

## **Accolade Community Theatre Audition Notice**

Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream

Adapted by Lindsay Price

This sharp one-act adaptation of Shakespeare's most popular comedy retains all the important plot points for a lighter, fast-moving production. The mischievous fairies, complicated romances, bumbling actors, magic, and laughs are all here! The well-written blend of modern language and Elizabethan dialogue keeps the flavor of Shakespeare's poetry.

Directors: Desi Brown & Malen Mano

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

THESEUS: Duke of Athens

HIPPOLYTA: Queen of the Amazon

EGEUS: Father to Hermia

PHILOSTRATE: Servant

HERMIA: in love with Lysander

LYSANDER: in love with Hermia

HELENA: in love with Demetrius

DEMETRIUS: in love with Hermia

NICK BOTTOM: Weaver

PETER QUINCE: Carpenter

FRANCIS FLUTE: Bellows-mender

TOM SNOOT: Tinker

ROBIN STARVELING: Tailor

SNUG: Joiner

OBERON: King of the Fairies

TITANIA: Queen of the Fairies

PUCK (ROBIN GOODFELLOW: Servant to Oberon

PEASEBLOSSOM: Servant to Titania

MOTH: Servant to Titania

COBWEB: Servant to Titania

MUSTARDSEED: Servant to Titania

OTHER FAIRIES & SPRITES

## **AUDITION DATE**

Saturday, April 20th, 10 to 1pm

Auditions will be held, in person, at the First Presbyterian Church of Richardson, 271 Walton St, Richardson, TX 75081. Please sign up for auditions on our website. Enter on the south side of the building where the portico is located. We will have a sign and a volunteer standing at the entrance.

## **AUDITION REQUIREMENTS**

This show is open to performers age 10 to 101. Little performers can join in on the fun if a parent or sibling aged 16 plus is involved in the production. Please arrive promptly at 9:45am for auditions. Each participant should memorize one of the monologues below. Little performers younger than 10 can memorize one of the monologues, recite a poem or sing a song. We may ask the older performers to do cold reads from the show.

## **REHEARSAL LOCATION AND SCHEDULE**

Rehearsals will be held at First Presbyterian Church of Richardson, 271 Walton St, Richardson, TX 75081. The first rehearsal will take place Wednesday, May 22 6pm to 9pm. Remaining rehearsals are as follows: 5/22, 5/29, 5/31, 6/05, 6/07.

## **OFF SCRIPT DATE: May 22nd**

Since this show has very few rehearsal dates we expect all cast to come into the first rehearsal with their lines memorized. This will help us block the show quickly and have enough rehearsal time to put on a delightful show. A trick to get those lines memorized is to record them and listen to them in the car, while doing dishes, laundry or everyday things. We will make arrangements to get scripts in your hands with plenty of time to have them memorized by the first rehearsal.

## **PERFORMANCE LOCATION**

All performances will be held on the lawn of First Presbyterian Church of Richardson.

## **TECH / DRESS WEEK**

Please mark Tech / Dress dates in your calendar as they are mandatory and crucial to the performance. All Tech Week rehearsals will be held at the performance venue.

## **TECH / DRESS DATES**

Sunday, June 9th:	4pm to 8pm
Monday, June 10th:	6pm to 9:30pm
Wednesday, June 12th:	6pm to 9:30pm
Thursday, June 13th:	6pm to 9:30pm

## **PERFORMANCE DATES**

June 14th @ 7:30pm  
June 15th @ 7:30pm

## **COST: \$50 per participant; Family Cap of \$125**

Our heart is to provide affordable theater for students and their families so we strive to keep our cost minimal. The cost of the show helps us cover the cost of the show expenses. If your family needs a scholarship or you would be willing to offer a scholarship to another student or family please let us know. Payment is due on the first rehearsal, May 22. You may pay by check, Zelle, or PayPal. An invoice will be sent to you via email if you wish to pay via PayPal.

## **ADDITIONAL COSTS**

We ask that all participants that are 18 or older or adult volunteers who work directly with students complete a background check. Background checks cost \$12. If you have already completed a background check with us in the past year you will not have to do another one at this time. Additional costs associated with the show are the cost of your costume. The purchase of a show shirt or Accolade Ad is optional.

## **PARENT VOLUNTEER INVOLVEMENT**

Accolade Community Theatre is a volunteer-run organization. We rely on parent involvement to help keep kids safe and ensure that our rehearsals and performances run smoothly. You will be asked to volunteer to help either load

in or tear down and also for a performance or two. Participating in a play with Accolade does involve a family time commitment. Team work helps make the dream work.

## MONOLOGUES

### 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 stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, 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:**

More strange than true. I never may believe  
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact.  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;  
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy:  
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

**DEMETRIUS:**

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll stay; the other stayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood, And here am I,  
and wood within this wood Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more. 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.

**LYSANDER:**

You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.  
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, If not with vantage, as  
Demetrius;  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be, I am beloved of  
beauteous Hermia: Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
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.

**HERMIA:**

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse, For thou, I fear, hast  
given me cause to curse. If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep And kill me too.  
The sun was not so true unto the day

As he to me. Would he have stolen away From sleeping Hermia?  
Where is he? Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds Of maiden's  
patience. Hast thou slain him, then? Henceforth be never numbered  
among men. O, once tell true! Tell true, even for my sake!

**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  
winged Cupid painted blind. Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment  
taste. Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.

For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne, He hailed down oaths  
that he was only mine; And when this hail some heat from Hermia  
felt, So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt. I will go tell him  
of fair Hermia's flight.

Then to the wood will he tomorrow 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.

**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.

**QUINCE:**

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show.  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain. This man is  
Pyramus, if you would know. This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.  
This man with lime and roughcast doth present  
“Wall,” that vile wall which did these lovers sunder; And through  
Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder. This man, with  
lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth “Moonshine,” for, if you will know, By moonshine did  
these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly beast  
(which “Lion” hight by name)  
The trusty Thisbe coming first by night Did scare away or rather did  
affright; And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes Pyramus,  
sweet youth and tall,



And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain. Whereat, with blade,  
with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast. And Thisbe, tarrying  
in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, Let Lion, Moonshine,  
Wall, and lovers twain At large discourse, while here they do  
remain.

**SNUG, as Lion:**

You ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor, May now  
perchance both quake and tremble here, When lion rough in wildest  
rage doth roar.  
Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, am  
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;  
For if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

**SNOUT, as Wall:**

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 roughcast, 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.

**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,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits. I'll be gone. Our queen and all her elves  
come here anon.

**PUCK:**

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend:  
if you pardon, we will mend:  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call;  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore  
amends.

## **TITANIA**

What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence. Never, since the middle  
summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport. And thorough  
this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter: the spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd 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.

The Fairyland buys not the child of me. His mother was a vot'ress of  
my order, And in the spicèd Indian air by night  
Full often hath she gossiped by my side But she, being mortal, of  
that boy did die, And for her sake do I rear up her boy, And for her  
sake I will not part with him. Fairies, away.

## **OBERON:**

I pray thee give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, Quite over-canopied  
with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with  
eglantine. There sleeps Titania sometime of the night, Lulled in  
these flowers with dances and delight; And there the snake throws  
her enameled skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in. And with  
the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, And make her full of hateful  
fantasies. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove: A  
sweet Athenian lady is in love With a disdainful youth. Anoint his

eyes; But do it when the next thing he espies May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man by the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove more fond on her than she upon her love: And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.