



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM - AUDITION PACK

Taunton Thespians on Tour 2025

Launch event: Thursday 3rd April from 7:30pm at The Place

Open Audition dates

Sunday April 6th, 2 pm

Monday April 7th, 7:30 pm

Thursday April 10th, 7:30 pm

at The Place, Wilfred Road,
Taunton. TAI ITB





Audition form

About the production

“A Midsummer Nights Dream” by William Shakespeare

Directed by Bob Corwin

“The course of true love never did run smooth.....” And of course it doesn’t as we meet mixed up young lovers, interfering parents, wise rulers, mischievous fairies, couples that can’t live with or without each other, jealousy, fights and more. Oh and meanwhile a group of bumbling yokels rehearse and perform a play!

The setting is classical -with a twist to reflect the characters that range from the court of Theseus, the Fairy Spirits and our barmy “Mechanicals”. With a full cast of characters, lots of music and bags of energy you will captivate our audiences across 10 beautiful outdoor venues across Somerset.

You can find out more by coming along to the Production Launch evening on Thursday April 3rd at 7:30pm at The Place. You’ll see costumes, how the set will work, hear some of the music, more about the characters and I’ll be giving details on the rehearsal plans AND we’ll be doing some workshop stuff about performing The Bard.....

- **Auditions:** Sunday April 6th at 2pm, Monday April 7th and Thursday April 10th at 7:30 pm
- **Rehearsals:** First rehearsal planned for Monday April 21st 7:30 pm with subsequent planned for Monday & Thursday evenings up to production date. Note, additional rehearsals may be added as necessary.
- **Performances: Tues 15th to Sat 26th July at 10 separate venues (note, transport will be available)**

Responsibilities: in line with the Thespians’ Production Document, actors are expected to arrive promptly for all rehearsals, photo shoots and publicity activities as called in the rehearsal schedule and to learn their lines and moves according to production schedule. Everyone is expected to behave with consideration and respect to everyone involved with the production. Cast and crew must be members of the Society.

About you

- **Name:**
- **Phone number:**
- **Email address:**
- **Age (if under 18):**
- **Preferred role or roles:**
- Examples of previous acting roles:
- Holiday dates, other planned absences or other significant commitments during the rehearsal period:
- If not cast, would you be prepared to support the show in a backstage position? Or front of house?

About the acting roles

The four lovers:

HERMIA – Playing age late teens to early 20s, strong minded, defiant, small in physical stature compared to Helena. A bit of a firecracker.

LYSANDER – Playing age late teens to early 20s, quick witted, true to himself

HELENA - Playing age late teens to early 20s, wants to be seen as more than just a bit of totty, a little bit scheming but still a friend to Hermia if a jealous one.

DEMETRIUS - Playing age late teens to early 20s, a bit entitled, a bit of a cad.

The Nobles:

THESEUS, duke of Athens – Playing age 40s plus, womaniser, sagacious, strong, not to be trifled with yet understanding of people. A wise ruler with a sense of humour.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons – Playing age 20s to 40s has to submit herself to Theseus but in doing so becomes his council. A smaller part, Hippolyta makes several appearances and may be doubled up with another character.

EGEUS, father to Hermia – Playing age 50 plus, a bit of an old woman. Perhaps rather haughty but ultimately knows his place. Egeus may be doubled with another character.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus, jolly chap, bit of a jester really. Will be doubled up with another character for playing.

The Mechanicals

NICK BOTTOM, weaver – playing age 30s to 40s, brash but not bad, full of himself yet likeable. He's a loveable bumbler really. Oblivious to Quince.

PETER QUINCE, carpenter – may be played by female, aged 20s to 40s, considers him/herself to be the boss but rarely gets his way, lousy judge of character! Besotted with Bottom.

FRANCIS FLUTE, bellows-mender – age 20s, youngish, eager to please but a bit unsure of himself.

TOM SNOUT, tinker age 20s to 50s, Solid chap, a follower not a leader, needs to be reasonably tall

SNUG, joiner played female, any age, painfully shy! Is ludicrously cast to play Lion in P&Th

ROBIN STARVELING, tailor played female, any age, grumpy. Will be cast as Moonshine in P&Th

The Fairies

OBERON, king of the Fairies – age 30s onwards, Imposing figure if possible. Scheming, a tad impatient. Loves Titania but she drives him nuts.

TITANIA, queen of the Fairies – 30s onwards proud, stunning, coy, demure, every inch a lady and then some....her own woman but has a torrid on/off relationship with Oberon. He drives her nuts!

PUCK, a mischievous impish character, in Oberon's service – indeterminate age, male/female, a bundle of energy and mischief but not a bad spirit, rather a spirit who sees human faults where perhaps Oberon does not. Puck is very much Oberon's fixer if a little unreliable.

Other Fairies in the service of Titania – A Fairy plus PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED – May be doubled up with characters as above.....

Audition pieces – see following pages under character names.

What I will be looking for is a combination of things including voice, fluency, physicality in respect of a particular character and ability to take direction as appropriate. You might find that you are asked to read a totally different character in addition to one that you have an interest in!

Please let me know if you have a particular character preference that you would like to play. Below are some extracts from the script. Feel free to learn a character if you wish but I'd prefer you just familiarize yourself with that character and read it. Just give me your best shot!

Bob Corwin

Director

I. Characters: THESEUS, EGEUS, HIPPOLYTA, HERMIA (Opening Scene)

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,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIPPOLYTA Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THESEUS Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

EGEUS Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

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

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, nose-gays, 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

What say you, Hermia? be advised fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
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,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

Extra for Hippolyta – Act 4 SI, Theseus & Court are out for a dawn hunt.

THESEUS Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Exit an Attendant

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

2. Characters: Lysander & Hermia (Act I SI, Hermia has been told she could die if she does not obey her father and marry Demetrius)

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 enthral'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,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

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.

LYSANDER A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
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 lovest 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,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA

My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

3. Characters: Demetrius & Helena (Demetrius has followed the others into the woods and Helena has chased after him)

Helena makes growling/barking noises.....

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 worser 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.

4. Characters: Titania, Oberon (Titania and Oberon make their first appearance from opposite sides....)

- 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
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. 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?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair AEgle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?
- 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.
- OBERON** 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.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive

And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,--her womb then rich with my young squire,--
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
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.

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, (or poss Fairy) away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

Exit TITANIA with her train

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,
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.

5. Quince, Bottom, Flute etc (AI S2, the mechanicals are meeting to start rehearsing their play)

- 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.
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.
- 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.

6. Characters: Bottom & Titania (Bottom's head has been changed into an Ass by Puck, Titania, unseen still lies asleep on her flowery bed, she has had a spell put on her by Oberon so that she will fall in love with the first creature she sees)

BOTTOM I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

Sings

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,--

TITANIA [Awaking] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

BOTTOM [Sings]The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;--
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry
'cuckoo' never so?

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;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, 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; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

TITANIA Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITANIA Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt 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 fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

7. Characters Oberon & Puck (Act 3 S2 and Oberon is wondering if Puck has carried out his instructions to cast spells on various mortals.....)

OBERON I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

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 mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
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 nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all
things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

OBERON This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK I took him sleeping,--that is finish'd too,--
And the Athenian woman by his side:
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS

OBERON Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

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

Dialogue follows with Hermia & Demetrius who Puck has cast the spell on the wrong lover causing an almighty mess.....they exit

OBERON What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBERON About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Extra – Puck's Speech delivered at the end of the play.....

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.

8. Characters: Bottom, Quince, Flute, Snug (Act 4 S2 and the mechanicals are desolate at the disappearance of the “transformed” Bottom)

QUINCE Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STARVELING He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

FLUTE If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

QUINCE It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

FLUTE No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUINCE Yea and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLUTE You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG

SNUG Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLUTE O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUINCE Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOTTOM

Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

QUINCE

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!