



SHAKESPEARE'S
**A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM**



GRAND
OPERA
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AN ATG ENTERTAINMENT VENUE

AUDITION SIDES

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PLEASE ENSURE YOU HAVE READ THE AUDITION PACK FULLY BEFORE CHOSING YOUR AUDITION PIECES...

Here Theseus tells Hippolyta how excited he is to marry her. Then he asks Philostrate, his master of revels, to go and raise the dead to celebrate with him...

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...!
Go, Philostrate, and all the spirits wake.
The nimble stir up from their funeral beds.
The pale and sprightly creatures of the night, And those slightly alive, or mostly dead.
For 'tis with these we mean to celebrate.

Here Oberon speaks tells Puck to fix his mistakes – first, make things overcast so that the morning light doesn't creep in yet, then keep Lysander and Demetrius from fighting, then give Lysander an antidote to the love flower poison so that he sees things normally again. Oberon will go to Titania, ask for the child, and give her the antidote. He must do this quickly, before day breaks...

OBERON: Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night; And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
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.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her changeling boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace. I must myself exile from the light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night. For we are spirits of another sort:
And with the morning's love cannot make sport.



Oberon, King of the Fairies, plots to seek revenge on his wife Titania for taking something he believes is rightfully his.

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,

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,
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.
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.

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.



Titania, Queen of the Fairies, confronts Oberon, King of the Fairies, about their broken relationship and how it has taken a toll on nature around them.

TITANIA: 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.

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 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:
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:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Titania, having been poisoned by the juice a special love flower, thinks she is in love with Bottom (who currently has the head of a donkey, thanks to Puck's meddling). Here she praises his voice, mind, and beauty, and talks herself up, too, to convince him to stay with her...

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.
Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou 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 spirits to attend on thee,
Come Peaseblossom, Cobweb, and Mustardseed!





Here Helena is upset and whining because she loves Demetrius, but he no longer loves her and now pursues

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, holding 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.
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.

Hermia fell asleep in the forest near Lysander as they were running away to be married in secret. Here she wakes suddenly from a bad dream, then discovers Lysander is gone...

HERMIA: 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.
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.





Helena told Demetrius of Lysander's plan to marry Hermia in secret, so Demetrius has gone after them, and Helena has followed. Here Demetrius very rudely tells her to go away...

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 stol'n unto this wood.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Tempt not too much the hate of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

...

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?

...

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.

...

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

...

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.

Here Lysander tells Hermia they should run away together, through the woods, and be married in secret, far from where the laws of Athens have power over them...

LYSANDER: I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:

And she respects me as her only son.

From Athens is her house but seven leagues;

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou loves 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,

Come to me, for there will I stay for thee.





Here Puck reports back to Oberon about how he poisoned Titania with the juice of a love-flower. A raggedy bunch of actors rehearsed near where she slept, and when Bottom (playing the role of Pyramus) ducked behind a bush, Puck used magic to put the head of a donkey on him. Then when he was called back into the scene, the actors saw his head and ran away.

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 theatricals,
That were but lately dead there, one and all,
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,
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake
When I did him at this advantage take!
An ass's nolle I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
Away, away his fellows swiftly fly!

Puck introduces themselves to another fairy describing all the mischievous things he has done to make Oberon, King of the Fairies, laugh.

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.





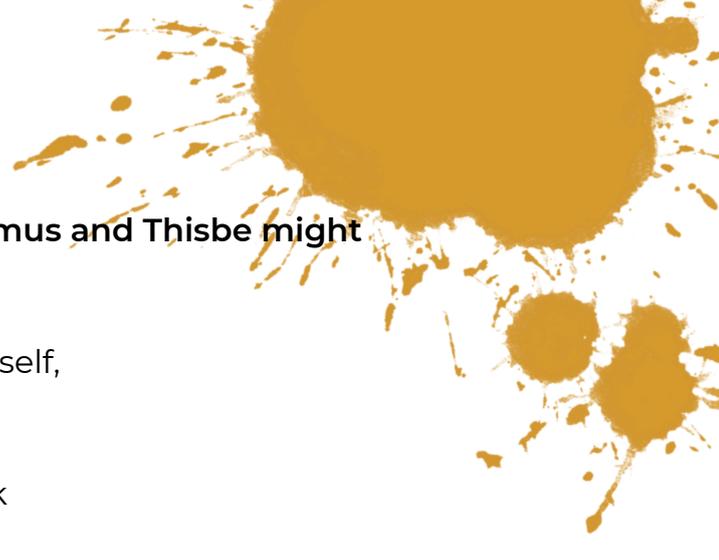
Here Egeus complains to Theseus, Duke of Athens, about his daughter, Hermia. Egeus wants her to marry Demetrius, but she is in love with Lysander...

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 and Hippolyta have just been wed. Here Philostrate lets Theseus know that a play is available for their entertainment... but it isn't a very good or entertaining play, unless he is entertained by how bad the actors' efforts are.

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.
Tis not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world -
Unless you can find sport in their intents;
Some poets, lord, that were but lately gone,
Yet raised themselves to join thy merriment.





Here Bottom is concerned that “the Lion” in Pyramus and Thisbe might frighten the ladies...

BOTTOM: Masters, you ought to consider with yourself, to bring in (God shield us!) a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to 't...

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.

As a result of a fairy curse, Bottom is given the head of a donkey and falls in love with Titania, Queen of the Fairies. When he awakens, the curse wears off and he is unsure if it was real or a dream.

BOTTOM: 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.





Here Flute plays “Thisbe” in the play within a play. He uses a ridiculous, high-pitched voice to show that is playing a young girl. Here Thisbe finds her love, Pyramus, dead... so she stabs herself.

FLUTE: 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:
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.

Dies





Here Quince tells his actors what they'll be performing for Theseus and Hippolyta's wedding...

QUINCE: Here is the scroll of every name thought fit to play in an interlude before the duke and the duchess, on their wedding-day at night.
Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe. 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 here in the wood, by moonlight; here will we rehearse. I pray you, fail me not.

Here Snout plays the part of "a wall" in the play within a play. He announces that he is the wall, and that there is a hole in said wall...

SNOUT: 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 chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
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.

Here, Snug takes on the role of "Moonshine" in the play within a play. First he says his line, then when pressed for more information, he explains that he has already said all that he's supposed to have to say (he's not exactly comfortable in the limelight)...

SNUG: (as "Moonshine") This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man in moon do seem to be.

(as Snug)

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

