

Collage

8 boys + 8 girls

Becerril Martinez, Santiago	Character 1
Bennett, Rhianna	Helena (chase scene)
Brumsey, Camron	Character 2
Campbell, Mason	O for a muse (part 1)
Compton, Christian	Bottom (Pyramus)
Crocker, Kirsten	Hamlet 1
Inder, Samantha	Hamlet 2
Langdon, Brooke	Helena (How happy..)
Langdon, Drew	Demetrius
Payne, Amy	Hamlet 3
Pinksen, Christopher	O for a muse (part 2)
Pittman, Edward	Wall
Reid, Evelyn	O for a muse (part 3)
Simmons, Jillian	Thisby
Sparkes, Ethan	Character 3
Story, Kate	Hamlet 4

Mason appears center stage and utters his lines.

Mason O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object.

Christopher appears stage right and utters his lines.

Christopher Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques

That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:

Evelyn appears stage-left and utters her lines.

Evelyn Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide on man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Santiago, Ethan and Cameron appear stage right, clapping at the performance. Mason, Christopher and Evelyn bow.

Cameron Good job! I don't know what you guys were saying, but, good job!

Santiago My first language was Spanish, so Shakespeare is a bit tricky for me.

Ethan What?

Santiago Shakespeare is a bit tricky for me.

Ethan What?

Santiago (Pause) Shakespeare is a bit tricky.

Ethan (Pause) I don't know what you're saying.

Rihanna squeals off stage left. Drew runs on from stage left while Rihanna pursues him.

Drew 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.

Rihanna 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.

Drew 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?

Rihanna 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?

Drew Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Rihanna And I am sick when I look not on you.

Drew 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.

Rihanna 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?

Drew I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Rihanna 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.

Drew 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.

Rihanna 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 Drew (as DEMETRIUS)

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Rihanna (as Helena exits). The entire cast exchange confused glances and exit. Brooke appears up center stage with a chair. She places the chair center stage and sits.

Brooke 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, folding 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:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
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.

Brooke exits up center with her chair. The whole cast re-appears on stage. Christian, Edward and Jillian take center stage to play Pyramus and Thisby. Edward is Wall. All other cast members sit down stage, backs to the audience. Cameron stands stage left. Ethan stand stage right.

Cameron Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Christian O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

Edward (as Wall) holds up his fingers

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Ethan The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Christian No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me'
is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to
spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Jillian (as Thisbe).

Jillian O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Christian I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

Jillian My love thou art, my love I think.

Christian Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

Jillian *And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.*

Christian Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

Jillian As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Christian O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

Jillian I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Christian Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

Jillian 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

Edward Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Edward exits up center. Kirsten and Sam enter stage right and left respectively. Both have rapiers (swords or shortened broom sticks). Kristen cuts at Sam in the numbers that follow each line and vice versa.

Kristen *To be, or not to be, that is the question:* [2, 3, 2, 3, 2, 3]
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles [4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5]
And by opposing end them. To die—to sleep.

Sam No more; and by a sleep to say we end [2]
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub.

Kate and Amy enter stage right and left respectively.

Kate For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off *this mortal coil,*

Must give us pause—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.

Amy For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might *his quietus make*
With a bare bodkin?

Amy grabs Sam's rapier and cuts Kristen.

Kristen Who would fardels bear, [Amy cut 2, 3]
To grunt and sweat under a weary life, [Amy cut 4, 5]
But that the dread of something after death, [1]
The undiscovere'd country, from whose bourn [1]
No traveller returns, puzzles the will, [1. Kristen drops her rapier]
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Kate *Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,*
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

There is a momentary stillness.

Cameron Well, that was fun!

Ethan Yeah! I like watching girls fight!

Santiago What?

Ethan Girls fighting!

Santiago Yeah!

Evelyn 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.

Christopher 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;

Mason 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.

All actors form a line down center and take a bow following Mason's lead. Curtain.