



# A Midsummer Night's Dream

A musical for schools by Julia Cranney  
Music by Pippa Cleary & Mark Nathan

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### NARRATORS

PEASEBLOSSOM	A bossy fairy
COBWEB	A gothic fairy
MUSTARDSEED	A pernickety fairy
MOTH	A dozy fairy

### COURTLY CHARACTERS

THESEUS	The ruler of Athens
HIPPOLYTA	A warrior queen
EGEUS	An angry Athenian gentleman; father of Hermia
HERMIA	A (some would say short) Athenian lady
HELENA	A (some would say tall) Athenian lady
LYSANDER	A young Athenian man
DEMETRIUS	Another young Athenian man

### MECHANICALS

*The Mechanicals can all be cast according to your school's performers. Genders are not important.*

QUINCE	The leader of this lovably ramshackle amateur theatre group and the writer of their plays
BOTTOM	A weaver by day and a full-time show off
SNUG	A joiner and a very timid (but enthusiastic!) performer
STARVELING	A dreamy tailor with their head in the clouds
SNOUT	A straight-talking tinker who's good at getting the job done
FLUTE	A teenage performer desperate to have a go at playing the hero

## THE FAIRY KINGDOM

*More non-speaking fairies can be added to Titania's fairy band. We encourage you to create a name for each.*

OBERON	King of the Fairies
TITANIA	Queen of the Fairies
PUCK	A mischievous sidekick to Oberon
LITTLEST FAIRY	Titania's favourite fairy
SUGAR PLUM	One of Titania's fairy band; an excitable fairy
SPICE	One of Titania's fairy band; a shy fairy
CLOVE	One of Titania's fairy band; an easily annoyed fairy

## CREDITS

WRITER	Julia Cranney
COMPOSER	Pippa Cleary
LYRICIST	Mark Nathan
ARRANGERS	Simon Nathan Joe Davison and Nikki Davison ('The Man of My Dreams')
VOCALISTS	Pippa Cleary, Lizzie Wofford, Stephenson Arden-Sodje, Curtis Meley
SOUND	All recording, mixing and mastering by Joe Davison for Auburn Jam Music
PRODUCER	Jan Dorosz

The **videos** which accompany the playscript are an independent production for BBC Education by Munk Studios.  
Producer: Jan Dorosz

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## PROGLOGUE

*Early morning, somewhere high above Athens, are four fairies who are a bit, well, lost. PEASEBLOSSOM is trying to figure out where they've gone wrong, MUSTARDSEED would really like to be in charge, COBWEB is feeling a bit sulky and MOTH is happily ambling along after the rest of the fairies. Suddenly, MOTH spots the AUDIENCE and has no idea how to behave.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: *(Consulting a map)* I just don't understand it. We've followed the route on the map, exactly. Straight out from the centre of the wood, turning right at the Oak Tree -

*At first, MOTH is silently scared of the AUDIENCE but slowly they decide to move closer and closer to the front of the stage, to get a better look.*

MUSTARDSEED: The oak tree?

PEASEBLOSSOM: Yes, the oak tree, that's what I said.

MUSTARDSEED: That's what you said just now, but it isn't what you said before.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Isn't it?

MUSTARDSEED: No, it isn't. We turned right at the Willow Tree.

PEASEBLOSSOM: The willow tree, are you sure?

MUSTARDSEED: Absolutely, you said 'Turn right at the Willow Tree, coming up ahead.' And so we turned right at the Willow Tree coming up ahead, didn't we Moth?

*MOTH still can't quite believe that nobody else has spotted the audience. Surely they should tell them?*

MOTH: Umm...

MUSTARDSEED: Ugh, forget it. Cobweb, we did, didn't we?

COBWEB: Who cares? Does it even matter? *(Cobweb sits down on the ground with a sad PLONK)*

MUSTARDSEED: Great. Cobweb's in another one of their moods. *(To Peaseblossom)* Look what you've done now!

PEASEBLOSSOM: Don't blame me for Cobweb's moods! They're always in a sulk. Now, the important question is, how do we get back to the Willow Tree?

MUSTARDSEED: Well if you give me the map, I'll try to get us out of here -

*MUSTARDSEED gets hold of one side of the map, PEASEBLOSSOM keeps tight hold of the other.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: *(Tugging hard on the map)* No. I'm keeping hold of the map -

MUSTARDSEED: *(Pulling back at the map)* Oh, because you've done such a good job so far?

MOTH: Umm, pals?

PEASEBLOSSOM: WHAT?  
&  
MUSTARDSEED

MOTH: It's just. Well - *(Pointing at the audience)* Who are all those people?

PEASEBLOSSOM: What people?

MUSTARDSEED: Come on, Moth. We don't have time for your nonsense, we're lost.

MOTH: But look!

*Eventually, PEASEBLOSSOM and MUSTARDSEED both turn to look at where MOTH is pointing. They jump back and give a little scream of shock when they finally spot the audience.*

COBWEB: What's everyone shouting about?

*COBWEB looks up and spots the audience too. They jump up, excited.*

COBWEB: Cool! Are they ghosts?

MUSTARDSEED: No, they're not ghosts. *(To the audience)* Are you?

PEASEBLOSSOM: Of course they're not ghosts, they're humans.

COBWEB: Cooooool.

MOTH: Are you sure?

PEASEBLOSSOM: Absolutely! You can tell by their strange smell and slightly vacant expressions. See? *(They point at a member of the audience)* They're no way near as intelligent as us fairies.

MOTH: Isn't that a bit, rude?

PEASEBLOSSOM: Don't worry, I'm sure they can't speak Fairy.

MUSTARDSEED: No, but we're all speaking human, aren't we?

PEASEBLOSSOM: Oh. Right. Well. *(To the audience)* I'm sorry about that everyone.

MOTH: *(To the audience)* You must all be here to see the Midsummer Madness!

PEASEBLOSSOM: Things always get a little bit magical -

COBWEB: A little bit naughty -

MUSTARDSEED: And a little bit fun -

MOTH: When it's Midsummer. That's why we're heading into the city. To see what mischief everyone is getting up to.

COBWEB: Hopefully everyone will come back to the woods. I don't like being in Athens for too long.

MUSTARDSEED: Ah! Athens. I bet these humans don't even know what's happening in Athens!

PEASEBLOSSOM: Well, they definitely don't look like Athenians...

MOTH: Well, maybe we should catch them up on what's been happening.

*The other fairies nod in agreement.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: *(To the audience)* OK then, are you ready to see some magic? *(Peaseblossom clears their throat, ready to perform a spell)* SHALAKAZOO!

*But nothing happens. PEASEBLOSSOM looks embarrassed.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: Woops.

MOTH: Don't worry, let's all do it together -

*MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, COBWEB and PEASEBLOSSOM gather together; summoning up energy they take a breath together and then with a great big POW of movement and voice, they start the music to our opening song.*

## SONG 1: WHAT A LOVELY MIDSUMMER DAY

*Throughout the song we see the characters the lyrics refer to onstage.*

**ALL:** It's in the air,  
Love's everywhere,  
A city here to cheer and shout. (\*Clap clap\*)  
The mood is high,  
Want to know why?  
What is the bustle all about? (No doubt!)  
Welcome to Athens,  
Where it all happens,  
Yell hooray!  
Celebration's on its way,  
What a lovely Midsummer day.

Let's meet the boss, Duke Theseus by name,  
Though wise and kind and fair, he ruled alone,  
Until Hippolyta the warrior came,  
A mighty queen to share his mighty throne.  
From column to the gutter, this city is a-flutter  
With wedding bells don't you know?  
Woah-o-o-oh!

It's in the air,  
Love's everywhere,  
A royal marriage - just the thing.  
The nuptial hour,  
Of those in power,  
Draws on apace, and bells will ring. (Ding ding!)  
Welcome to Athens,  
Where it all happens,  
Yell hooray!  
Celebration's on its way,  
What a lovely Midsummer day.

Life's unkind to poor sweet Hermia (to Hermia),  
Her dad is making such an awful fuss (an awful fuss),  
She loves Lysander and he'd marry her (he'd marry her) -  
Except she's promised to Demetrius.  
When love is all confusion, then what is the conclusion?  
Who can ever know?  
Woah-o-o-oh!

It's in the air,  
Love's everywhere,  
When's love is fickle, life's a stress!  
Party's begun,  
Let's have some fun,  
When life's a pickle, love's a mess, (Oh yes!)  
Welcome to Athens,  
Where it all happens,  
Yell hooray!  
Celebration's on its way,  
What a lovely Midsummer day.

### SCENE ONE

*As the song draws to a close, our four fairies are left alone on stage again.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: Whew! That was great.

MOTH: Yes. But poor Hermia! Why would her Dad make her marry Demetrius if she really loves Lysander?

COBWEB: Don't worry, it's Midsummer, something is bound to happen.

MOTH: Really?



MUSTARDSEED: Well, now the audience are all up to speed, shall we go and see how she's getting on?

*We hear HERMIA giving a thoroughly fed up 'UGH!' offstage.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: We'll hide over here -

*The four fairies scatter into different hiding places.*

MOTH: Don't worry, they can't see us. Or you!

*HERMIA comes stomping into the room, she's devastated but still very feisty. She's followed by Lysander, who is trying to catch up with her.*

LYSANDER: O Hermia! Why is your cheek so pale?

HERMIA: Lysander, it's so unfair! To have to choose my love by my father's eyes.

LYSANDER: The course of true love never did run smooth -

HERMIA: But couldn't it run a little less bumpy?

*Suddenly LYSANDER has a great idea. We might hear the ping of his 'lightbulb moment' landing in his head.*

LYSANDER: Hear me, Hermia, I have an idea. We should get out of this city and head for the far side of the woods, where Athenian law doesn't reach. Then instead of marrying Demetrius, you can marry me! Tomorrow night I'll wait for you in the woods and we'll travel together, if you'll have me?

*LYSANDER gets down on one knee. HERMIA squeals with glee.*

HERMIA: My good Lysander! I swear to you by Cupid's strongest bow that I'll meet you tomorrow in the woods.

MOTH: *(To the audience, in a stage whisper)* Ahh! The best-laid plans of young lovers -

*LYSANDER and HERMIA lean in to kiss each other but before they can, we hear COBWEB shouting, suddenly HERMIA and LYSANDER are frozen still.*

COBWEB: GROSS! I don't want to see any kissing.

PEASEBLOSSOM: No you're right. Let's fast forward through this bit.

*With a wave of their arms the fairies cast another spell and HERMIA and LYSANDER are moving like somebody has pressed the skip forward button on a TV remote.*

HELENA: *(Offstage, said very quickly)* Oh woe, oh woe, oh woe!

MUSTARDSEED: Wait! What's that noise?!

HELENA: *(Again, very quickly, but louder)* Oh woe, oh woe, oh woe!

MOTH: I know! It's Helena. She doesn't sound very happy.

COBWEB: Ooh! I like Helena. Let's leave them to it -

*With another wave of their arms the fairies have set the speed of HERMIA and LYSANDER back to normal. The fairies head back into their hiding places. HELENA walks into the room, thoroughly fed up.*

HERMIA: Fair Helena!

HELENA: You call me fair? That fair again unsay. Demetrius loves your fair. Why can't I look like you? Why can't I sound like you? Why can't I be you? O, teach me how to make Demetrius love me like he loves you.

HERMIA: *(Shrugs)* I frown at him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA: O that you could teach me that skill!

HERMIA: Helena, honestly, the more I hate him, the more he follows me.

HELENA: The more I love him, the more he hates me.

*LYSANDER and HERMIA exchange a look - should they tell her? They nod at each other, then -*

HERMIA: Well, take comfort, Helena. Demetrius is no more going to see my face. Because Lysander and I are planning to flee this place.

HELENA: What?!

*HERMIA and LYSANDER both shush Helena, then pull her in between them as they excitedly stage whisper.*

LYSANDER: Shh!

HERMIA: Tomorrow night -

LYSANDER: When it's dark and nobody can see us -

HERMIA: We're going to sneak out of Athens's gates -

HELENA: You're running away?!

HERMIA: *(Nodding)* It's the only way for us to be together. You understand, don't you?

HELENA: I- I - HERMIA -

HERMIA *(Interrupting before HELENA can say anything else)* Farewell, dear Helena, pray for us.

*HELENA is dumbfounded. HERMIA gives HELENA a kiss on the cheek goodbye and then gets hold of LYSANDER'S hand.*

HERMIA: Be safe, Lysander, and hide from my sight.  
I won't see you 'til tomorrow when we flee at midnight.

*HERMIA blows him a kiss and leaves.*

LYSANDER: Farewell my Hermia. Helena adieu;  
As you dote on him, I hope Demetrius will now start to dote on you!

*LYSANDER leaves HELENA alone.*

HELENA: Ugh! Why should Hermia be so much happier than me? Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius doesn't think so. He used to love me, but then he changed his mind. And since he started to fancy Hermia he's been really, really unkind.  
*(An idea pings in HELENA'S head)* I will go and tell him of Hermia and Lysander's plan and maybe then he'll thank me for sharing their secret and start to be a kinder man.

*HELENA exits and the fairies come out of the shadows to address the audience.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: So, it looks like Lysander and Hermia's secret plan isn't so secret any more -

MUSTARDSEED: When they meet by moonlight tomorrow, something tells me Demetrius and Helena won't be far behind.

COBWEB: Yeah, yeah. OK, enough of the court. Can we go to the rehearsal now? I want to see Bottom.

MOTH: Cobweb!

COBWEB: What? I'm not being rude, that's their name.

MOTH: Their name is - Bottom?

COBWEB: Yep. Don't ask me. Humans are weird.

*MOTH, PEASEBLOSSOM and MUSTARDSEED all nod in agreement.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: *(To the audience)* OK then, we're going to go to the other side of Athens now, where people live in small houses, not big palaces. We'll meet you at Mistress Quince's house. She loves to write plays and tonight her and the rest of the Mechanicals are rehearsing her latest efforts.

MOTH: Wait! 'Mechanicals'? Like robots?

PEASEBLOSSOM: No not robots they're -

COBWEB: *(Interrupting)* Come on! Or we're going to be too late!

MUSTARDSEED: *(To the audience)* Trust us. You don't want to miss this.

## SCENE TWO

*QUINCE's cottage.*

### SONG 2: MEET THE MECHANICALS

QUINCE: Is all our company here?  
 ALL: Yeah, all our company's here.  
 QUINCE: Mechanicals, are you ready?  
 ALL: Mechanicals, always ready!  
 QUINCE: From the page -

ALL: To the stage!  
 QUINCE: Let's rehearse -  
 ALL: Spin a verse!

QUINCE: Meet the Mechanicals, freed from the manacles  
 Of the daily grind - I'm their boss puritanical.  
 I've come here with a play I've selected,  
 Just got to produce and direct it.

SNUG: Snug is the name, keep it simple and plain,  
 Lack the lion's share of the company brain,  
 It's hard to learn lines, hard be a star,  
 Little slow of study but I'm first to the bar.

ALL: Meet the Mechanicals, meet the Mechanicals,  
 Our humble group;  
 Lowly pedestrians turned into thespians -  
 And quite the troupe!

QUINCE: Meet the Mechanicals, meet the Mechanicals,  
 Workers by day;  
 At night we delight in the lines we recite  
 And if we get them right, we're going to make a play.

ALL: Meet the Mechanicals, meet the Mechanicals,  
 Workers by day;  
 At night we delight in the lines we recite  
 And if we get them right, we're going to make a play.

STARVELING: I'm Starveling.  
 SNOUT: I'm Snout.  
 STARVELING: We're a marvel.  
 SNOUT: No doubt!  
 BOTH: We're going to show you what making theatre's about.  
 SNOUT: Just a tinker and a tailor -  
 STAREVLING: But you'll see real soon,  
 SNOUT: We think outside the walls  
 STARVELING: And we shoot for the moon.

FLUTE: Francis Flute, I'm the little one,  
 I'm starry-eyed, and although I'm young,  
 I'll show how grown-up I can be,



**When they give the hero's part to me!  
Just wait and see!**

**ALL: Meet the Mechanicals, meet the Mechanicals,  
Our humble group;  
Lowly pedestrians turned into thespians -**

**QUINCE: And quite the troupe!**

**ALL: Meet the Mechanicals, meet the Mechanicals,  
Workers by day;  
At night we delight in the lines we recite  
And if we get them right, we're going to make a play.**

**BOTTOM: Meet the weaver Bottom, you'll cheer when you spot  
him.  
You looking for talents? I'll tell ya, I got 'em.  
Now, you can call me Bottom but I rise to the top,  
The cream of the crop, never cease, never stop.  
I show my arts in lovers parts and tyrants too,  
Just gimme a role, I'll give it my heart and soul for you,  
Watch me tread the boards, there's no doubt I'm a pro  
How about a 'bravo'? Bottom out, now they know.**

**ALL: Meet the Mechanicals, meet the Mechanicals,  
Our humble group;  
Lowly pedestrians turned into thespians -**

**QUINCE: And quite the troupe!**

**ALL: Meet the Mechanicals, meet the Mechanicals,  
Workers by day;  
At night we delight in the lines we recite  
And if we get them right, we're going to make a play.  
We're going to make a play.  
Meet the Mechanicals!**

*By the end of the song, everyone is gathered around BOTTOM looking impressed, apart from QUINCE who is clearing their throat, impatiently waiting for the rehearsal to start.*

SNUG: That was brilliant, Bottom.

STARVELING: Yeah, you were proper fantastic.

BOTTOM: *(Pretending to be modest)* Please, you're all too kind.  
But do carry on if you must -

*SNUG and STARVELING laugh. QUINCE tries to get the group's attention again. She has a pile of ready-bound scripts to hand out.*

QUINCE: Right then -

*FLUTE has lifted up their coat and is holding their trousered bottom as close as possible to the fire. BOTTOM gives a thoroughly exaggerated shiver.*

BOTTOM: It's ever so chilly tonight isn't it, friends?

*SNOUT notices that FLUTE is blocking BOTTOM's access to the fire and immediately takes action.*

SNOUT: Eh! Stop hogging the warm.

FLUTE: I'll only be a minute.

QUINCE: *(Getting increasingly frustrated)* Ladies and gentlemen!

*SNOUT bumps FLUTE out of the way - they crash into SNUG and STARVELING. Everything's on the verge of descending into chaos. BOTTOM calmly warms themselves by the fire.*

SNUG: Hey!

STARVELING: Ouch!

FLUTE: Oi! Watch my face!

QUINCE: *(Starting to panic)* IS EVERYONE HERE?

*Nobody stops scuffling until suddenly (a now pleasingly warm) BOTTOM very theatrically clears their throat.*

BOTTOM: You're best to call our names, one by one, according to the script.

QUINCE: Oh yes. Here's the list of everyone's names, who are thought best to act in our play for Theseus and Hippolyta on their wedding day. At night.

BOTTOM: *(Thoroughly unimpressed)* Yesss, good Mistress Quince, now tell us what the play is and so get to the point -

QUINCE: Ah, our play is 'The most lamentable story and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe'.

*Suddenly our four fairies decide to interject. As they do, the Mechanicals all freeze in position.*

COBWEB: Oh WHAT? 'Pyramus and Thisbe'? I thought they were going to do something fun this time?

MOTH: It might be fun.

PEASEBLOSSOM: What happens in 'Pyramus and Thisbe' again?

MUSTARDSEED: 'Pyramus and Thisbe'? It's a play about a couple of star-crossed lovers that definitely doesn't end well. It's meant to be a tragedy.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Well if this lot do it, I think it's going to end up a comedy!

MOTH: Come on! Give them a chance.

*The fairies go back to their hiding positions and the Mechanicals resume moving.*

BOTTOM: Now, good Mistress Quince, it's time to give out the parts. Company! Spread yourselves!

*All of the players jump into positions, standing to attention.*

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

BOTTOM: Ready!

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

BOTTOM: Ah! Yes. Pyramus. *(A pause)* And who is Pyramus? A lover or a tyrant?

QUINCE: A lover.

BOTTOM: Ooh -

QUINCE: And the main part in our play.

BOTTOM: Now, that will call for tears. *(Very exaggeratedly collapsing into tears)* I can do tears - *(Suddenly, Bottom stops crying)* Although, I can also play - TYRANTS! *(They growl with an overdone intensity to emphasise their point).*

*BOTTOM takes a deep bow as the other players (excluding QUINCE) applaud.*

STARVELING: Bravo!

BOTTOM: Thank you, thank you. Now, Quince, name the rest of the players.

QUINCE: *(Pleased to be back in control)* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender...

FLUTE: Here, Mistress Quince.

QUINCE: Flute you will play - Thisbe.

FLUTE: Who is Thisbe? A wandering knight?

QUINCE: It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE: *(Devastated)* What?! Nay, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUINCE: Don't worry, you shall act it in a mask and you may speak as small as you will.

*At the sound of 'mask' BOTTOM's ears have pricked up. They sidle up to Quince.*

BOTTOM: Ah! I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. *(As a grossly exaggerated Thisbe)* 'Ah, Pyramus, my dear love! It is I, Thisbe, your sweet lady Thisbe!'

*The rest of the players (excluding QUINCE) laugh.*

QUINCE No! You must play Pyramus and Flute, you Thisbe.

BOTTOM: Fine. Proceed.

QUINCE: Robin Starveling, the tailor -

STARVELING: Here, Mistress Quince.

QUINCE: You must play Moonshine.

STARVELING: Oooh!

QUINCE: Snout the tinker?

SNOUT: Here, Mistress Quince.

QUINCE: You the Wall.

SNOUT: Gotcha.

QUINCE: Myself the narrator. And Snug the joiner - you the lion's part.

*SNUG goes white with fear.*

QUINCE: And now, I hope, every actor has their part.

SNUG: Erm - have you got the lion's part written down? Please give it to me, for I am slow at learning.

QUINCE: Don't worry, it's nothing but roaring.

*BOTTOM suddenly gives a terrifying ROAR and everyone jumps.*

BOTTOM: LET ME PLAY THE LION TOO! I will roar so well that I will make Theseus say 'Let him roar again, again, again, let him roar again!'

QUINCE: *(Thoroughly fed up)* No, no, no, Nick Bottom! You can play no part but Pyramus!

BOTTOM: Ah. Well. I will undertake it.

*QUINCE breathes a sigh of relief.*

BOTTOM: What beard am I best to play it in?

*BOTTOM pulls open their coat to reveal a wide variety of beards, moustaches and disguises displayed in the lining.*

QUINCE: Oh, what you will. Company, here are your lines. I entreat you, request you and desire you to learn them by tomorrow night. And meet me in the palace wood, by moonlight, after work. There we will rehearse away from the city and prying eyes.

BOTTOM: We will meet and there we may rehearse. Take pains; be perfect; adieu!

*BOTTOM takes a thoroughly theatrical exit and the rest of the Mechanicals follow. Our fairy narrators return.*

MOTH: What a funny group of actors. I don't know what Theseus and Hippolyta will make of them at their wedding -

PEASEBLOSSOM: Well one thing's for sure: a lot can happen in the pale moonlight before we make it to that happy night.

COBWEB: Oooh! Is it time to head home?

MUSTARDSEED: Back to the woods? I think so. We wouldn't want to miss all the fun now, would we?

## SCENE THREE

*The Woods.*

### SONG 3: THE LAND OF THE FAIRIES

**ALL:** There's a place you can glance from the corner of your eye,  
Just a trace, there's a chance you can spot it if you try,  
Where we chase, where we dance, watching mortals passing by,  
The Land of the Fairies.

There's a place in the woods where you can't tell night from day,  
It's a place you can find if you're far enough astray,  
Where the spirits are free and where lovers lose their way,  
The Land of the Fairies.

Look through the trees (Look through the trees),  
Beneath the oak and elm, (Ah-ah),  
Look and you'll see (Look and you'll see),  
Our secret magic realm (Ah-ah).  
Lovers can dream (Lovers can dream),  
But lovers must be wary (Ah-ah-ah),  
In the Land of the Fairies.

There's a king and he rules over all he looks upon,  
Crosses worlds in a breath and just as soon, he's gone,  
He's the lord of our land, and his name is Oberon -  
The King of the Fairies.

There's a lady who sits by his side in forest green,  
Who can ride on the back of a summer breeze unseen,  
Titania, the ever-mighty queen -  
The Queen of the Fairies.

**Look through the trees (Look through the trees),  
Beneath the oak and elm (Ah-ah),  
Look and you'll see (Look and you'll see),  
Our secret magic realm (Ah-ah).  
Lovers can dream (Lovers can dream),  
But lovers must be wary (Ah, ah, ah),  
In the Land of the Fairies.**

*The song ends with COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED and PEASEBLOSSOM all together onstage. PUCK suddenly jumps out from behind them and gives a big BOO which makes MOTH jump and PUCK start cackling.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: Ok, very funny.

PUCK: Oh come on, cheer up Peaseblossom, it's Midsummer!

MUSTARDSEED: We know it's Midsummer Puck, that's no excuse to be mean.

PUCK: Ugh, you're all sooo boring! Just like Queen Titania.

COBWEB: Titania isn't boring, she's amazing.

PUCK: Then why is she still arguing with my master?

COBWEB: Umm, why is Oberon still arguing with Titania?

*We hear TITANIA and OBERON both giving a loud 'Ugh!' of disgust offstage.*

MOTH: *(To the audience)* Oh dear, that's them now. They've been at it for weeks. Watch out, this isn't going to be pretty -

*TITANIA and OBERON enter. TITANIA is flanked by more members of her fairy band. Our narrators go and join TITANIA while PUCK goes to join OBERON.*

OBERON: There she is, proud Titania.

TITANIA: So here must be jealous Oberon. Fairies, let's go.

OBERON: Wait! Am I not your lord?

TITANIA: If you are my lord then I suppose I must be your lady.

OBERON: My lady would not treat me so.

TITANIA: Oberon, these are the mutterings of jealousy. We've been having the same argument since spring -

OBERON: Exactly. Because you won't -

TITANIA: Do as you say?

OBERON: Well -

TITANIA: You're selfish, Oberon. Because of our fighting, the rivers are overflowing, the crops are rotting in the fields and all the year's seasons are running into each other. The humans don't know if it's springtime or winter. It's a mess, and it's our fault!

OBERON: So you admit then, that these problems were caused by you? I only asked for your littlest fairy to be my helper.

*The other fairies huddle around LITTLEST FAIRY, who doesn't want to go.*

TITANIA: O, set your heart at rest! You will not take them from me.

*LITTLEST FAIRY blows a raspberry at Oberon.*

OBERON: How long within this wood do you intend to stay?

TITANIA: Probably 'til after Theseus's wedding day. Now, if you'll do what's right and stop your arguing, stay. If not, shun me and I will stay far from where you haunt.

OBERON: Give me what I want and I will go with you.

TITANIA: Not for all your fairy kingdom. Fairies, away! I shall only argue more, if we longer stay.

*Titania and her band of fairies exit together with COBWEB, PEASEBLOSSOM, MOTH and MUSTARDSEED. OBERON lets out a growl of frustration.*

OBERON: That fairy... I will not let her leave this wood until I have had my revenge. *(Not realising that Puck is stood behind him)* Puck!

PUCK: Yes, my lord?

OBERON: Do you remember the time we saw winged Cupid misfire his bow and land an arrow upon a little flower?

PUCK: *(Giggles)* I do, my lord.

OBERON: Fetch me that flower. The juice of it, when put on dreaming eyes, will make the sleeper madly fall in love with the next live creature that it sees. Fetch it for me and come straight back here again.

PUCK: I'll fly all around the world and find it for you. It won't take long!

*PUCK exits speedily.*

OBERON: Once I have this juice, I'll drop it onto Titania's eyes as she sleeps, making sure that the next thing she sees is some wild animal - a lion, a bear - maybe a meddling monkey? Whatever it is, she will fall hopelessly in love with it. And when I break the spell, she'll be so embarrassed that she'll think twice about ever crossing me again.

HELENA: *(Shouting from offstage)* Demetrius, slow down!

OBERON: But who comes here?

*OBERON hides himself. Demetrius enters followed by Helena who is holding on to him, dragging behind.*

DEMETRIUS: I love you not therefore pursue me not. Where are Lysander and Hermia? You told me they would be here, and now here I am. Get you gone and follow me no more.

HELENA: No matter what you say, Demetrius, I will stay with you - I love you!

DEMETRIUS: Ugh! Do I love you? Do I call you fair? Or rather have I not in plainest truth told you that I do not and cannot love you?!

HELENA: And even for that, Demetrius, do I love you more. Be cruel to me, say mean things, I don't care as long as I get to follow you.

DEMETRIUS: But Helena I am sick when I look on you.

HELENA: And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS: LET ME GO! I swear this won't end well -



DEMETRIUS shakes HELENA off and makes a run for it. HELENA looks totally deflated for a moment but then stands tall, ready to run after him.

HELENA: I'll follow him and make a heaven of this hell.

HELENA exits. OBERON reappears, smiling; he's had an idea.

OBERON: PUCK!

PUCK comes running back, out of breath, crashes at OBERON's feet.

OBERON: Have you the flower there?

PUCK: Here - it - is.

OBERON: I will use some of it on Titania, but you must travel deeper into the wood after the sweet Athenian lady who was just here. She is in love with a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes but make sure that you do it when the next thing he sees will be the lady.

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

OBERON: And meet me here again tomorrow before the first cock crow.

OBERON and PUCK exit.

#### SCENE FOUR

Somewhere else in the woods. We hear LYSANDER and HERMIA approaching.

LYSANDER: (Offstage) Slow down!

We see HERMIA (in no way tired) striding purposefully into a clearing in the forest. She pauses to wait for LYSANDER.

HERMIA: Come on!

LYSANDER enters slow and exhausted, looking confusedly at a map.

HERMIA: What's the matter?

LYSANDER: Honestly Hermia, I think we're lost -

HERMIA: Let me look.

HERMIA goes to take the map but LYSANDER holds it high, out of reach.

LYSANDER: No, I think it's better if we rest now and try again in the morning.

HERMIA: (Shrugs) So be it, Lysander: find yourself a bed -

LYSANDER is overwhelmed with relief and sits with a thud on the ground.

HERMIA: - I upon this bank will rest my head.

HERMIA pulls a huge, fluffy cushion from her bag. She lies down and cosies herself up on the floor.

LYSANDER: Erm - is there any space on that fluffy pillow for me?

HERMIA: Oh, Lysander, I'm so tired. Maybe lie down over by that tree?

HERMIA points to somewhere far away and then, with a smile, she turns away from him and promptly falls into (a softly snoring) sleep.

LYSANDER: (To himself) Well then - here is my bed.

*Lysander lies on the dirty ground with a thud and falls into (a more loudly snoring) sleep. With a crash PUCK lands in the clearing. At first they don't see the sleeping lovers.*

PUCK: *(To the audience)* EVERYWHERE. I've looked EVERYWHERE. And still I haven't found a single Athenian. I don't even think they exist. Oberon's probably playing a trick on me - I - I -

*PUCK realises that they've landed right next to HERMIA.*

PUCK: - I'VE FOUND AN ATHENIAN!

*HERMIA stirs in her sleep.*

PUCK: *(Stage whispers)* Woops! I've found an Athenian! This must be the sweet lady that Oberon was telling me about. Poor girl, sleeping sound on the dank and dirty ground!

*They go over to inspect Lysander.*

PUCK: And this must be the boy she's after. What a lack-love, to keep pushing her away. Well, we'll see about that -

## SONG 4: THE FLOWER'S SPELL

**ALL:** **Lovers sleep on the forest floor,  
Dreaming soundly in dimming light,  
But destiny has a trick in store,  
A magic plan that will make things right.  
And before they rise,  
We'll anoint his eyes -  
Oh-a-ah...**

**Listen close to the flower's call,  
Listen lovers, heroes and dreamers all,  
Fall in love in woods where the fairies dwell,  
The sweet surrender of the flower's spell,  
The sweet surrender of the flower's spell.**

**Sleep in silence and fear no harm,  
Sleep through darkening skies above,  
Sleep through the fairies' magic charm,  
Sleep 'til you wake to find your love.  
Feel the flower's force,  
Plotting true love's course,  
Oh-a-ah...**

**Listen close to the flower's call,  
Listen lovers, heroes and dreamers all,  
Fall in love in woods where the fairies dwell,  
The sweet surrender of the flower's spell,  
The sweet surrender of the flower's spell.**

*During the song PUCK mashes up one of the petals with glee and drops it onto LYSANDER's eyelid.*

PUCK: And so awake when I am gone,  
For I must now to Oberon.

*PUCK exits. We hear -*

HELENA: *(Offstage)* Demetrius?!

*HELENA walks into the clearing. Exhausted, dirty and upset. She's lost.*

HELENA: Demetrius?! O I am out of breath! I'm lost and tired and alone. I've no idea where Demetrius is, I just want to go home.

*Without realising HELENA has accidentally walked into the sleeping LYSANDER who murmurs softly in his sleep. She jumps at the sound, surprised, and then bends down to inspect him further.*

HELENA: But who is here? Lysander! On the ground! Dead?! Or asleep? I see no blood, no wound. Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

*With a magical 'PING!' LYSANDER sits bolt upright. In love.*

LYSANDER: And run through fire I will for your sweet sake!

HELENA: What?

LYSANDER: I love you, Helena! Come, let's run away!

HELENA: What?

LYSANDER: Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA: Don't say such horrible things Lysander, please!

LYSANDER: What do you mean, 'horrible'? I love you, Helena!

*He tries to get hold of her hands but she shoves him away.*

HELENA: You're being cruel to me, Lysander.  
O that a lady, of one man refused,  
Should of another now be so abused!

*HELENA runs away in tears. LYSANDER goes to follow her but first turns to sleeping HERMIA.*

LYSANDER: Hermia, sleep you there. If I never see you again I won't care.  
For now with all my powers, my love and might -  
I will honour Helena and be her knight!

*He runs after HELENA. Suddenly HERMIA wakes with a scream.*

HERMIA: Ah! I just had a terrible nightmare! Lysander? Where are you? Speak if you are near!  
I almost faint with fear. Oh, I hope you're OK!

*Scared, she suddenly pulls herself together, determined.*

HERMIA: Don't worry, Lysander, I'm coming!

*HERMIA runs into the forest.*

## INTERVAL

## SCENE FIVE

*TITANIA lies sleeping on the ground surrounded by her fairy band (including PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH and MUSTARDSEED). OBERON appears behind the sleeping fairies. He creeps slowly towards them and TITANIA.*

OBERON: (To the audience) Shhh!

*When he gets closer he takes the flower and drops the juice onto TITANIA's sleeping eyes.*

OBERON: What you see when you do wake,  
Do it for your true-love take.  
Be it jungle cat, or bear,  
Or wild boar with bristled hair,  
In your eye it shall appear,  
When you awake, it is your dear.  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

*When he's finished, OBERON creeps away. Suddenly MOTH sits bolt upright.*

MOTH: What was that?

*PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB and MUSTARDSEED all wake with a shock.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: Shh!

MOTH: But there was -

MUSTARDSEED: You'll wake Titania!

MOTH: But I think -

PEASEBLOSSOM: That waking her up is a good idea?

MOTH: No, but -

MUSTARDSEED: Well then, go back to sleep.

*They all lie down in an attempt to sleep. Pause. COBWEB sits back up.*

COBWEB: Nope. I'm wide awake now.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Me too.

MUSTARDSEED: And me.

MOTH: Sorry everyone.

COBWEB: Oh, come on! She's fast asleep. Can't we go and explore some more?

MUSTARDSEED: We're meant to be watching over Titania -

COBWEB: But it's Midsummer!

PEASEBLOSSOM: Alright, come on. Ooh, do you hear that?

MOTH: What?

PEASEBLOSSOM: I think it's the group of actors we met yesterday.

COBWEB: Yay! They're here?! Let's go and look.

*PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH and MUSTARDSEED run off, leaving behind the sleeping fairies. SUGARPLUM sits up with a start.*

SUGARPLUM: What was that?

CLOVE: (With a yawn) Shh! Go back to sleep.

*SUGARPLUM (reluctantly) and CLOVE lie back down to sleep.*

## SCENE SIX

*The MECHANICALS are all gathered together for their rehearsal, with PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH and MUSTARDSEED watching them, hidden. In another part of the stage, Titania lies sleeping.*

QUINCE: Ah! Here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal! This green plot shall be our stage, this bush backstage and we can practise our play as we will do it before the Duke.

*PUCK suddenly appears behind the four fairies.*

PUCK: Boo!

*MOTH gives a little scream of shock.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: Shh!  
MUSTARDSEED  
& COBWEB

COBWEB: Careful or they'll notice us and we'll ruin the rehearsal!

PUCK: Ooooh! A rehearsal?! Perfect. Let's have some fun with these hempen home-spuns.

MOTH: *(To the audience)* Oh dear. Poor humans.

QUINCE: Speak, Pyramus; Thisbe, come forward.

*FLUTE reluctantly stands in the middle of the clearing, next to BOTTOM who cannot wait to get started.*

BOTTOM: 'Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet -'

QUINCE: *(Correcting Bottom)* Odours not odious.

BOTTOM: Ah yes. Of course.  
'Odours savours sweet. So has your breath, my dearest Thisbe dear!  
But hark! A voice! You stay here, O Thisbe, and I'll go and see who's there.'

*BOTTOM exits the stage with an overdone flourish.*

MUSTARDSEED: *(To the audience)* I have never seen a stranger Pyramus than this one here!

*PUCK creeps after BOTTOM.*

MOTH: *(To the audience)* Oh no, what's Puck up to?

COBWEB: *(To MOTH)* Shh! I can't hear what the actors are saying -

FLUTE: Must I speak now?

QUINCE: Aye, you must -

FLUTE: *(Rattling through it)* 'Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb -'

QUINCE: Ninus' tomb, Flute, Ninus. And what do you think you're doing? You speak all your part at once! And Pyramus?! You should be onstage now - your cue is 'never tire.' Flute, again!

FLUTE: 'O - as true as truest horse that yet would never tire.'

*PUCK re-enters the clearing, giggling with glee. Followed by BOTTOM who now has an ass's head on his shoulders.*

BOTTOM: 'If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only yours -' HEE-HAW!

*There is a beat of total, shocked silence and then all of the other Mechanicals collectedly start to scream, panic and run.*

SNOUT: Bottom, you've changed!

QUINCE: Bless you Bottom, you've been transformed!

*BOTTOM is left alone.*

BOTTOM: I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to frighten me, if they could. But I will walk up and down here and I will sing, so they shall hear I am not afraid.  
*(Singing) Early in the morning  
On the window sill  
Came a little chirping  
Came a little trill  
'Twas a tiny birdy, with the funny name -*

*BOTTOM walks straight into the sleeping TITANIA. COBWEB, PEASEBLOSSOM, MOTH and MUSTARDSEED all grimace in panic.*

MUSTARDSEED: We're going to be in so much trouble -

*But instead of getting angry, TITANIA sits bolt upright and in love -*

## **SONG 5: THE MAN OF MY DREAMS**

**TITANIA:** What angel awakes me?

**ALL:** Oo-oooh.

**TITANIA:** I'm breathless and shaky...

**ALL:** Yea-eah.

**TITANIA:** From his hooves to his mane, how he beams -  
The man of my dreams.

**ALL:** The man of -  
The man of her dreams.

**FAIRY 1:** His ears are so floppy -

**ALL:** Oo-oooh.

**FAIRY 2:** And his kisses so sloppy -

**ALL:** Yea-eah.

**FAIRY 3:** One whiff of his breath, and you'll scream, [Scream]

**TITANIA:** The man of my dreams -

**ALL:** Sha-la-la-la.

**TITANIA:** The man of my dreams -

**ALL:** Sha-la-la-la.

**BOTTOM:** See, I've never felt this way before,  
Knew that love would be here for evermore,  
When I saw the pretty lady sleeping on the mossy floor,  
Heard her snore, then I woke her with a HEE-HAW.  
Ahem, sorry, I'm just a little hoarse,  
All I'm saying is that I'm forever yours.  
You're supreme, Fairy Queen, see there's never ever  
been  
Such a beauty that I've ever seen.

**TITANIA:** The man of my dreams -

**ALL:** Sha-la-la-la.

**TITANIA:** The man of my dreams -

**ALL:** Sha-la-la-la.

**TITANIA:** The man of my dreams -

**ALL:** Sha-la-la-la.

**TITANIA:** The man of my dreams.

*During the song we see TITANIA fawning over BOTTOM, much to the confusion of our fairies. PUCK finds the whole thing hilarious.*

TITANIA: Now, go with me and my fairies will wait on you.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Is this a good idea?

TITANIA: Silence! I do not want to hear anything but my love.



*BOTTOM gives a big 'Hee-Haw' and the four fairies (thoroughly confused and unimpressed) follow TITANIA and BOTTOM offstage. PUCK is thrilled and can't stop laughing. OBERON appears behind them.*

OBERON: How now spirit! Is Titania awake?

PUCK: My mistress with a monster is in love!  
I fixed a donkey head on a weaver's shoulders and so it came to pass,  
He started to sing, Titania waked and straightaway loved an ass!

OBERON: This works out better than I could devise! Now, have you laid the love potion on the Athenian's eyes?

HERMIA: *(Offstage)* Demetrius, please!

OBERON: Stand close, this is the same Athenian -

*DEMETRIUS enters, followed by HERMIA.*

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

HERMIA: *(Pleading)* Tell me where my Lysander is, please! Good Demetrius, will you give him to me?

DEMETRIUS: I would rather give his carcass to the hounds!

HERMIA: *(Switching back to anger)* You dog! You cur! I'll no longer be patient with you. You mean to say you've killed him?

DEMETRIUS: You're getting angry at me for no reason! Lysander's still alive, as far as I can tell -

HERMIA: I pray you then, tell me he is well -

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

HERMIA: *(She stomps on his foot)* The privilege never to see me more!

*HERMIA runs away. DEMETRIUS grimaces in pain.*

DEMETRIUS: Ach, there is no talking to her when she's like this. Why won't she love me instead of him?

*DEMETRIUS sits down on the floor. OBERON appears, he is furious.*

OBERON: *(To Puck)* What have you done?! You have mistaken quite and laid the love potion on some true-love's sight!

PUCK: I'm sorry! I'm sorry! All humans look the same to me!

OBERON: About the wood go swifter than the wind. Find me Helena of Athens and bring her here. I'll charm Demetrius's eyes to love her when she does appear.

*With a wave of Oberon's hand Demetrius is asleep and he drops love potion on his eyes.*

PUCK: I go! I go! Look how I go!  
Swifter than an arrow from the fastest bow!

## SCENE SEVEN

*HELENA walks into the clearing in which Demetrius lies sleeping, closely followed by LYSANDER.*

LYSANDER: Sweet Helena, come back!

HELENA: Stop it, Lysander, it's not funny.

LYSANDER: You think I'm joking?  
Look! When I tell you that I love you I'm crying.  
How can you confuse real tears for lying?

HELENA: Because you ARE lying. You love Hermia.

LYSANDER: No I don't. Demetrius loves Hermia. I love you!

*At the sound of his name DEMETRIUS wakes, sees HELENA and falls deeply in love.*

DEMETRIUS: O Helena! Goddess! Perfect! Divine! To what, my love, shall I compare your eyes? Crystal is too muddy -

*For a moment HELENA thinks everything she's ever wanted has come true. Then she decides that DEMETRIUS is playing a trick on her.*

HELENA: Oh, I see. You've both decided to make fun of me.

DEMETRIUS : No!  
&  
LYSANDER

*Before anyone can say anything else HERMIA walks into the clearing and she is thrilled to see her LYSANDER.*

HERMIA: Lysander! My love is found! My ear, I thank it, brought me to your sound. But why unkindly did you leave me so?

LYSANDER: Why should I stay when love made me go?

HERMIA: Love? What love could lead you from my side?

LYSANDER: My love for the beautiful Helena, of course. Why are you here?

HERMIA: I've been looking everywhere for you! Now stop being silly, this isn't funny anymore.

*HELENA's ears prick up and she spins around to face HERMIA.*

HELENA: 'Anymore'? Oh, I see! You too are part of this conspiracy! Cruel Hermia! Why would you decide to join in with the boys to scorn your poor old friend?

HERMIA: I'm not scorning you, it seems you are scorning me -

HELENA: Have you not set Lysander to follow me and praise my eyes and face? And made your other love Demetrius do the same?

HERMIA: You're not making sense. Stop it, all of you!

HELENA: Ah, yes! Pretend to make sad looks and cry, but wink and laugh when I turn my back. No more of this. I'm leaving!

*HELENA goes to leave but LYSANDER blocks her way.*

LYSANDER: Stay, gentle Helena, my love, my life, my soul -

HERMIA: Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS: Yes, leave Helena alone Lysander, or I'll make you!

*LYSANDER squares up against DEMETRIUS (they comically raise their fists, but both look like they'd be equally hopeless in a fight).*

LYSANDER: You can't make me do anything!

HERMIA: *(Standing in-between the boys)* Lysander, come on -

LYSANDER: Stand back or I will shake you from me like a serpent!

HERMIA: What?

*There is a moment where we're not sure if Hermia will burst into tears, but then she rounds on HELENA, furious.*

HERMIA: I see! You juggler! You canker-blossom! You thief of love!  
What, did you come by night and steal my love's heart  
from him?

HELENA: How is it possible that you're angry with me? Fie! You  
puppet you!

HERMIA: Puppet?!

*LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS both wince. As HERMIA gets more and more angry  
they both try to protect HELENA from HERMIA's furious advances.*

HERMIA: Puppet? So that way goes the game! You have decided to  
compare our statures. I see, with your height - (*HERMIA  
points out HELENA's height, ie wags her finger at her from  
head to foot*) - your great height, you have wooed my  
Lysander. So are you grown so high in his esteem because  
I am so little and so low? How low am I, you painted  
maypole! I am not yet so low that my nails can't reach up  
to your eyes!

*HERMIA launches herself at HELENA, who hides behind LYSANDER and  
DEMETRIUS.*

HELENA: O when she is angry she is mean and cruel - and though  
she be but little, she is fierce!

HERMIA: Little! Again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'! Let me come  
to her!

LYSANDER: Get you gone, you bead, you acorn!

HERMIA: ACORN?!

## SONG 6: LOVE RECTANGLE

**HERMIA:** Love! This simply cannot be,  
I was sure Lysander was my destiny  
Sleeping by the tree, didn't think he'd flee,  
This whole thing seems peculiar to me.

**LYSANDER:** Love! Oh, what an awkward thing,  
Thought that Hermia would wear my wedding ring,  
But I'm realising that was just a fling,  
So now I'll fight for Helena! **ALL:** Ding ding!

**ALL:** We're caught in a sort of a love rectangle,  
Four, where there should be two and two,  
Love is a stressy, messy tangle,

**LOVERS:** What on earth are we supposed to do?

**ALL:** Feelings are fraught and our hopes are mangled,  
Tempers are getting hot,  
Who's going to help us untie the knot?

**HELENA:** Love! I'll never understand  
All I wanted was Demetrius's hand  
And Lysander's grand, I'm just not a fan,  
This really isn't turning out as planned!

**DEMETRIUS:** Love! I've got to make her mine,  
Fairest Helena, my goddess, nymph, divine!  
Hearts are on the line, darling, don't decline  
Demetrius will be forever thine.

**ALL:** We're caught in a sort of a love rectangle,  
Four, where there should be two and two,  
Love is a stressy, messy tangle,

**LOVERS:** What on earth are we supposed to do?

**ALL:** Feelings are fraught and our hopes are mangled,  
Tempers are getting hot,  
Who's going help us untie the knot?

**LYSANDER:** Demetrius loves not you.

**HELENA:** Do you have to mock me, too?

**DEMETRIUS:** Lysander, get you gone!

**HERMIA:** What the heck is going on?!

**ALL:** We're caught in a sort of a love rectangle  
Why can't you see from a different angle?  
Sort it or somebody might get strangled,  
Step up and fight, or you're gonna get -

*Just as it looks like everything is about to descend into total chaos OBERON appears next to PUCK and we see that the mortals have all been frozen still.*

**OBERON:** *(Furious)* This is your negligence, Puck! First you get the wrong Athenian. Then I tell you to make it right, but now I find they're all coming to blows! It's as if you've done it on purpose!

**PUCK:** Believe me, king of shadows, it was a mistake!

*PUCK shoots a wink to the audience.*

**OBERON:** Well it's time to undo that mistake! Lead these lovers deep within the woods and keep them apart until they fall asleep.

**PUCK:** Yes, my lord.

**OBERON:** Then when Lysander is sleeping drop this love potion into his eye and restore his love for Hermia.

*OBERON storms off.*

**PUCK:** Ugh. He's no fun when he's angry. I better do as he says. First of all I'll overcast the night -

*PUCK casts a spell to fill the clearing with fog.*

**PUCK:** Then I'll lead them off and set things right. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down.

## SCENE EIGHT

*TITANIA's fairy bower. She is tending to BOTTOM as her fairies look on, aghast.*

**BOTTOM:** Hee-haw!

**TITANIA:** Ah, let me kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!

**BOTTOM:** Hee-haw! Where's Spice?

**SPICE:** Here, Nick Bottom.

**BOTTOM:** Scratch my head, Spice.

*SPICE starts to scratch his head, thoroughly unimpressed.*

**BOTTOM:** Where's Sugarplum? And Clove?

*SUGARPLUM and CLOVE try to hide but TITANIA pushes them forward. COBWEB can't help but laugh.*

**CLOVE:** Not fair! What about Cobweb?

**TITANIA:** *(Ignoring CLOVE, talking to BOTTOM)* What is your will, my love? What should I have them do?

**BOTTOM:** Nothing but to help young Spice to scratch. I must to the barber's for I think I am marvellous hairy about the face.

*They set to work scratching BOTTOM's head. Muttering 'Ugh' / 'Gross' to themselves.*

TITANIA: O say, sweet love, what you desire to eat. Whatever it is you wish for I will send a fairy to fetch it.

*BOTTOM smiles with greedy joy at the prospect of having anything he wants. He thinks deeply for a second about what to request...*

BOTTOM: Hmm - methinks I have a great desire for a bale of - hay? Yes, good hay, sweet hay.

TITANIA: As you will, my love. I will send my Littlest Fairy now.

BOTTOM: Very well. But I ask you, let none of your people stir me: I'm suddenly feeling VERY sleepy.

*BOTTOM falls into a deep sleep complete with horsey snoring.*

TITANIA: Sleep then and I will wind you in my arms. Fairies away!

*TITANIA dismisses the fairy band and falls into a deep sleep.*

## SCENE NINE

*Our four fairies are gathered together in a clearing.*

COBWEB: Titania's being so weird -

MUSTARDSEED: Hmm - I feel like Puck might have something to do with this.

*PUCK suddenly bumps into the fairies.*

PUCK: Woops! Did somebody say 'Puck'?

PEASEBLOSSOM: There you are! What have you done to our queen?

PUCK: Your queen?

MOTH: Come on Puck, we know you've done something.

PUCK: I don't know what you're talking about. And I don't have time to stop. I've been trying to keep these four Athenians from bumping into each other for ages now and they still haven't tired out enough to fall asleep -

COBWEB: Well maybe it's time for a little mischief?

MUSTARDSEED: Don't encourage Puck!

PUCK: No, Cobweb's right. It's Midsummer. I can't believe I didn't think of mischief before -

*LYSANDER suddenly tramples onto stage, unable to see properly through the fog.*

LYSANDER: *(Shouting into the fog)* Where are you proud Demetrius? Speak!

PUCK: *(To the fairies)* Watch this! *(Pretending to be Demetrius)* Here Lysander, you villain! Where are you?

LYSANDER: I will be with you straight!

PUCK: *(As Demetrius)* Follow me then to plainer ground -

*LYSANDER steps towards PUCK who casts a spell, making LYSANDER fall asleep at their feet.*

PUCK: One down! Finally. Now, where's Demetrius?

MOTH: *(Pointing)* Is that him?

*DEMETRIUS walks onto stage, unable to see through the fog.*

DEMETRIUS: Lysander! Where are you? Coward! Have you fled?

PUCK: *(Clears their throat and then starts to speak as LYSANDER)*  
You're the coward! Come here and fight me face-to-face!

DEMETRIUS: I would if I could find your place!

PUCK: *(As LYSANDER)* Follow my voice, I sit and wait!

*DEMETRIUS follows PUCK's voice and walks right next to LYSANDER's sleeping body but doesn't see them.*

DEMETRIUS: Ugh! He's not here! I've had enough of this. I'll sleep tonight, and when it's clear again in the morning I'll pursue our fight.

*DEMETRIUS lies down and falls asleep.*

PUCK: Haha! That one was too easy! Why didn't I start doing this before?

COBWEB: *(Pointing)* Oh look! Isn't that Helena?

*HELENA enters the clearing, exhausted. She doesn't spot the sleeping boys either.*

HELENA: O long and tedious night! The morning light can't be far away, I'll lie down a while and wait for the break of day...

*HELENA falls asleep on the ground with her back to DEMETRIUS. PUCK can't believe their luck.*

PUCK: Three are here! But I need one more,  
Two of both kinds make up four.

MOTH: Ah! Here she comes, cursed and sad.

*HERMIA enters the clearing. Tired and upset.*

HERMIA: Never have I been so weary, never so in woe!  
I can travel no further, my legs won't let me go.  
Here will I rest 'til the morning light,  
Heavens protect Lysander if he's forced to fight.

*HERMIA falls asleep (with her back to LYSANDER).*

PUCK: YES!

*The four lovers all stir a little in their sleep, in response to PUCK's shout.*

MUSTARDSEED: Shh! Quickly now, before they all wake up!

*PUCK squeezes the love potion onto LYSANDER's eye, who turns in his sleep to face HERMIA.*

PUCK: On the ground, sleep sound:  
I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy,  
When you wake take true delight in your former lady  
Hermia's sight.

MOTH: Well done, Puck.

BOTTOM: *(Offstage)* Hee-haw!

PEASEBLOSSOM: Oh dear. We better get back to the queen before she wakes up.

## SCENE TEN

*The fairies and PUCK gather around TITANIA who is cuddling BOTTOM's donkey head.*

BOTTOM: *(In his sleep)* Hee-Haw!

*PUCK starts to giggle loudly until OBERON appears and shushes them.*



OBERON: I see you've already seen the Queen? I do now begin to pity her, doting on a donkey. Perhaps this was too cruel -

PUCK: Well, I don't know about that -

OBERON: Gentle Puck, take this ass's head off the weaver, so that when he wakes he can return to Athens and think no more of tonight than if it were a dream.

PUCK: Yes, my lord.

OBERON: First I must release the fairy queen -

*OBERON creeps towards sleeping TITANIA, applying the magical flower again to her eyes.*

Now be as you would want to be,  
And see as you would want to see.  
Wake up Titania, my sweet queen.

*TITANIA wakes with a start.*

TITANIA: My Oberon! What visions have I seen! I thought I was enamoured of an ass!

OBERON: There lies your love -

*TITANIA turns to look at BOTTOM and gives a scream.*

TITANIA: How came these things to pass?  
O how my eyes do loathe his visage now!

OBERON: It's a long story -

PUCK: *(Interrupting Oberon)* Erm, fairy king, attend and mark,  
For I do hear the morning lark.

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.

*TITANIA and OBERON exit.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: *(To the audience)* It seems our twilight revels are coming to an end.

COBWEB: Aww. I don't want it to be over yet.

MUSTARDSEED: Well, it's nearly daybreak and time for the Duke's wedding.

MOTH: But first Puck needs to return the weaver to his former state.

PUCK: *(To Moth)* Spoilsport.

*PUCK crouches down next to BOTTOM and casts a spell.*

When you wake with your own fool's eyes peep!

## SONG 7: BY THE MORNING LIGHT

*As the song starts, our sleeping lovers on the ground wake up. Finally, everybody is in love with the right person.*

**LYSANDER:** The dark has passed, and suddenly  
It's only **Hermia** for me.

**HERMIA:** Our love remains, and our flame can re-ignite.

**DEMETRIUS:** I journeyed far, and who knows where?  
But **Helena** was waiting there.

**HELENA:** Adventure's done, dreaming hearts are won, and wrongs put right,

**ALL:** By the morning light.

*HIPPOLYTA and THESEUS walk into the clearing, followed by EGEUS and some of their courtiers.*

**EGEUS:** There she is, my lord! My daughter, Hermia!

**THESEUS:** My lady Hermia, you are due to marry the young Demetrius today, are you not?

**HIPPOLYTA:** It would appear that there's been a change of heart -

**EGEUS:** But, my lord!

**THESEUS:** Enough, Egeus!

**ALL:** The dark has passed, the day is new,  
And love, at last, has come to you,  
A wedding's dawn, the sweetest morning, warm and bright.  
Forget mistakes, forget before,  
Because I'm yours for evermore.  
We'll wed today, and our hearts that strayed will reunite,  
By the morning light.  
By the morning light.

## SCENE ELEVEN

*Back at the Athenian Court.*

**PEASEBLOSSOM:** *(To the audience)* So here we are!

**MUSTARDSEED:** Three happy couples.

**COBWEB:** One rag-tag group of actors...

**MOTH:** And lots of confused memories about last night.

**PEASEBLOSSOM:** Was it a dream?

**COBWEB:** *(With a wink to the audience)* They'll never know -

**MOTH:** But now it's time for us to watch the show!

*There's a blare of trumpets and a round of applause from the assembled courtiers (HIPPOLYTA, THESEUS, EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, HELENA and DEMETRIUS) before The Mechanicals begin to perform their play. Out comes a thoroughly nervous QUINCE as the narrator, script in hand.*

**QUINCE:** Gentle courtiers, perhaps you are wondering what will be contained within our play. This man -

*BOTTOM appears onstage, flexing his muscles.*

**QUINCE:** Is PYRAMUS, if you would know. This lady -

*QUINCE points towards a spot where FLUTE should be as Thisbe but they are nowhere to be seen.*

**QUINCE:** This LADY -

*QUINCE points again, still no THISBE.*

**QUINCE:** *(In a thunderous stage whisper)* Flute!

*FLUTE is pushed onto stage, they stand there reluctant and sad.*

**QUINCE:** This beautiful lady is THISBE - Pyramus's love.

*SNOUT walks onto stage dressed as a wholly unconvincing wall.*

**THESEUS:** *(From the audience)* And who is this?

QUINCE: This, Sir, is the wall that keeps our lovers apart - so that they may only talk through a chink.

*SNOUT puts out his arm and makes a 'chink' with his hand.*

HIPPOLYTA: *(Laughing)* Ooh! Let's see them speak through it!

*QUINCE shoots BOTTOM a look, urging him to start talking. BOTTOM launches into a hyper-melodramatic monologue.*

BOTTOM: 'O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black! If only I could see my love. Alack! Alack! Alack!'

*FLUTE tries to look through the 'chink' in the wall.*

FLUTE: 'Pyramus? Is that you?'

BOTTOM: 'It is, my love, my angel, my divine -'

FLUTE: 'Oh how I wish that I could see your face!'

BOTTOM: 'I have an idea. We should flee this place and meet by moonshine at Ninny's tomb -'

QUINCE: NINUS!

BOTTOM: *(Correcting their mistake)* 'Ninus's tomb.'

FLUTE: 'Yes, my love, I will do so, but first kiss me through the wall before you go.'

*FLUTE places a reluctant peck on the chink of the wall whilst BOTTOM places a sloppy kiss that shows no sign of stopping until SNOUT removes their hand.*

SNOUT: Thus have I, Wall, my part completed so,  
And being done, therefore Wall away does go.

*SNOUT exits, followed by BOTTOM and FLUTE.*

THESEUS: *(Laughing)* This is too much! No more!

COBWEB: *(Giggling to the audience)* Yes, more! Have you ever seen such a ridiculous play?!

*Enter STARVELING, as Moonshine.*

STARVELING: I have only the one thing to say: I am now Moonshine and I will light the remainder of our play.

*STARVELING strikes a pose as Moonshine, frozen. Then slowly, out creeps SNUG as Lion.*

SNUG: *(To the audience)* Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to warn you that though I do as a lion appear, I am actually Snug the joiner and I swear to do you no harm!

*SNUG then crouches down to hide from FLUTE as Thisbe who re-enters.*

FLUTE: 'Here I am by moonlight at old Ninny's tomb -'

QUINCE: *(Correcting from offstage)* NINUS!

THISBE: 'Ninus's tomb. But where is my love, Pyramus?'

*SNUG jumps up as the lion.*

SNUG: *(To the audience)* I will now undertake a roar, if you would like to cover your ears.

*SNUG waits a beat to allow it before releasing a tiny - roar!*

HIPPOLYTA: *(From the audience)* Well roared, Lion!

*FLUTE as Thisbe drops their cape and flees. SNUG as lion paws at the cape for a moment and then too runs off stage. BOTTOM as Pyramus strides onto stage.*

BOTTOM: 'Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams - '

STARVELING: No bother.

BOTTOM: 'Thisbe! My dear, Thisbe!'

*BOTTOM gasps in theatrical horror one-two-three times when he sees Thisbe's cloak.*

BOTTOM: 'What fearful fate is here?! My Thisbe's cloak! A lion must have slayed my love! Now I too will die so that I may join her!'

*BOTTOM pulls out a tiny wooden sword and proceeds to plunge it under his arm.*

BOTTOM: 'And so I die! Die, die, die, die, die!'

*Finally, BOTTOM stays dead and QUINCE as narrator returns to the stage.*

QUINCE: And so here ends our play -

*The courtiers give a rapturous round of applause. BOTTOM springs up, restored to life.*

BOTTOM: Unless you would like to hear another speech? Or perhaps a dance?

*Before anyone can say anything else our fairies freeze the action.*

PEASEBLOSSOM: *(To the audience)* I think, maybe, we don't need any more speeches or dances, or anything else for that matter. I think it's time to go.

MUSTARDSEED: If we shadows have offended, think but this and all is mended:

COBWEB: That you have but slumbered here, while these visions did appear.

MOTH: Give us your love, show us no spite,

ALL: Think this but a dream of a Midsummer night!

## SONG 8: WHAT A LOVELY MIDSUMMER NIGHT

**ALL:**  
It's in the air,  
Love's everywhere,  
Forever joy and laughter now.  
No fairy spells,  
Just wedding bells,  
It's happy ever after now.  
Welcome to Athens,  
Where it all happens,  
All's put right,  
And we'll dance 'til dawn shines bright,  
What a lovely Midsummer night.

**QUINCE:** Meet the Mechanicals - what did I say?  
I told you that we'd -

**MECHANICALS:** - make a play!

**BOTTOM:** Pyramus died -

**FLUTE:** For the lady he adored,

**SNOUT:** The wall was tall -

**SNUG:** And the lion roared!

**STARVELING:** When Athens has need, you know where to find us,

**BOTTOM:** At the tomb of Ninny!

**ALL:** AT THE TOMB OF NINUS!

**QUINCE:** Better trot, got a play to learn,  
Don't panic -

**MECHANICALS:** - the Mechanicals will return!

**FAIRIES:** If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumbered here  
While these visions did appear.

**ALL:** It's in the air,  
Love's everywhere,  
And love's triumphant over all.  
It's near the chime,  
Of fairy time,  
So let's go wild and have a ball!  
Welcome to Athens,  
Where it all happens,  
All's put right,  
And we'll dance 'til dawn shines bright,  
What a lovely Midsummer night!  
What a lovely Midsummer night!  
What a lovely Midsummer night!  
What a lovely Midsummer night!

**THE END**