A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM AUDITIONS

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Four basic plot groups BY CHARACTER:

The Rulers:

Theseus  Duke of Athens.
Hippolyta  is to wed Theseus
Egeus  Mother of Hermia and wants her to marry Demetrius.
Philostrate  Attendant to the Duke

The Lovers:

Lysander  loves Hermia
Hermia  loves Lysander
Helena  loves Demetrius
Demetrius  has loved Helena but is jealous for Hermia

The Spirits:

The spirits will also be a movement ensemble

Oberon  is King of The Fairies and is the beloved of Titania
Titania  is the Queen of the Fairies and is beloved by Oberon
Puck  is Oberon’s mischievous jester and attendant.
Peas blossom, Mustard seed, Cobb web, Moth, etc. all serve Titania

The Mechanicals: (tradesmen/women)

This group is preparing a play for the Duke’s wedding feast.
They will perform Pyramus and Thisbe. A passionate tale of forbidden love that ends tragically.

Peter  Quince, carpenter
Nick  Bottom, weaver
SCENE SELECTIONS

ACTORS BE VERY FAMILIAR WITH THE SCENE YOU CHOOSE FOR AUDITIONS!!!

SCENE 1

Enter THESEUS (The Duke), EGEUS (Father to Hermia),

HERMIA (In love with Lysander)

LYSANDER (Truly loves Hermia),

DEMETRIUS (In Love with Helena but jealous of Lysander and Hermia))

In this scene Egeus complains to the Duke that his daughter Hermia will not obey him and marry Demetrius. Hermia truly loves Lysander and Lysander truly love Hermia. Demetrius has broken up with Helena because he is jealous over Hermia. Hermia learns that if she doesn’t obey her father that she can be put to death or made to become a nun for the rest of her life.

EGEUS
Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

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

EGEUS
Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander.—And, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love tokens with my child.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter’s heart,
Turned her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborn harshness!
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?
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,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

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.

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.

EGEUS
Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

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,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his face,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
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.

EGEUS
With duty and desire we follow you.
Scene 2

This scene involves Lysander and Hermia who love each other and plan to run away from Athens to secretly wed. Helena enters. She has been dumped by Demetrius because he thinks he wants Hermia and is jealous of Lysander. Hermia wants to get Demetrius back. When Helena learns about the plan for her friend Hermia to elope she decides to tell jealous Demetrius so that he will return his affection to her again (Helena).

SCENE 2  LYSANDER, HERMIA, HELENA

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

HERMIA
O hell! To choose love by another’s eyes!

LYSANDER
The course of true love never did run smooth. A good persuasion. Therefore, hear me, Hermia: I have a sweet widowed aunt, of great riches. From Athens is her house removed ten mile! 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 lov’st me, then Steal forth thy mother’s house tonight, And in the woods a mile without the town I’ll stay for thee to meet and flee!

HERMIA
My good Lysander,
I swear to thee by Cupid’s strongest bow,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
Tonight, O truly will I meet with thee!

ENTER HELENA

LYSANDER
Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

HERMIA
Godspeed, fair Helena. Whither away?

HELENA
Call you me “fair”? That “fair” again unsay!
Demetrius loves your fair. O “happy” fair!
O, teach me how you look and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius’ 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!

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

LYSANDER
Helen, to you our minds we will unseal.
Through Athens’ gates tonight have we devised to steal!

HERMIA
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 tonight at midnight.

LYSANDER
I will, my Hermia.

Hermia exits.

Helena, adieu.
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

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.
For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia’s eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine!
(Helena starts to exit then stops with a discovery)

I will go tell him of fair Hermia’s flight. 
Then to the wood will he this very 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.

She exits.

This scene involves a group of tradesmen that are involved in amateur theatricals. Bottom, the weaver, is a ham and a scene stealer and wants to play all the parts. Bottom uses many malapropisms.

SCENE III. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

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

QUINCE
Is all our company here?

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

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.

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

**QUINCE**

Marry, our play is, 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.

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

**BOTTOM**

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

**QUINCE**

A lover, that kills himself most gallant 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. 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.

*(Performed with great exaggeration)*

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.

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

**QUINCE**
Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

**FLUTE**
Here, Peter Quince.

**QUINCE**
Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

**FLUTE**
What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

**QUINCE**
It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

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

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

**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.
Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.
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.'

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

*Exeunt*

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**SCENE 4**

*Titania, Queen of the fairies and Oberon, King of the fairies are*
feuding and meet in the woods. We first meet the mischievous Puck who is Oberon’s right hand spirit. And one of Titania’s fairies.

Enter Puck and Fairy

**PUCK**
How now, spirit? Whither wander you?

**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,
Farewell, thou lob of spirits. I’ll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

**PUCK**
The King doth keep his revels here tonight.
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king;
And jealous Oberon would have the child to be his page.
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crows 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.
**Fairy**
Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Misleads 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 frisky 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 choir 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!

Enter Oberon the King of Fairies at one door, with his train, and Titania the Queen at another, with hers).

OBERON
Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
TITANIA
What, jealous, Oberon? Fairies, skip hence.
I have forsworn his bed and company.

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

TITANIA
Then I must be thy lady! But I know
Why thou hast stolen away from Fairyland.
Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest Steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
your warrior love, To Theseus must be wed.
And come you to give their bed prosperity and joy.

OBERON
How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

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 the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport!
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: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the maz’ed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which!
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension!
We are their parents and original!

**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 Fairyland buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot’ress of my order,
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!

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

[Titania and her fairies] exit.

**OBERON**
Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb’rest
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?

**PUCK**
I remember.

**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 pass'ed 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 herb I show'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.

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

*Exit*

**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 boy to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

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**Scene 5**

*Helena has told Demetrius of Lysander and Hermia running away to elope. Demetrius follows them and Helena follows Demetrius and he is very unhappy about it.*

*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.

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.

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 woriser 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:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on 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.

*Exit DEMETRIUS*

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

*Exit*