

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM:
THE CRESCENT CITY**

By

Cindy Couch

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: THE CRESCENT CITY

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SETTING

New Orleans & Barataria Bayou. In Spanish, “Barataria” means to deceive. JUNE 19-25, 1926.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PUCK *merry wanderer of the night* / **EGEUS**, *father to Hermia*

PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels*

THESEUS *New Orleans Mayor* / **OBERON**, *King of the Feux Follets*

LYSANDER *in love with Hermia.*

DEMETRIUS *in love with Helena.*

PIPPA QUINCE, *waitress/waiter.*

SNUG, *the flower seller.*

BOTTOM, *the artist.*

FLUTE , *the baker.*

SNOUT, *the factory worker.*

HIPPOLYTA, *betrothed to Theseus* / **TITANIA**, *Queen of Feux Follets.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

PEASEBLOSSOM, *feu follet*

MUSTARD SEED, *feu follet*

COBWEB, *feu follet*

MOTH, *feu follet*

Outside the Saenger Hotel in New Orleans

*Cyc is brushed with blue. Actors are frozen on stage – Feux Follets LS.
Amateur actors, CS – Royalty RS.*

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PROLOGUE

PUCK lies asleep in a log, head peeking out. He stretches, looks around and spots the audience.

PUCK. What is life? A madness. An illusion, a shadow. All life is a dream and dreams - themselves are only dreams.” *(Puck begins putting on the clothing of Egeus while speaking to the audience. Puck is transformed into a mortal, Egeus).*

SCENE 1. THE SANGER HOTEL

Hippolyta crosses to Theseus.

THESEUS. Fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour draws near; bringing a moon, new-bent: but, *(Theseus grasps both Hippolyta's hands)*. O, how slow this old moon wanes! *(Upstage, EGEUS and HERMIA, followed by LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS argue. Adlib).*

HIPPOLYTA. Four days will quickly lapse; Four nights will quickly dream away the time; And then the moon, like to a silver bow, shall behold our solemnities. *(Before they can kiss, Egeus interrupts DSR & approaches Theseus angrily, while ordering his daughter and the young men to step lively. Egeus bows before speaking. Egeus is a film director, with his lackey, Moth, burdened with megaphone and tri-pod camera).*

EGEUS. Happy be Theseus, our renowne'd mayor! I come with complaint against my child, Hermia. *(Hermia nods reluctantly. Egeus gestures to Demetrius).* Stand forth, Demetrius. *(Demetrius shakes hands).* He hath

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my consent to marry her. *(Pause)*. Stand forth, Lysander. *(Egeus is angry with his daughter. Demetrius shakes hands)*. He hath my consent to marry her. *Pause*. Stand forth, Lysander. *(Lysander bows, but shoots eye daggers toward Demetrius)*. This man hath bewitch'd my daughter, turning her obedience to stubbornness: I beg the privilege that I may dispose of her to Demetrius or commit her to the North Louisiana Sanitarium in Shreveport according to our law.

THESEUS. What say you, Hermia? Demetrius is an actor of high acclaim, a worthy gentleman. *(Hermia steps forward)*.

HERMIA. Lysander is a worthy gentleman, and my golf partner at the Metairie Golf Club. Your Grace, May I know the worst that may befall me if I refuse to wed Demetrius?

THESEUS. To abjure forever the society of men. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon... The sealing-day betwixt my love and me. *(He blows a kiss to Hippolyta. Hippolyta stares at Theseus, then turns sternly to Hermia)*. Upon that day either prepare to live a barren sister all your life at the sanitarium or else wed Demetrius. *(Hippolyta's hand on Theseus's shoulder; Hermia shakes her head)*.

DEMETRIUS. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield to my entitlement.

LYSANDER. You have her father's love, Demetrius; Let me have Hermia's: You marry him.

EGEUS. Scornful Lysander! True, Demetrius hath my love. And as Hermia is mine, I bestow her unto Demetrius.

LYSANDER. My Lord, my fortunes equal Demetrius. My love is more than his, and I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:... Demetrius, I speak blunt, He won Helena's soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, devoutly dotes, upon this inconstant man.

THESEUS. I must confess that I have heard as much. *(Egeus looks questioningly at Demetrius. Hippolyta questions Theseus with a look, then exits URS, turning and exits.)* Come, Demetrius & Egeus. And for you, fair Hermia, be obedient to your father's will; or else get you to a sanitarium. *(Theseus follows. They adlib. Theseus tries to kiss Hippolyta, and she stalks off. Theseus kisses the air & is confused. Lysander and Hermia pretend to follow behind Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and*

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Demetrius, but march in place, then run DCS). Lysander grabs Hermia's hand, then rubs his hand on Hermia's cheek and whispers in her right ear).

SCENE 2. THE PLAN

LYSANDER. My love! The course of true love never did run smooth; (*He ponders, then quickly says*), I have a widow aunt of great revenue who respects me as her only son. In Barataria Bayou, her house is remote in the swamp and the sharp Louisiana law cannot pursue us there; Gentle Hermia, if thou lovest me, then steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night; and will I stay for thee.

HERMIA. Truly, will I meet with thee.

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

HERMIA. God speed, fair Helena. (*Helena & Hermia are like sisters*).

HELENA, *sarcastically.* Call you me fair? You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart. O, teach me how you look. (*Helena is a photographer*).

HERMIA. The more I hate him, the more he follows me.

HELENA. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA. His folly 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; (*Hermia whispers*). Lysander and myself will fly this place. From New Orleans, turn away our eyes. (*Hermia hugs and dances with Helena*). Sweet playfellow, pray for us, and good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! (*Hermia approaches Lysander and holds his chin within her hands, looking deeply into his eyes*), Lysander, we must starve our sight from lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

LYSANDER. Aye, my Hermia. Adieu. (*Hermia exits USL as they blow kisses to each other*). Helena, to you our minds we do unfold: Adieu: And may Demetrius dote constant on you! (*Lysander exits USR*).

HELENA. Oh spite! I will go tell Demetrius of Hermia's flight: then to the swamp will he pursue her, but here in mean I to enrich my pain to have

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his sight thither and back again. *(DCS She sighs deeply, then considers. Exits adlibbing).*

SCENE 3. THE RENAISSANCE OF THE VIEUX CARRE

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING USR. Twilight. Mechanicals rehearse. They stop DCS and greet each other as they near the audition place. Spontaneously, they dance 20's dance. Puck watches from afar. The mechanicals take off pieces of their real job uniforms. Snug reaches in a bag, pulls out a loaf of bread and begins eating noisily. Quince carries a lantern and hands out copies of the script

QUINCE. Is all our company here? *(Bottom rushes in and motions for actors to come forward. Sound effects: crickets, frogs, etc. Puck shakes a gourd rattle and the mechanicals are wary).*

BOTTOM. *(Bottom is the know it all and is over the top excited).* You best call them according to the script.

QUINCE. Pippa Quince – *(We don't know how he got the job of director. He is unsure about his role).* Here is the scroll of every actor's name, which is thought fit to act before the mayor and his fiancé on their wedding night.

BOTTOM. First, good Pippa 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 Thisbe. *(Actors adlib in excitement).*

BOTTOM. A good piece of work, I assure you. Now, good Pippa Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. *(The amateur actors lean in and he looks at them).* Masters, spread yourselves. *(Actors ad lib).*

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

BOTTOM *clapping his hands impatiently.* Ready. Name what part I am for and proceed.

QUINCE. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus. *(Quince throws Bottom a script).*

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BOTTOM. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant? (*He makes kisses, and deepens voice as a tyrant*).

QUINCE. A lover ... that kills himself for love.

BOTTOM. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: My chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play “Ercules” but a lover is more condoling. (*Bottom crosses from the group and makes sure that he has an audience. Then dramatically*)- I can cry and make the audience cry – although I’d play the mean guy so much better. (*Actors adlib responding to Bottom*).

QUINCE. Francis Flute, the baker.

FLUTE. Here, Pippa Quince.

QUINCE. Flute, you must take Thisby on you. ...It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

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

BOTTOM. (*He takes Quince aside and stage whispers*). Let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, “Ah, Pyramus, lover dear!

BOTTOM *uses a big voice.* Thy Oooh! lady dear!” (*Bottom grabs the flower seller’s scarf and puts it over his head as a woman. He plays both parts, moving and with different voices*).

QUINCE. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby. Snug, the flower seller; 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. (*He pulls out cheese with his bread and continues to eat while watching.*)

QUINCE *exasperated.* It is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM *eagerly,* Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will make the mayor say,” Let him roar again, let him roar again!” (*Actors ad lib*).

QUINCE. No, you would fright the mayor’s wife & the ladies, that they would shriek;—and that were enough to hang us all!

BOTTOM. I can aggravate my voice so that I will roar as gently as any nightingale. (*Bottom sings foolishly, but he thinks well. Puck trips him and he sees his audience laugh at him, not with him. He is visibly hurt*).

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QUINCE *picking up Bottom's hat, dusts him off, and says, You can play no part but Pyramus;*

BOTTOM. Well, I will undertake it.

QUINCE. Masters, here are your parts: and I entreat you to know them by to-morrow night. Meet me at Barataria Bayou near the cypress grove by moonlight. There will we rehearse. I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM. Take pains; be perfect: adieu. *(The actors watch Bottom exit DSL. Puck laughs, does a jig stirring up as the wind picks up, lightning and thunder strikes. Actors quickly move as if moving items from a storm. Puck changes moon from full to quarter with his hands on the cyc).*

SCENE 4, CYPRESS GROVE AND THE FEUX FOLLETS .

Puck enters singing, USL, then stops – watching feux follets. A magical, ethereal cypress grove in Barataria Bayou. Fireflies are in the trees Puck changes projector on cyc to the $\frac{3}{4}$ quarter moon.

PUCK. How now, spirits, whither wander you? *(Feux follets sing the lines in a minor key. Candles are used in rituals).*

COBWEB. Over hill, over dale.

PEASEBLOSSOM. Thorough bush, through swamps.

MUSTARD SEED. We wander everywhere, swifter than the moon's sphere.

COBWEB. We serve the Feu Follet Queen. To dew her orbs upon the green.

PUCK. The king doth keep his revels here to-night: Oberon is jealous because the queen dotes on the son of an Indian king. Oberon would have the child to trace the forests wild; But she withholds the boy: And now they never meet in grove or green, or starlight sheen, But, they argue and rate, so that the grunches hide for fear.

PEASEBLOSSOM. Either I mistake your shape, or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite Call'd Robin Goodfellow? *(Puck shakes his gourd. Oberon enters USR, watching).*

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COBWEB. Are you he who misleads the night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

MUSTARD SEED. Are you he that Hobgoblin called sweet Puck?

FEUX FOLLETS. 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, and with other creatures I do beguile. But, room! *(Puck gestures and bows) ... Oberon! (Oberon motions silence).*

FEUX FOLLETS. And here our mistress!

OBERON. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA. What, jealous Oberon! Feux Follets, skip hence: I have forsworn his company.

OBERON. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord? *(Puck and Feux Follets appear afraid).*

TITANIA. With thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods, washes all the air, and through this distemperature, we see the seasons alter: This evil comes from our dissension.

OBERON. *(changing tactics and is tender.)* Why should Titania cross her Oberon? I do but beg a little changeling boy to be my henchman.

TITANIA. I will not part with him.

OBERON. How long within this grove intend you stay?

TITANIA. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day. *(She almost flirts with him – hoping for more).* If you will patiently dance in our round and see our moonlight revels, go with us; *(Feux Follets drum softly. Puck shakes the gourd).*

OBERON. Give me that boy.

TITANIA. Not for thy kingdom. Les Feux Follets, away! *Les Feux Follets and Titania dance to the harmonica when exiting.*

OBERON. I shall torment thee for this injury. *(To Puck)* My gentle Puck, Rememberest Cupid's little southern flower, Rivea corymbosa?

Puck reacts. On sleeping eye-lids laid will make man or woman madly dote upon the next live creature that it sees. *(They laugh. Puck has been emulating him – his facial gestures and his physical gestures).* Fetch me

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this herb; and be thou here again swiftly. (*Thunder claps; lightning flashes*).

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth In forty minutes. "A good action is never lost; it is a treasure laid up and guarded for the doer's need. (*Puck doesn't move, then Oberon motions for him to go. Puck is embarrassed to have forgotten. Puck exits USR*).

OBERON. Having once this love potion, I'll drop the liquor of it in her eyes. But who comes? (*Oberon snaps his fingers and grabs a tree branch to become invisible*). I am invisible! (*Oberon is distracted by the entrance of Helena and Demetrius, carrying lanterns*).

SCENE 5. THE CHASE

HELENA is burdened- carrying Demetrius's suitcase and food filled basket.. Helena, exhausted, drops the basket. DEMETRIUS looks into the basket, picks up an apple and begins eating.

DEMETRIUS. I love thee not. Where is Lysander and fair Hermia? Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this grove; and here am I. (*He pauses, and orders, throwing the apple core at Helena*). Follow me no more.

HELENA. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant. (*She moves to him, clinging like a magnet. She takes her jacket off & wipes the sweat from her eyes, then attempts to clean him*).

DEMETRIUS. Do I entice you? Do I not in plainest truth tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you? (*He moves her hands and wipes imaginary dirt off his jacket and throws hers on the ground*).

HELENA. And even for that do I love you the more. As your spaniel, spurn me, neglect me, only allow me to follow you. (*She pants, then leans against Oberon with the branch as though she is leaning against a tree. Enter TITANIA, with her will o'wisps. They make their nest within the bower, DSR. Helena grabs Demetrius*).

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DEMETRIUS. I shall do thee mischief in the swamp. *(He exits but grabs an apple from her basket before he exits USL. She exits USL following Demetrius with the bags).*

OBERON. Fare thee well, my lady.

SCENE 6. THE PLOT UNFOLDS.

OBERON. Welcome, wanderer. Hast thou the flower, the love potion? *(Puck hands the flower to Oberon).* There sleeps Titania and with the love potion, I'll streak her eyes. *(Oberon thinks, picks up Helena's jacket).* Seek through this grove: a sweet Louisiana lady is in love with a disdainful youth: Anoint his eyes; but do it when the next thing he espies may be the lady.

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

TITANIA. *(Musicians play a weird jazz piece. Feux Follets dance slowly).* Sing me now asleep; Then let me rest. *(Feux Follets sleep. Oberon crosses toward her and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids).*

OBERON. What thou seest, when thou dost awake, do it for thy true love take. *(He kisses her forehead then laughs).* Wake when some vile thing is near! *(Oberon crosses, sleeps, and enter Lysander and Hermia adlib).*

LYSANDER. Fair Love, you faint with wand'ring in the swamp, and to speak the truth, I have forgot our way; We'll rest here, Hermia.

HERMIA. Be it so, Lysander. *(They kiss).* Find you out a bed; *(She motions a different place).* For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both; One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth. *(Hermia giggles and puts him off. They kiss again, she pulls apart).*

HERMIA. Lie further off. Such separation becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid. *(She lays a hand over his shoulder. Good night, sweet friend. Enter Puck USL).*

LYSANDER. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I; *(He crosses to his area, frustrated).* Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest! *(Hermia smiles as she sleeps, Puck is exhausted and frustrated).*

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PUCK. Through the forest have I gone. But a Louisiana man found I none.
(Hears Lysander snoring). Who is here? Weeds of Louisiana he doth wear:
And here the maiden, sleeping sound. *(Puck picks up the hat she has discarded and walks as a woman mortal. He touches the flower on Lysander's eyelids. Voudou sounds).* Upon thy eyes I throw all the power
this charm doth owe. Life is so strange, and living seems like dreaming.
(USR Enter Demetrius running. Helena chasing. Exhausted, she falls).

HELENA, *panting.* Stay, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. *(Demetrius exits USR).*

HELENA. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase! *(She sees Lysander and believes he has been hurt).* But who is here? Lysander! Dead? I see no blood. Lysander if you live, good Sir, awake. *(Adlib).*

LYSANDER, *awaking, sees Helena. (He embraces her. She is stunned).*
And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake. Where is Demetrius? O, He shall perish by my hand! *(He is about to rush off, and she stops him. Voudou drums play).*

HELENA. Lysander, say not so. Hermia loves you: then be content.

LYSANDER. Content with Hermia! No, Not Hermia, but Helena I love.
(He tries to kiss her and she avoids him. Helena's feelings are hurt).

HELENA. Why do you mock me? Is't not enough that I never can deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye? I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

LYSANDER. Helena! *(Lysander chases Helena USL. Hermia is waking from a nightmare. Les Feux Follets approach menacingly, hit the floor with long branches/poles, creating a prison. Peaseblossom pulls Hermia beneath the "swamp (fabric)'"They scatter).*

HERMIA. Ay me! What a dream was here! Lysander, look how I do quake with fear: Gone? No word? Either death or you I'll find immediately. *(After escaping, Hermia exits USL).*

SCENE 7. THE MAGICAL GROVE

Puck changes moon to ½ moon. Titania lies asleep. Adlibbing. Swamp sound effects and 20's lively music. Enter USR Quince, Snug, Starveling, Flute, and Snout. Bottom surveys the area with confidence. Puck watches, invisible, claps his hand and everyone freezes

PUCK. In this world, all men dream who they are, but no one understands this. *(Puck sings, then snaps his fingers and the mechanicals are unfrozen).*

QUINCE. Here's a marvelous place for our rehearsal, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the mayor and his betrothed. *(Adlib).*

BOTTOM. Pippa Quince-? There are things in this tragedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. To bring in a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't. *(All the actors agree with Bottom, although no one is ever afraid of wild birds. Snug adds salami to his bread and cheese.)*

SNOUT. Therefore a prologue must tell he is not a lion. *(All mechanicals agree. Bottom has an idea).*

BOTTOM. The actor must speak from the lion's neck, saying thus, -- 'Ladies,'-- I would entreat you,--not to fear, I am a man, as others are. *(Actors clap enthusiastically and Bottom takes the credit & a bow).*

QUINCE. Then all is well. *(Quince tries to silence everyone).* But there is one hard thing. He holds up a finger. Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM. Look in the Almanac? *(Puck takes an almanac out of his bag and slides it to Starveling who is startled and looks around).*

STARVELING. Yes, it doth shine that night.

QUINCE. We must have a wall for Pyramus and Thisby did talk through the chink of a wall.

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SNOUT. What say you, Bottom? (*The actors look toward Bottom as the authority*).

BOTTOM. Some man must present Wall: and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper. (*Bottom illustrates. Enter Puck behind USR*).

QUINCE. Then all is well. Come, Rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: and so every one according to his cue. (*Puck claps his hands again, and actors freeze*).

PUCK *aside to audience, rattling gourd.* What hempen homespuns swagg'ring here, So near the cradle of the fairy queen? What, --a play! I'll be an auditor; an actor too, perhaps. (*Puck claps again for actors to unfreeze*).

QUINCE. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOTTOM. Thisby, the flowers of *odious* savours sweet,--

QUINCE *corrects Bottom.* Odours! (*Bottom smiles condescending*).

BOTTOM. Odours savours sweet: So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear. But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile, And by and by I will to thee appear. (*Bottom exits the SL very dramatically*).

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. (*Puck mimics Bottom as he mimicked Oberon*).

FLUTE. Must I speak now? (*Actors are afraid Flute will ruin them*).

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

FLUTE. Most radiant Pyramus.

QUINCE. Most radiant Pyramus. (*Quince speaks in a falsetto*).

FLUTE. Most radiant Pyramus. I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb. (*Quince takes his cane and pokes him in his genitals. Bottom is practicing his lines. Puck creeps up behind him and sprinkles herbs on him. Bottom swats at the intrusion on his back*).

QUINCE. NINUS! (*Quince corrects loudly*). Pyramus enter: your cue is past. (*The Feux Follets hum, shake gourds and drum*).

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BOTTOM. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine! (*The mechanicals see Bottom wearing an ass's head. Use a wire/twig headpiece to see Bottom's expressions*).

MECHANICALS. (*individually*) O monstrous! (*All mechanicals run in circles. Snug drops his food, runs offstage screaming.*) O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters! fly! Pray Masters! Help! Pray, help us! (*Actors ad lib in period language*).

PUCK, *neighing and barking.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound and neigh, and bark at every turn. (*Puck exits chasing the actors. USL*).

BOTTOM. *singing "Ain't Misbehavin'" badly.* Why do they run? I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me! I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. No one to talk with – all by myself. Ain't Misbehavin' I'm savin my love for you. (*Braying. Drums and harmonica*).

TITANIA. What angel wakes me from *my flow'ry bed*?

BOTTOM. Ain't misbehavin' I'm savin' my love for you. HEE HAW!

TITANIA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; So is mine eye enthrall'd to thy shape; ... I love thee.

BOTTOM. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. (*Makes horse neighing sounds with lips. Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard Seed behind the bower. Titania attempts to kiss Bottom and he continues talking*).

TITANIA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough, I would get out of this swamp. (*Bottom attempts to leave, and Titania magically halts his exit*).

TITANIA, *pouts.* Out of this swamp do not desire to go: I love thee! Come, wait upon him, Feux Follets; lead him to my bower. Tie up my love's tongue bring him silently. (*Feux Follets hum an eerie discordant song. Oberon awakens as Puck approaches*).

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OBERON. I wonder if Titania be awaked. (*Puck whispers in Oberon's ear and gestures, describing the ass scene with gestures*). This falls out better than I could devise. (*They both laugh*). But hast thou yet latch'd the Louisiana lover's eyes With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do? (*music*).

PUCK. I took him sleeping. (*Puck and Oberon are invisible to others*).

OBERON. Stand close. This is the lover.

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

DEMETRIUS. Here for a while I will remain. Bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe. (*Lies down and sleeps*).

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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