

**AUDITIONS- Monday, September 16th
Tuesday, September 17th
Wednesday, September 18th
3:30- 4:30**

Please prepare one or more scenes from this packet. You may prepare a scene with a partner, or you will be given someone to read with. Alternatively, or in addition to your scene, you may prepare a short monologue or sonnet by Shakespeare. If you sing and/or play a hand-held instrument, be prepared with a short demonstration, any style of music.

TIPS:

- Know the play. Read a synopsis, read the whole play, watch a movie version, get a sense for the world of the play, the characters and the plot.
 - Be familiar with the scene, enough to take your eyes off the page, but don't feel like you have to be memorized
 - Read the character descriptions and think about **who** these people are.
 - Know what you are saying. There are plenty of Shakespeare glossaries online, so look up any unfamiliar words, phrases or references.
 - Be yourself. You don't need a special voice or accent to do Shakespeare. You are enough.
 - This is a comedy! Have fun! Enjoy the language and **MAKE BIG CHOICES!!**
 - Fill the space with your voice and presence.
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LYSANDER & HERMIA (ACT 1, SCENE 1)

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,--

HERMIA

O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

LYSANDER

Or else misgraffed in respect of years,--

HERMIA

O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

LYSANDER

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,--

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

HERMIA

If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

QUINCE & BOTTOM (ACT 1, SCENE 2)

QUINCE

Is all our company here?

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

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

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.

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.

QUINCE

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender, you must take Thisby on you. Thisby is the lady that Pyramus must love.

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.

PEASEBLOSSOM (1st FAIRY) & PUCK (ACT 2, SCENE 1)**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;
 Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

PUCK

Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon and make him smile
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 -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.

PEASEBLOSSOM

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

OBERON & TITANIA (ACT 2, SCENE 1)**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. 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.

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.
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter: the spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazed 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 fairy land buys not the child of me.

BOTTOM (ACT 4, SCENE 1)**BOTTOM**

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

HELENA (ACT 1, SCENE 1)**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.