snake!

HERMIA
Why are you being so mean?
What's gotten into you?
My love,--

LYSANDER
Your love? Get out! You're
like bad medicine!

HERMIA
Do you not jest?

HELENA
Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER
Demetrius, I will keep my
word with thee.

DEMETRIUS
I would I had your bond, for
I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll
not trust your word.

LYSANDER
What, should I hurt her,
strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not
harm her so.

HERMIA
What, can you do me greater
harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me!
what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you
Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was
erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet
since night you left me:
Why, then you left me--O, the
gods forbid!-- In earnest,
shall I say?

LYSANDER
Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see
thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of
question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer;
'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love
Helena.

HERMIA
O me! you juggler! you
canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have
you come by night
And stolen my love's heart
from him?

HELENA
Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no
maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness?
What, will you tear

HERMIA
Are you joking?

HELENA
Yes, seriously; and so are
you.

LYSANDER
Demetrius, I'll keep my
promise to you.

DEMETRIUS
I wish I had something more
than your word,
Because I can see it's not
reliable.

LYSANDER
Should I hurt her or even
kill her?
Even if I hate her, I won't
go that far.

HERMIA
Can you hurt me more than by
hating me?
Why do you hate me? Aren't I
still Hermia and you
Lysander?
I'm just as beautiful as I
was before.
You loved me last night, but
now you've left me.
Is this for real?

LYSANDER
Yes, I'm serious.
I never want to see you
again.
I'm not joking, I hate you
and love Helena now.

HERMIA
You trickster! You love
thief!
Did you steal his heart while
I wasn't looking?

HELENA
Really? Have you no shame or
modesty?
Why are you forcing me to
speak like this?
You're so fake, such a

Impatient answers from my puppet!
gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit,
you puppet, you!

HERMIA

Puppet? why so? 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 personage, her tall personage,
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
 And are you grown so high in his esteem;
 Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
 How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
 How low am I? I am not yet so low
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
 Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice:
 Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
 Because she is something lower than myself,
 That I can match her.

HERMIA

Lower! hark, again.

HELENA

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
 He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
 But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To Athens will I bear my folly back
 And follow you no further:

HERMIA

Puppet? Oh, I see what's going on.
 You're comparing our heights, aren't you?
 You think you've won him over because you're taller?
 How short do you think I am?
 I'm not so short that I can't scratch your eyes out.

HELENA

Please, don't let her hurt me.
 I'm not the confrontational type;
 I'm too timid for that.
 You might think I can take her on because I'm taller, but I can't.

HERMIA

Lower? What are you talking about?

HELENA

Hermia, don't be mad at me. I've always been your friend and never betrayed you. Except for telling Demetrius that you ran off here. I followed him because I love him, but he's been awful to me.
 If you let me go, I'll just go back to Athens and leave you alone.
 You can see how naive and foolish I am.

let me go:
You see how simple and how
fond I am.

HERMIA
Why, get you gone: who is't
that hinders you?

HELENA
A foolish heart, that I leave
here behind.

HERMIA
What, with Lysander?

HELENA
With Demetrius.

LYSANDER
Be not afraid; she shall not
harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS
No, sir, she shall not,
though you take her part.

HELENA
O, when she's angry, she is
keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went
to school;
And though she be but little,
she is fierce.

HERMIA
'Little' again! nothing but
'low' and 'little'!
Why will you suffer her to
flout me thus? Let me come to
her.

LYSANDER
Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering
knot-grass made; You bead,
you acorn.

DEMETRIUS
You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns
your services. Let her alone:
speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if
thou dost intend
Never so little show of love
to her, Thou shalt aby it.

LYSANDER
Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest,
to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in
Helena.

HERMIA
Well, go then. What's
stopping you?

HELENA
It's my foolish heart that
I'm leaving behind.

HERMIA
You mean with Lysander?

HELENA
No, with Demetrius.

LYSANDER
Don't worry, Helena. She
won't hurt you.

DEMETRIUS
No, she won't, even if you're
on her side.

HELENA
Oh, trust me, when she's mad,
she's really sharp!
She was a firecracker even in
school;
She may be small, but she's
fierce.

HERMIA
'Little' again? Is that all
you can say?
Why are you letting her mock
me like this? Let me at her.

LYSANDER
Go away, you little thing;
You're just a tiny obstacle,
a mere speck, an acorn.

DEMETRIUS
You're too eager to help
someone who doesn't want it.
Leave her alone; don't talk
about Helena.
Don't take her side; if you
show even a little love for
her, you'll regret it.

LYSANDER
She's not holding me back
now;
So follow me if you dare,
let's see who really has
Helena's heart.

DEMETRIUS

Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.

HERMIA

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HELENA

I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.

Exit.

HERMIA

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

Exit.

DEMETRIUS

Follow you? No, I'll walk right beside you, step for step.

HERMIA

You, lady, all this mess is because of you:
Don't you dare go back now.

HELENA

I don't trust you, not one bit,
I won't stay in your cursed company.
You might be quicker to fight,
But my legs are longer, so I'll take flight.

HERMIA

I'm stunned, I don't even know what to say.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

OBERON

This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUCK

Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garment he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBERON

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,

OBERON

This is your fault: you either keep messing up,
Or you're doing these tricks on purpose.

PUCK

Trust me, king of shadows, I got it wrong.
Didn't you say I'd recognize the guy
By the Athenian clothes he was wearing?
So far, my mission's been without fault,
I've put the potion on an Athenian's eyes;
And I'm glad it turned out this way,
Their arguing is actually pretty entertaining.

OBERON

You see these lovers are looking for a place to fight.
So go, Robin, make the night dark;
Cover the starry sky with a fog as black as death,
And lead these angry rivals so far astray

And lead these testy rivals
 so astray
 As one come not within
 another's way.
 Like to Lysander sometime
 frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with
 bitter wrong;
 And sometime rail thou like
 Demetrius;
 And from each other look thou
 lead them thus,
 Till o'er their brows death-
 counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty
 wings doth creep:
 Then crush this herb into
 Lysander's eye;
 Whose liquor hath this
 virtuous property,
 To take from thence all error
 with his might,
 And make his eyeballs roll
 with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this
 derision
 Shall seem a dream and
 fruitless vision,
 And back to Athens shall the
 lovers wend,
 With league whose date till
 death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do
 thee employ,
 I'll to my queen and beg her
 Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed
 eye release
 From monster's view, and all
 things shall be peace.

That they don't cross each
 other's paths.
 Sometimes talk like Lysander
 to provoke Demetrius;
 And sometimes talk like
 Demetrius to provoke
 Lysander;
 Lead them away from each
 other like this,
 Until they fall into a sleep
 so deep it's like death.
 Then put this herb into
 Lysander's eyes;
 Its juice has the power to
 remove all mistakes,
 And make him see as he used
 to.
 When they wake up, all this
 confusion
 Will seem like a pointless
 dream,
 And they'll go back to
 Athens, their love as strong
 as ever.
 While you're doing this, I'll
 go to my queen and ask for
 her Indian boy;
 Then I'll free her from the
 monster's spell, and
 everything will be peaceful.

PUCK

My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
 Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
 That in crossways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They willfully themselves exile from light
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBERON

But we are spirits of another sort:
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

Exit.

PUCK

Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:
 I am fear'd in field and town:
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

PUCK

My lord, we need to hurry,
 For the night is quickly passing,
 And the dawn is almost here.
 When it arrives, all the wandering ghosts
 Return to their graves: all the damned spirits,
 Who are buried in crossroads and rivers,
 Have already gone to their wormy beds;
 Afraid that the daylight will expose them,
 They willingly exile themselves from the light
 And must forever stay with the dark night.

OBERON

But we're different kinds of spirits:
 I often play with the morning light,
 And I can roam the forests
 Until the eastern sky turns red,
 And the sun's rays turn the ocean's green waves to gold.
 But still, hurry; don't delay:
 We can still get this done before daybreak.

PUCK

Up and down, up and down,
 I'll lead them on a merry chase:
 I'm feared both in the field and in the town:
 Hey Goblin, let's mess with them.
 Here comes one.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

LYSANDER

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

LYSANDER

Where are you, Demetrius? Speak up!

PUCK

Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

PUCK

I'm here, ready to fight. Where are you?

LYSANDER
I will be with thee straight.

LYSANDER
I'll be right there.

PUCK
Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

PUCK
Then follow me,
To a more open area.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DEMETRIUS
Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward,
art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where
dost thou hide thy head?

DEMETRIUS
Lysander! Speak up:
You coward, did you run away?
Speak! Are you hiding in a
bush? Where are you?

PUCK
Thou coward, art thou
bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou
look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come,
recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he
is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

PUCK
You coward, are you boasting
to the sky,
Telling the bushes you're
looking for a fight,
But you won't show up? Come
on, you wimp;
I'll whip you: anyone who
draws a sword on you is a
disgrace.

DEMETRIUS
Yea, art thou there?

DEMETRIUS
Oh, you're there?

PUCK
Follow my voice: we'll try no
manhood here.

PUCK
Follow my voice: we're not
proving anything here.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

LYSANDER
He goes before me and still
dares me on:
When I come where he calls,
then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-
heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster
he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark
uneven way,
And here will rest me.
(Lies down)
Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me
thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and
revenge this spite.

LYSANDER
He keeps leading me on, but
when I get there, he's gone.
He's way faster than me:
I followed quickly, but he
flew even faster;
Now I'm lost in this dark,
uneven path,
So I'll rest here.
(Lies down)
Come on, daylight!
If you show up even once,
I'll find Demetrius and get
my revenge.

Lysander sleeps.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

PUCK

Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why
comest thou not?

PUCK

Ha, ha, ha! Scaredy-cat, why
aren't you showing up?

DEMETRIUS

Abide me, if thou darest; for
well I wot
Thou runn'st before me,
shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor
look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

DEMETRIUS

Wait for me if you dare; I
know you're running away,
Changing locations, and you
don't have the guts to face
me.
Where are you now?

PUCK

Come hither: I am here.

PUCK

Come here: I'm right here.

DEMETRIUS

Nay, then, thou mock'st me.
Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by
daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness
constraineth me
To measure out my length on
this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be
visited.

DEMETRIUS

Alright, you're making fun of
me. You'll pay for this,
If I ever see your face in
daylight:
Now, I'm leaving. I'm too
tired to keep this up,
I'll just lie down on this
cold ground.
Expect a visit when the day
comes.

Lies down and sleeps.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HELENA

O weary night, O long and
tedious night,
Abate thy hour! Shine
comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by
daylight,
From these that my poor
company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes
shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own
company.

HELENA

Oh, what a long, exhausting
night,
Hurry up, dawn! Bring some
light,
So I can go back to Athens,
away from those who hate me,
And let sleep take me away
from my own misery.

Lies down and sleeps.

PUCK

Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up
four.
Here she comes, curst and
sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females
mad.

PUCK

Only three? We need one more,
Two of each kind makes four.
Here she comes, upset and
mad,
Cupid, you're such a bad lad,
Making these poor women sad.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HERMIA

Never so weary, never so in
 woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew and
 torn with briers,
 I can no further crawl, no
 further go;
 My legs can keep no pace with
 my desires.
 Here will I rest me till the
 break of day.
 Heavens shield Lysander, if
 they mean a fray!

Lies down and sleeps.

PUCK

(Squeezing the juice
 on LYSANDER's eyes)

On the ground
 Sleep sound:
 I'll apply
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.
 When thou wakest,
 Thou takest
 True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye:
 And the country proverb
 known,
 That every man should take
 his own,
 In your waking shall be
 shown:
 Jack shall have Jill;
 Nought shall go ill;
 The man shall have his mare
 again, and all shall be well.

HERMIA

I've never been this tired or
 this upset,
 Soaked with dew and scratched
 by thorns,
 I can't go on, I can't take
 another step,
 My legs can't keep up with
 what my heart yearns.
 I'll rest here until the
 morning light,
 God protect Lysander if
 there's going to be a fight.

PUCK

(Squeezing the juice
 on LYSANDER's eyes)

On the ground,
 Sleep sound.
 I'll put this
 On your eyes,
 And when you wake,
 You'll realize,
 You love your old girl, it's
 no surprise.
 And as the old saying goes,
 You'll take what's yours when
 you arose:
 Jack gets Jill,
 All will be well,
 You'll get your girl back, as
 far as I can tell.

EXT. SAME PART OF THE WOOD - LATER

LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA lying asleep.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH,
 MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending;

OBERON behind, unseen

TITANIA

Come, sit thee down upon this
 flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do
 coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy
 sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears,
 my gentle joy.

TITANIA

Come, sit down on this bed of
 flowers,
 While I caress your lovely
 cheeks,
 And put roses in your smooth
 hair,
 And kiss your big, cute ears,
 my sweet.

BOTTOM
Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM
Ready.

BOTTOM
Scratch my head Peaseblossom.
Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB
Ready.

BOTTOM
Mounsieur Cobweb, good
mounsieur, get you your
weapons in your hand,
and kill me a red-hipped
humble-bee on the top of a
thistle;
and, good mounsieur, bring me
the honey-bag.
Do not fret yourself too much
in the action, mounsieur;
and, good mounsieur, have a
care the honey-bag break not;
I would be loath to have you
overflown with a
honey-bag, signior. Where's
Mounsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED
Ready.

BOTTOM
Give me your neaf, Mounsieur
Mustardseed. Pray you,
leave your courtesy, good
mounsieur.

MUSTARDSEED
What's your Will?

BOTTOM
Nothing, good mounsieur, but
to help Cavalery Cobweb
to scratch. I must to the
barber's, monsieur; for
methinks
I am marvellous hairy about
the face; and I am such a
tender ass, if my hair do but
tickle me,
I must scratch.

TITANIA
What, wilt thou hear some
music,
my sweet love?

BOTTOM
Where's Peaseblossom at?

PEASEBLOSSOM
Ready.

BOTTOM
Peaseblossom, scratch my
head.
Where's Mr. Cobweb?

COBWEB
Ready.

BOTTOM
Mr. Cobweb, listen up, grab
your weapons,
and go kill a red-hipped
bumblebee on a thistle for
me.
And bring back the honey,
okay?
Don't stress too much about
it,
and be careful not to break
the honey-bag;
I wouldn't want you to get
all sticky. Where's Mr.
Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED
Ready.

BOTTOM
Give me a fist bump, Mr.
Mustardseed. No need for
formalities, man.

MUSTARDSEED
What do you want?

BOTTOM
Nothing much, just need some
help from Cobweb here to
scratch my face. I really
need a shave, man. My face is
so hairy it's tickling me,
and I can't help but scratch
it.

TITANIA
Would you like to listen to
some music, my love?

BOTTOM

I have a reasonable good the
tongs and the bones.

TITANIA

Or say, sweet love, what
thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM

Truly, a peck of provender: I
could munch your good
dry oats. Methinks I have a
great desire to a bottle of
hay: good hay, sweet hay,
hath no fellow.

TITANIA

I have a venturous fairy that
shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and
fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM

I had rather have a handful
or two of dried peas.
But, I pray you, let none of
your people stir me: I have
an exposition of sleep come
upon me.

TITANIA

Sleep thou, and I will wind
thee in my arms.
Fairies, begone, and be all
ways away.

Exeunt fairies.

EXT. SAME PART OF THE WOOD - CONTINUOUS

TITANIA

So doth the woodbine the
sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female
ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of
the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I
dote on thee!

They sleep.

Enter PUCK

OBERON

Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to
pity:
For, meeting her of late
behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours from

BOTTOM

I'm pretty good with
percussion instruments,
actually.

TITANIA

Or tell me, love, what would
you like to eat?

BOTTOM

Honestly, I could go for some
oats right now. I'm also
craving some hay-good, sweet
hay is unbeatable.

TITANIA

I have a daring fairy who can
go find some fresh nuts for
you from a squirrel's stash.

BOTTOM

I'd actually prefer a couple
handfuls of dried peas. But
please, tell your fairies not
to disturb me; I'm feeling
really sleepy.

TITANIA

Go to sleep, and I'll hold
you in my arms. Fairies,
leave us alone for now.

TITANIA

Just like the honeysuckle
gently wraps around the
woodbine, and the ivy
embraces the elm tree, I love
you and am totally smitten
with you!

OBERON

Hey Robin, welcome.
You see this? I'm starting to
feel bad for her.
She was behind the woods
recently, trying to get love
from this idiot.
I confronted her and argued

this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her and fall
 out with her;
 For she his hairy temples
 then had rounded
 With a coronet of fresh and
 fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which
 sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell like round
 and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty
 flowerets' eyes
 Like tears that did their own
 disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure
 taunted her
 And she in mild terms begg'd
 my patience,
 I then did ask of her her
 changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me,
 and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in
 fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I
 will undo
 This hateful imperfection of
 her eyes:
 And, gentle Puck, take this
 transformed scalp
 From off the head of this
 Athenian swain;
 That, he awaking when the
 other do,
 May all to Athens back again
 repair
 And think no more of this
 night's accidents
 But as the fierce vexation of
 a dream.
 But first I will release the
 fairy queen.
 Be as thou wast wont to be;
 See as thou wast wont to see:
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's
 flower
 Hath such force and blessed
 power.
 Now, my Titania; wake you, my

with her;
 She had even decorated his
 hairy forehead
 With a crown of fresh and
 sweet-smelling flowers.
 And the dew that used to make
 buds swell
 Like shiny, round pearls,
 Now looked like tears in the
 eyes of those little flowers,
 Tears that seemed to lament
 their own shame.
 After I had mocked her to my
 heart's content
 And she had politely asked me
 to stop,
 I then asked her for her
 changeling child;
 She immediately gave him to
 me and sent a fairy
 To take him to my home in
 fairyland.
 Now that I have the boy, I'll
 fix
 This awful spell on her eyes.
 And Puck, remove this
 enchanted hair
 From this Athenian guy's
 head;
 So that when he wakes up, he
 can go back to Athens
 And think of tonight's events
 As nothing more than a bad
 dream.
 But first, I'll free the
 fairy queen.
 Be yourself again;
 See as you used to see:
 The power of Dian's bud over
 Cupid's flower
 Is strong and blessed.
 Now wake up, my sweet queen
 Titania.

TITANIA

My Oberon! what visions have
I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of
an ass.

OBERON

There lies your love.

TITANIA

How came these things to
pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe
his visage now!

OBERON

Silence awhile. Robin, take
off this head.
Titania, music call; and
strike more dead
Than common sleep of all
these five the sense.

TITANIA

Music, ho! music, such as
charmeth sleep!

PUCK

Now, when thou wakest, with
thine
own fool's eyes peep.

OBERON

Sound, music! Come, my queen,
take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon
these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in
amity,
And will to-morrow midnight
solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house
triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair
prosperity:
There shall the pairs of
faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in
jollity.

PUCK

Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON

Then, my queen, in silence
sad,
Trip we after the night's
shade:
We the globe can compass

TITANIA

Oberon, what crazy dreams
I've had! I thought I was in
love with a donkey!

OBERON

Well, there's the one you
were in love with.

TITANIA

How did this even happen?
Ugh, I can't stand the sight
of him now!

OBERON

Hold on a sec. Robin, remove
that head.
Titania, call for some music;
let it put them into a deeper
sleep than usual.

TITANIA

Music, let's go! Play
something that'll put them to
sleep!

PUCK

Now, when you wake up, you'll
see with your own foolish
eyes.

OBERON

Play the music! Come, my
queen, join hands with me,
And let's dance around these
sleeping people.
We're friends again,
And tomorrow night we'll
dance in Duke Theseus' house,
Celebrating and blessing it
for good luck.
There, all the loving couples
will get married,
And we'll all celebrate with
Theseus.

PUCK

Fairy king, listen up:
I hear the morning bird
singing.

OBERON

Then, my queen, let's quietly
go,
Following the night's shadow.
We can travel around the
world quickly,

soon,
Swifter than the wandering
moon.

Faster than the moon moves.

TITANIA

Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt.

EXT. SAME PART OF THE WOOD - CONTINUOUS

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

THESEUS

Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

(Exit an Attendant)

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

TITANIA

Come, my lord, and while we fly,
Tell me how it happened that I
Was found sleeping here
With these humans around me.

THESEUS

Someone go find the forest ranger;
We've finished our observation for now.
Since we're ahead of schedule,
My love will get to hear the music of my hunting dogs.
Release them in the western valley; let them go.
Hurry up, I said, and find the forest ranger.

(An Attendant leaves)

We'll go, my queen, up to the top of the mountain,
And listen to the beautiful chaos
Of the hounds and the echoes mixing together.

HIPPOLYTA

I was once with Hercules and Cadmus,
Hunting a bear in a Cretan forest with Spartan hounds.
I've never heard such magnificent barking;
It wasn't just the woods, but the sky, the water,
Everything around us seemed to join in the noise.
I've never heard such a musical chaos, such beautiful noise.

THESEUS

My dogs are of Spartan breed,
With droopy, sandy-colored fur and long ears
That brush away the morning dew.
They have bent knees and loose skin like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd
in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more
tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor
cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in
Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But,
soft! what nymphs are these?

They're slow to chase, but
their barks harmonize like
bells.
You won't hear a more
melodious sound,
Not in Crete, Sparta, or
Thessaly.
You'll see what I mean. But
wait, who are these women?

EGEUS

My lord, this is my daughter
here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this
Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's
Helena:
I wonder of their being here
together.

EGEUS

My lord, this is my daughter
sleeping here;
And this is Lysander; this
one's Demetrius;
And this is Helena, old
Nedar's daughter:
I'm surprised they're all
here together.

THESEUS

No doubt they rose up early
to observe
The rite of May, and hearing
our intent,
Came here in grace our
solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this
the day
That Hermia should give
answer of her choice?

THESEUS

They probably woke up early
for the May Day celebration,
And knowing what we planned,
came here to join us.
But Egeus, isn't today the
day
Hermia has to make her
choice?

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

EGEUS

Yes, it is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go, bid the huntsmen wake
them with their horns.

THESEUS

Tell the hunters to wake them
up with their horns.

EXT. SAME PART OF THE WOOD - CONTINUOUS

Horns and shout within. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and
HERMIA wake and start up

THESEUS

Good morrow, friends. Saint
Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to
couple now?

THESEUS

Good morning, everyone.
Valentine's Day is over:
Are these lovebirds just
getting together now?

LYSANDER

Pardon, my lord.

LYSANDER

Sorry, sir.

THESEUS

I pray you all, stand up. I
know you two are rival
enemies: How comes this
gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from
jealousy, To sleep by hate,
and fear no enmity?

THESEUS

Everyone, please stand. How
is it that you two, who are
supposed to be enemies, are
here together? How can you be
so close yet not be jealous
of each other, to the point
where you can sleep next to
each other without fear?

LYSANDER

My lord, I shall reply
amazedly, Half sleep, half
waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came
here; But, as I think,--for
truly would I speak, And now
do I bethink me, so it is,--
I came with Hermia hither:
our intent Was to be gone

LYSANDER

Sir, I'm honestly confused.
I'm half asleep and half
awake. I can't really say how
I got here. But I think I
came here with Hermia. We
were planning to leave Athens
to avoid breaking any laws.

from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the
Athenian law.

EGEUS

Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough: I beg the law, the law, upon his head. They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius, Thereby to have defeated you and me, You of your wife and me of my consent, Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEMETRIUS

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth, Of this their purpose hither to this wood; And I in fury hither follow'd them, Fair Helena in fancy following me. But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,-- But by some power it is,--my love to Hermia, Melted as the snow, seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gaud Which in my childhood I did dote upon; And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The object and the pleasure of mine eye, Is only Helena. To her, my lord, Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia: But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food; But, as in health, come to my natural taste, Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, And will for evermore be true to it.

THESEUS

Fair lovers, you are fortunately met: Of this discourse we more will hear anon. Egeus, I will overbear your will; For in the temple by and by with us These couples shall eternally be knit: And, for the morning now is something worn, Our purposed hunting shall be set aside. Away with us to Athens; three and three, We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. Come, Hippolyta.

Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

EGEUS

That's enough, my lord. I demand that the law be enforced on him. They were planning to run away, Demetrius, and in doing so, they would have cheated both of us. You would have lost your future wife, and I would have lost my say in who she marries.

DEMETRIUS

Sir, Helena told me that Hermia and Lysander were planning to run away to this forest, so I followed them here, with Helena following me. I don't know how it happened, but my feelings for Hermia have completely changed. She's like a childhood toy that I've outgrown. Now, all I care about is Helena. I was actually engaged to her before I ever met Hermia. I used to find her unattractive, like food that makes you sick, but now she's all I want, and I'll be true to her forever.

EXT. SAME PART OF THE WOOD - CONTINUOUS

DEMETRIUS

These things seem small and undistinguishable,

DEMETRIUS

Everything looks blurry and hard to make out.

HERMIA

Methinks I see these things with parted eye, When every thing seems double.

HERMIA

I feel like I'm seeing double, like my eyes aren't working right.

HELENA

So methinks: And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, Mine own, and not mine own.

HELENA

I feel the same way. And Demetrius feels like a precious gem that's both mine and not mine.

DEMETRIUS

Are you sure That we are awake? It seems to me That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

DEMETRIUS

Are we sure we're awake? It feels like we're still dreaming. Didn't the duke just tell us to follow him?

HERMIA

Yea; and my father.

HERMIA

Yes, and so did my dad.

HELENA

And Hippolyta.

HELENA

And Hippolyta too.

LYSANDER

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

LYSANDER

He told us to go to the temple.

DEMETRIUS

Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him And by the way let us recount our dreams.

DEMETRIUS

Well, if that's the case, we must be awake. Let's follow him and talk about our dreams along the way.

Exeunt.

EXT. SAME PART OF THE WOOD - CONTINUOUS

BOTTOM

(Awaking)

When my cue comes, call me,
and I will answer: my next
is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'
Heigh-ho! Peter Quince!
Flute, the bellows-mender!
Snout, the tinker!
Starveling! God's my life,
stolen hence, and left me
asleep! I have had a most
rare vision. I have had a
dream, past the wit of man to
say what dream it was: man is
but an ass, if he go about to
expound this dream. Methought
I was--there is no man can
tell what. Methought I was,--
and methought I had,--but man
is but a patched fool, if he
will offer to say what
methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear
of man hath not seen, man's
hand is not able to taste,
his tongue to conceive, nor
his heart to report, what my
dream was. I will get Peter
Quince to write a ballad of
this dream: it shall be
called Bottom's Dream,
because it hath no bottom;
and I will sing it in the
latter end of a play, before
the duke: peradventure, to
make it the more gracious, I
shall sing it at her death.

BOTTOM

(Waking up)

When it's my turn, call me,
and I'll come out: my next
line is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'
Hey there! Peter Quince!
Flute, the repair guy! Snout,
the handyman! Starveling! Oh
my God, they've all left and
let me sleep! I just had the
craziest dream. It's beyond
words, really. Trying to
explain it would make anyone
look like a fool. I thought I
was--well, it's indescribable.
No one could even begin to
understand what I thought I
was or had. It's beyond human
senses to grasp. I'll get
Peter Quince to write a song
about this dream. I'll call
it 'Bottom's Dream' because
it's bottomless. I'll perform
it at the end of a play, in
front of the duke. Maybe to
make it more dramatic, I'll
sing it as a farewell song.

INT. ATHENS - QUINCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

QUINCE

Have you sent to Bottom's
house? Is he come home yet?

QUINCE

Did anyone check Bottom's
house? Is he back yet?

STARVELING

He cannot be heard of. Out of
doubt he is transported.

STARVELING

No one's heard from him. He
must be gone for sure.

FLUTE

If he come not, then the play
is marred: it goes not
forward, doth it?

FLUTE

If he doesn't show up, the
play is ruined, right? We
can't go on without him?

QUINCE

It is not possible: you have
not a man in all Athens able
to discharge Pyramus but he.

QUINCE

It's impossible. There's no
one else in Athens who can
play Pyramus like he can.

FLUTE

No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUINCE

Yea and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLUTE

You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG

SNUG

Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLUTE

O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM

Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

QUINCE

Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOTTOM

Masters, I am to discourse what; for if I tell you, I will tell you every thing,

QUINCE

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace;

FLUTE

Exactly, he's the smartest craftsman in Athens.

QUINCE

And he's also the best actor; he's perfect for the role because of his great voice.

FLUTE

You mean 'paragon.' 'Paramour' is something entirely different, trust me.

SNUG

Guys, the duke is coming back from the temple, and a few more lords and ladies got married too. If our play had happened, we would've all been set.

FLUTE

Oh man, poor Bottom! He's missing out on earning a little extra money. If the duke hadn't planned to pay him for playing Pyramus, I'd be shocked. He totally would've earned it. It's either that role or nothing for him.

BOTTOM

Where is everyone? Where are my guys?

QUINCE

Bottom! What a great day! What a fantastic moment!

BOTTOM

Guys, I have some news to share, and if I start, I'll tell you everything,

QUINCE

Let's hear it, dear Bottom.

BOTTOM

I won't go into details. All you need to know is that the duke has had his meal. So get your costumes ready, fix your fake beards, and put new ribbons on your shoes. Meet at the palace ASAP. Everyone,

every man look o'er his part;
for the short and the long
is, our play is preferred. In
any case, let Thisby have
clean linen; and let not him
that plays the lion pair his
nails, for they shall hang
out for the lion's claws.
And, most dear actors, eat no
onions nor garlic, for we are
to utter sweet breath; and I
do not doubt but to hear them
say, it is a sweet comedy. No
more words: away! go, away!

review your lines because our
play has been chosen. Make
sure Thisby has clean
clothes, and whoever is
playing the lion shouldn't
trim their nails – they'll
act as the lion's claws. And
guys, don't eat onions or
garlic; we need to have fresh
breath. I'm sure they'll say
our play is delightful.
Enough talking: let's go, go,
go!

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY

HIPPOLYTA

'Tis strange my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

HIPPOLYTA

It's really strange, Theseus, what these lovers are talking about.

THESEUS

More strange than true: I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover and the poet Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

THESEUS

It's more bizarre than believable. I can't take these old stories and fairy tales seriously. Lovers and madmen, they have such wild imaginations that they see things reason can't even grasp. The crazy person, the lover, and the poet are all driven by imagination. The madman sees more demons than hell could possibly hold. The lover, just as crazy, sees ideal beauty in the most ordinary face. The poet, with his wild imagination, looks from heaven to earth and back again, turning the unknown into something tangible. Imagination is so powerful that it can make us see joy or fear where there's none—like mistaking a bush for a bear in the dark.

HIPPOLYTA

But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigured so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images And grows to something of great constancy; But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

HIPPOLYTA

But when you consider everything that happened last night, and how it's changed them all, it's more than just imagination. It's turned into something real and lasting, even if it's strange and incredible.

THESEUS

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth. Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts!

THESEUS

Here come the happy couples, full of joy and cheer. May your lives be filled with love and happiness!

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA

LYSANDER

More than to us Wait in your
royal walks, your board, your
bed!

LYSANDER

May you find even more joy in
your royal duties, meals, and
rest than we do!

THESEUS

Come now; what masques, what
dances shall we have, To wear
away this long age of three
hours Between our after-
supper and bed-time? Where is
our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is
there no play, To ease the
anguish of a torturing hour?

THESEUS

So what's the plan for
entertainment tonight? How
are we going to pass these
next few hours before
bedtime? Where's our
entertainment coordinator?
What festivities do we have
lined up? Is there a play or
something to make the time go
by faster?

PHILOSTRATE

Here, mighty Theseus.

PHILOSTRATE

I'm here, Your Highness.

THESEUS

Say, what abridgement have
you for this evening? What
masque? What music? How shall
we beguile The lazy time, if
not with some delight?

THESEUS

So, what's on the agenda for
tonight? Any performances or
music? How are we going to
make this evening enjoyable?

PHILOSTRATE

There is a brief how many
sports are ripe: Make choice
of which your highness will
see first.

PHILOSTRATE

I have a list of available
entertainments. You can pick
which one you'd like to see
first.

THESEUS

'The battle with the
Centaur, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the
harp.'
We'll none of that: that have
I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman
Hercules.

THESEUS

A song about the Centaur
battle, played by an Athenian
eunuch? Nah, I've already
told that story to my love,
to honor my relative
Hercules.

THESEUS

'The riot of the tipsy
Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer
in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it
was play'd
When I from Thebes came last
a conqueror.

THESEUS

A drama about drunk revelers
tearing apart a Thracian
singer? That's old news; they
performed that when I last
returned victorious from
Thebes.

THESEUS

'The thrice three Muses
mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in
beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and

THESEUS

A play about the Muses
mourning the death of
Learning, who died poor?
That's some sharp satire, not
really fitting for a wedding.

critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial
ceremony.

THESEUS

'A tedious brief scene of
young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very
tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! tedious
and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous
strange snow.
How shall we find the concord
of this discord?

PHILOSTRATE

A play there is, my lord,
some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have
known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it
is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for
in all the play
There is not one word apt,
one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord,
it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill
himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed,
I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but
more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter
never shed.

THESEUS

What are they that do play
it?

PHILOSTRATE

Hard-handed men that work in
Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their
minds till now,
And now have toil'd their
unbreathed memories
With this same play, against
your nuptial.

THESEUS

And we will hear it.

PHILOSTRATE

No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have
heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in
the world;
Unless you can find sport in
their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and
conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

THESEUS

A short yet long-winded play
about Pyramus and Thisbe,
full of tragic humor? It's
like saying hot ice and weird
snow. How do we make sense of
these contradictions?

PHILOSTRATE

My lord, there's a play
that's only about ten words
long, which is the shortest
I've ever seen. But even at
ten words, it's too long and
boring. None of the words
fit, and none of the actors
are right for their roles.
It's a tragedy; Pyramus kills
himself in it. I have to
admit, it made me cry when I
saw it rehearsed, but they
were tears of laughter.

THESEUS

Who are the actors performing
this play?

PHILOSTRATE

The actors are hardworking
men from Athens who've never
really used their brains for
something like this before.
They've really strained their
memories to prepare this play
for your wedding.

THESEUS

We'll listen to it then.

PHILOSTRATE

Honestly, my lord, it's not
worth your time. I've heard
it, and it's really nothing
special. Unless you find
amusement in their earnest
but painfully awkward efforts
to please you.

THESEUS

I will hear that play;
 For never anything can be
 amiss,
 When simpleness and duty
 tender it.
 Go, bring them in: and take
 your places, ladies.

Exit PHILOSTRATE

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

HIPPOLYTA

I love not to see
 wretchedness o'er charged
 And duty in his service
 perishing.

THESEUS

Why, gentle sweet, you shall
 see no such thing.

HIPPOLYTA

He says they can do nothing
 in this kind.

THESEUS

The kinder we, to give them
 thanks for nothing.
 Our sport shall be to take
 what they mistake:
 And what poor duty cannot do,
 noble respect
 Takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great
 clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated
 welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver
 and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of
 sentences,
 Throttle their practised
 accent in their fears
 And in conclusion dumbly have
 broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome.
 Trust me, sweet, Out of this
 silence yet I pick'd a
 welcome;
 And in the modesty of fearful
 duty
 I read as much as from the
 rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious
 eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-
 tied simplicity
 In least speak most, to my
 capacity.

THESEUS

I still want to hear it.
 Nothing can go wrong when the
 intent is pure and dutiful.
 Go ahead, bring them in, and
 let's all take our seats.

HIPPOLYTA

I don't like seeing people
 overwhelmed and their efforts
 going to waste.

THESEUS

Don't worry, my love, you
 won't see anything like that.

HIPPOLYTA

He's saying they're not
 capable of performing well.

THESEUS

We should be kind enough to
 appreciate their efforts,
 even if they mess up.
 Sometimes it's the thought
 that counts, not the
 execution. I've been welcomed
 by great scholars who were so
 nervous they couldn't even
 finish their sentences. Yet,
 I still felt welcomed.
 Sometimes, simple and sincere
 gestures speak louder than
 the most eloquent words.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PHILOSTRATE

So please your grace, the
Prologue is address'd.

PHILOSTRATE

Your Highness, the Prologue
is ready to begin.

THESEUS

Let him approach.

THESEUS

Let him come forward.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Flourish of trumpets

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

PROLOGUE

If we offend, it is with our
good will.
That you should think, we
come not to offend,
But with good will. To show
our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of
our end.
Consider then we come but in
despite.
We do not come as minding to
contest you,
Our true intent is. All for
your delight
We are not here. That you
should here repent you,
The actors are at hand and by
their show
You shall know all that you
are like to know.

PROLOGUE

If we mess up, know that we
mean well. We're not here to
offend you, but to entertain
you. So, don't take us too
seriously. The actors are
ready, and through their
performance, you'll learn all
you need to know.

THESEUS

This fellow doth not stand
upon points.

THESEUS

This guy isn't too concerned
with details.

LYSANDER

He hath rid his prologue like
a rough colt; he knows
not the stop. A good moral,
my lord: it is not enough to
speak, but to speak true.

LYSANDER

He delivered his prologue
like a wild horse; he doesn't
know when to stop. The lesson
here, my lord, is that it's
not just about speaking; it's
about speaking truthfully.

HIPPOLYTA

Indeed he hath played on his
prologue like a child
on a recorder; a sound, but
not in government.

HIPPOLYTA

He performed his prologue
like a child playing a
recorder; there's sound, but
no control.

THESEUS

His speech, was like a
tangled chain; nothing
impaired, but all disordered.
Who is next?

THESEUS

His speech, was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

THESEUS

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing was broken, but it was all a mess. Who's up next?

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

PROLOGUE

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
 But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
 This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
 This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
 This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
 And through Wall's crack, poor souls, they are content To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
 This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn, Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
 By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
 To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
 This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
 The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 Did scare away, or rather did affright;
 And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
 Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
 And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
 And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died.
 For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.

PROLOGUE

Ladies and gentlemen, you might be wondering what's going on. Just keep watching, and it'll all make sense. This guy is Pyramus, and this lovely lady is Thisbe. The man with the plaster is the Wall that separated them. They whisper through a crack in the Wall. The guy with the lantern, dog, and thorn bush is Moonshine. These lovers met under the moonlight at Ninus' tomb. The scary creature is Lion, who scared Thisbe and stained her cloak with blood. Then Pyramus finds the cloak and kills himself. Thisbe also takes her life. Now, let's let the characters tell the story.

Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

THESEUS
I wonder if the lion be to
speak.

THESEUS
I wonder if the lion is going
to talk.

DEMETRIUS
No wonder, my lord: one lion
may, when many asses do.

DEMETRIUS
It wouldn't be surprising, my
lord. If so many fools can
talk, why not a lion?

WALL
In this same interlude it
doth befall
That I, one Snout by name,
present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would
have you think,
That had in it a crannied
hole or slit,
Through which the lovers,
Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very
secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast
and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the
truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right
and sinister,
Through which the fearful
lovers are to whisper.

WALL
In this part of the play, I'm
Snout, and I'm playing the
role of a wall. Imagine a
wall with a small crack,
through which Pyramus and
Thisbe whispered to each
other. This plaster and stone
show that I am that wall, and
here's the crack they
whispered through.

THESEUS
Would you desire lime and
hair to speak better?

THESEUS
Do you think adding more
details would make the wall
more convincing?

DEMETRIUS
It is the wittiest partition
that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

DEMETRIUS
This is the most clever wall
I've ever heard, my lord.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter Pyramus

THESEUS
Pyramus draws near the wall:
silence!

THESEUS
Pyramus is approaching the
wall: everyone be quiet!

PYRAMUS
O grim-look'd night! O night
with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when
day is not!
O night, O night! alack,
alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is
forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O

PYRAMUS
Oh, dark and dreadful night!
Where is the day? Oh, night!
I'm afraid Thisby has
forgotten her promise. And
you, wall, you lovely wall
that separates me from
Thisby, show me the crack so
I can peek through! - Thank
you, kind wall. But wait,

lovely wall,
That stand'st between her
father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet
and lovely wall,
Show me thy slit, to blink
through with mine eyne!
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove
shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do
I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I
see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus
deceiving me!

where's Thisby? Oh, you
deceitful wall, you've
tricked me!

THESEUS

The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

THESEUS

I think the wall, if it could feel, should curse back.

PYRAMUS

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

PYRAMUS

Actually, sir, the wall shouldn't curse. Thisby is supposed to come in now; that's her cue. Just watch, it'll happen just like I said. Here she comes.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter Thisbe

THISBE

O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

THISBE

Oh wall, you've heard my cries so many times,
For keeping me apart from my dear Pyramus!
I've even kissed your stones,
Stones made of lime and hair.

PYRAMUS

I see a voice: now will I to the slit,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

PYRAMUS

I hear a voice: I'll peek through the crack,
To see if it's my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

THISBE

My love thou art, my love I think.

THISBE

You're my love, at least I think you are.

PYRAMUS

Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

PYRAMUS

Think what you want, I'm your faithful lover;
Just like Limander, I'm always true.

THISBE

And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

THISBE

And I'll be like Helen, until fate takes me.

PYRAMUS

Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

PYRAMUS

No one was as true as Shafalus to Procrus.

THISBE

As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

THISBE

And I'll be as true to you as Shafalus was to Procrus.

PYRAMUS

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

PYRAMUS

Kiss me through this hole in the wall!

THISBE

I kiss the wall's hole, not
your lips at all.

PYRAMUS

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb
meet me straightway?

THISBE

'Tide life, 'tide death, I
come without delay.

WALL

Thus have I, Wall, my part
discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall
away doth go.

Exit

THESEUS

Now is the mural down between
the two neighbours.

DEMETRIUS

No remedy, my lord, when
walls are so wilful to hear
without warning.

HIPPOLYTA

This is the silliest stuff
that ever I heard.

THESEUS

The best in this kind are but
shadows; and the worst
are no worse, if imagination
amend them.

HIPPOLYTA

It must be your imagination
then, and not theirs.

THESEUS

If we imagine no worse of
them than they of
themselves, they may pass for
excellent men. Here come two
noble beasts in, a man and a
lion.

THISBE

I'm kissing the hole, not
your lips.

PYRAMUS

Will you meet me at Ninny's
tomb right away?

THISBE

Life or death, I'll be there
without delay.

EXEUNT PYRAMUS AND THISBE

WALL

I've done my part as the
Wall;
And now that I'm done, I'll
exit the stage.

THESEUS

The wall between the two
neighbors is now down.

DEMETRIUS

There's no fixing it, my
lord, when walls decide to
listen
without permission.

HIPPOLYTA

This is the most ridiculous
thing I've ever heard.

THESEUS

The best of this sort are
just illusions; and the worst
aren't so bad if you use your
imagination.

HIPPOLYTA

Then it must be your
imagination making it better,
not theirs.

THESEUS

If we think no worse of them
than they do of themselves,
they might actually be pretty
good. Here come two noble
creatures, a man and a lion.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter Lion and Moonshine

LION

You, ladies, you, whose
gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse
that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake
and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest
rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug
the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no
lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come
in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity
on my life.

THESEUS

A very gentle beast, of a
good conscience.

DEMETRIUS

The very best at a beast, my
lord, that e'er I saw.

LYSANDER

This lion is a very fox for
his valour.

THESEUS

True; and a goose for his
discretion.

DEMETRIUS

Not so, my lord; for his
valour cannot carry his
discretion; and the fox
carries the goose.

THESEUS

His discretion, I am sure,
cannot carry his valour;
for the goose carries not the
fox. It is well:
leave it to his discretion,
and let us listen to the
moon.

MOONSHINE

This lanthorn doth the horned
moon present;--

DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horns
on his head.

THESEUS

He is no crescent, and his
horns are
invisible within the
circumference.

LION

Ladies, if you're scared of
even a tiny mouse,
You might just shake and
shiver now,
As I, a lion, roar in my
wildest rage.
But know that I'm just Snug
the carpenter,
Not a real lion; otherwise,
it'd be bad for me.

THESEUS

What a gentle beast, and so
well-behaved.

DEMETRIUS

The best portrayal of a beast
I've ever seen, my lord.

LYSANDER

This lion is as brave as a
fox.

THESEUS

True, and as wise as a goose.

DEMETRIUS

That's not the case, my lord;
his bravery can't make up for
his lack of wisdom; just like
the fox carries off the
goose.

THESEUS

I'm sure his wisdom can't
make up for his bravery;
because the goose doesn't
carry off the fox. Let's
leave it to his judgment and
listen to the moon.

MOONSHINE

This lantern represents the
horned moon.

DEMETRIUS

He should've put the horns on
his head.

THESEUS

He's not a crescent moon, so
you can't see his horns.

MOONSHINE

This lanthorn doth the horned
moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do
seem to be.

MOONSHINE

This lantern represents the
horned moon;
I'm supposed to be the man in
the moon.

THESEUS

This is the greatest error of
all the rest: the man
should be put into the
lanthorn. How is it else the
man i' the moon?

THESEUS

That's the biggest mistake of
all: the man should be inside
the lantern. How else could
he be the man in the moon?

DEMETRIUS

He dares not come there for
the candle; for, you
see, it is already in snuff.

DEMETRIUS

He won't come near the
candle; it's already burnt
out.

HIPPOLYTA

I am aweary of this moon:
would he would change!

HIPPOLYTA

I'm tired of this moon; I
wish he'd switch it up.

THESEUS

It appears, by his small
light of discretion, that
he is in the wane; but yet,
in courtesy, in all reason,
we must stay the time.
Proceed, Moon.

THESEUS

It seems, by his lack of good
judgment, that he's fading.
But we should be polite and
wait. Go on, Moon.

MOONSHINE

All that I have to say, is,
to tell you that the
lanthorn is the moon; I, the
man in the moon; this thorn-
bush, my thorn-bush; and this
dog, my dog.

MOONSHINE

All I have to say is that the
lantern is the moon; I'm the
man in the moon; this thorn-
bush is mine; and this dog is
my dog.

DEMETRIUS

Why, all these should be in
the lanthorn; for all
these are in the moon. But,
silence! here comes Thisbe.

DEMETRIUS

Well, all of these should be
in the lantern; they're all
part of the moon. But quiet,
here comes Thisbe.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter Thisbe

THISBE

This is old Ninny's tomb.
Where is my love?
Oh -

THISBE

This is old Ninny's grave.
Where's my love?
Oh -

LION
(Roaring)

LION
(Roaring)

DEMETRIUS

Well roared, Lion.

DEMETRIUS

Nice roar, Lion.

THESEUS
Well run, Thisbe.

THESEUS
Good job running, Thisbe.

HIPPOLYTA
Well shone, Moon. Truly, the
moon shines with a
good grace.

HIPPOLYTA
Nice glow, Moon. The moon
really does shine nicely.

The Lion shakes Thisbe's cloak and leaves.

THESEUS
Well moused, Lion.

THESEUS
Good job, Lion.

LYSANDER
And so the lion vanished.

LYSANDER
And just like that, the
lion's gone.

DEMETRIUS
And then came Pyramus.

DEMETRIUS
And here comes Pyramus.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Enter Pyramus

PYRAMUS
Sweet Moon, I thank thee for
thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for
shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden,
glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest
Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and
quell!

THESEUS
This passion, and the death
of a dear friend, would
go near to make a man look
sad.

HIPPOLYTA
Beshrew my heart, but I pity
the man.

PYRAMUS
O wherefore, Nature, didst
thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here
deflower'd my dear:
Which is - no, no -

PYRAMUS
Thanks, Moon, for your bright
light;
I'm grateful, Moon, you shine
so bright tonight.
By your golden glow, I hope
to see
My true love Thisby, wherever
she may be.
But wait, what's this?
Oh no, what a mess!
Is this what I think I see?
Is this real?
How should I feel?
Oh no, not her cloak! Oh gee!
It's stained with red,
Could she be dead?
Come, dark forces, set this
right!
O Fates, hear my plea,
End this tragedy;
End it all, end it tonight!

THESEUS
Such emotion, and the loss of
a friend,
Would make anyone look sad in
the end.

HIPPOLYTA
I can't help but feel sorry
for him.

PYRAMUS
Why did nature even create
lions?
Since a lion has taken my
love away:
Who was - no, no -

which was the fairest dame
 That lived, that loved, that
 liked, that look'd with
 cheer.
 Come, tears, confound;
 Out, sword, and wound
 The pap of Pyramus; Ay, that
 left pap,
 Where heart doth hop:
 (Stabs himself)
 Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
 Now am I dead,
 Now am I fled;
 My soul is in the sky:
 Tongue, lose thy light;
 Moon take thy flight:
 Now die, die, die, die, die.

who used to be the most
 beautiful woman
 Who lived, who loved, who was
 happy, who was cheerful.
 Come on, tears, let's go;
 Draw, sword, and strike
 My chest; yes, right where my
 heart beats:
 (Stabs himself)
 I die like this, just like
 this.
 I'm now dead,
 I'm now gone;
 My soul is up in the sky:
 Tongue, lose your voice;
 Moon, disappear:
 Now die, die, die, die, die.

Exit Moonshine. Pyramus Dies.

DEMETRIUS
No die, but an ace, for him;
for he is but one.

DEMETRIUS
He's not a die, just an ace;
he's only one person.

LYSANDER
Less than an ace, man; for he
is dead; he is nothing.

LYSANDER
Less than an ace, actually;
he's dead, he's nothing.

THESEUS
With the help of a surgeon he
might yet recover, and
prove an ass.

THESEUS
Maybe with some medical help,
he could come back to life
and still be a fool.

HIPPOLYTA
How chance Moonshine is gone
before Thisbe comes
back and finds her lover?

HIPPOLYTA
Why did Moonshine leave
before Thisbe could return
and find her lover?

THESEUS
She will find him by
starlight. Here she comes;
and
her passion ends the play.

THESEUS
She'll find him under the
stars. Here she comes, and
her emotional scene will end
the play.

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Re-enter Thisbe

HIPPOLYTA
Methinks she should not use a
long one for such a
Pyramus: I hope she will be
brief.

HIPPOLYTA
I hope she keeps it short,
given the situation with
Pyramus.

DEMETRIUS
A mote will turn the balance,
which Pyramus, which
Thisbe, is the better; he for
a man, God warrant us; she
for a woman, God bless us.

DEMETRIUS
It's a toss-up between
Pyramus and Thisbe; he's a
good man, and she's a good
woman.

LYSANDER
She hath spied him already
with those sweet eyes.

LYSANDER
She's already seen him with
those loving eyes.

DEMETRIUS
And thus she means,
videlicet: -

DEMETRIUS
And here's what she's saying:

THISBE
Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These My lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:

THISBE
Are you sleeping, my love?
What, you're dead?
Wake up, Pyramus!
Speak, are you mute?
Dead? Then a grave
Must cover your beautiful
eyes.
My lips,
My cute nose,
My rosy cheeks,
Are all gone:

His eyes were green as leeks.
 O Sisters Three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk;
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of
 silk.
 Tongue, not a word:
 Come, trusty sword;
 Come, blade, my breast
 imbrue:
 (Stabs herself)
 And, farewell, friends;
 Thus Thisby ends:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Lovers, mourn:
 His eyes were as green as
 grass.
 O Fates,
 Come to me,
 With hands as white as milk;
 Cover them in blood,
 Since you've cut
 His life thread.
 No more words:
 Come, trusty sword;
 Stab my heart:
 (Stabs herself)
 Goodbye, everyone;
 This is how Thisbe ends:
 Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Thisbe Dies.

THESEUS
Moonshine and Lion are left
to bury the dead.

DEMETRIUS
Ay, and Wall too.

BOTTOM
No assure you; the wall is
down that parted their
fathers. Will it please you
to see the epilogue, or to
hear a Bergomask dance
between two of our company?

THESEUS
No epilogue, I pray you; for
your play needs no excuse.
Never excuse; for when the
players are all dead, there
needs none to be blamed.
Marry, if he that writ it had
played Pyramus and hanged
himself in Thisbe's garter,
it would have been a fine
tragedy: and so it is, truly;
and very notably discharged.
But come, your Bergomask: let
your epilogue alone. The iron
tongue of midnight hath told
twelve: Lovers, to bed; 'tis
almost fairy time. I fear we
shall out-sleep the coming
morn As much as we this night
have overwatch'd. palpable-
gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night.
Sweet friends, to bed. A
fortnight hold we this
solemnity, In nightly revels
and new jollity.

Exit

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PUCK
Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the
moon;
...
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the
door.

THESEUS
Moonshine and Lion are left
to handle the funerals.

DEMETRIUS
Yeah, and don't forget the
Wall.

BOTTOM
Just to clarify, the wall
that separated their families
is down. Would you like to
see an epilogue or watch a
dance between two of us?

THESEUS
No need for an epilogue; the
play speaks for itself. When
everyone's dead, there's no
one to blame. If the writer
had played Pyramus and hanged
himself with Thisbe's garter,
it would've been a great
tragedy. But it's already
good as it is. Let's see the
dance and skip the epilogue.
It's midnight; time for
lovers to go to bed. We've
stayed up late, and the play
has made the night pass
quickly. Let's all go to bed.
We'll continue celebrating
for the next two weeks with
nightly parties and fun.

PUCK
The lion's hungry and he's
roaring,
And the wolf's howling at the
moon;
...
I've got a broom to sweep,
And clean up this room before
we meet.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train

OBERON
 Through the house give
 gathering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire:
 Every elf and fairy sprite
 Hop as light as bird from
 brier; And this ditty, after
 me,
 Sing, and dance it
 trippingly.

TITANIA
 First, rehearse your song by
 rote
 To each word a warbling note:
 Hand in hand, with fairy
 grace, Will we sing, and
 bless this place.

Song and dance.

OBERON
 Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy
 stray.
 To the best bride-bed will
 we,
 Which by us shall blessed be;
 And the issue there create
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples
 three
 Ever true in loving be;
 And the blots of Nature's
 hand
 Shall not in their issue
 stand;
 Never mole, hare lip, nor
 scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as
 are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.
 With this field-dew
 consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait;
 And each several chamber
 bless,
 Through this palace, with
 sweet peace;
 And the owner of it blest
 Ever shall in safety rest.
 Trip away; make no stay;
 Meet me all by break of day.

OBERON
 Light up the house, let's
 make it bright,
 By the cozy, sleepy fire:
 Every elf and fairy, take
 flight,
 Jump as if you're hopping off
 a wire; Follow my lead,
 Sing and dance with speed.

TITANIA
 First, let's practice the
 song,
 Each word should be melodious
 and long:
 Hand in hand, with elegance
 and grace, We'll sing and
 bless this space.

OBERON
 Until dawn, let every fairy
 wander through this house.
 We'll go to the best wedding
 bed,
 Which we'll bless;
 And the children born there
 Will always be lucky.
 All three couples will always
 be in love;
 And no physical flaws or
 birthmarks
 Will be passed on to their
 children.
 With this magical dew,
 Every fairy go your way;
 Bless each room in this
 palace with peace.
 And the owner will always be
 safe.
 Hurry up, don't delay;
 See you all at dawn.

Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train

INT. ATHENS - THE PALACE OF THESEUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PUCK

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is
mended,
That you have but slumber'd
here
While these visions did
appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's
tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all
Give me your hands, if we be
friends,
And Robin shall restore
amends.

PUCK

If we've upset you with our
play,
Just think of it this way,
You were asleep and dreaming
here
While we performed near.
This story, light and not too
keen,
Is nothing more than a dream.
So, don't be mad and don't
resent;
If you forgive, we're
content.
And trust me, I'm an honest
sprite,
If we've been lucky to avoid
a fight,
We'll make it right, just
wait and see,
Or call me a liar, as Puck I
be.
So, goodnight to one and all,
Give me a clap, if friends
we're called,
And Robin will make amends to
you.