**Group script**

**Bottom: Are we all met?**

**Quince: All met. And this garage will serve as a convenient place for our rock band. But, Flute, I must ask, are you sure your mother is okay with us using her basement for rehearsal?**

**Flute: Well...**

**Bottom: I’m sure it’s fine.**

**Flute: I didn’t exactly ask for her permission...**

**Snout: What a nice garage. The concrete floors and dim lighting remind me of [pause...] my childhood.**

**[awkward pause]**

**Flute: Oh, I’m sorry, William. [hugs Snout]**

**Bottom: Hey! Stage names only, *Flute*. William is your past; Snout is your future. Think money!**

**Flute: Sorry Bottom. You’re right. We need to think about our future. We need the money.**

**[sings] money, money, money! Must be funny, in a rich man’s world...**

**Quince: [sings] Bottom, no more counting dollars, we’ll be counting stars.**

**[Everyone except Bottom:] [sings] ...Lately I’ve been, I’ve been losing sleep, dreamin’ about the things that we could be— [gets cut off by Bottom]**

**Bottom: No, no, no! *I’m* the lead vocal. [takes maracas from Flute]. And *I* play the maracas. And the tambourine. *And* the harmonica. All at the same time. Because *I* am Telligent.**

**Quince: -*Intelligent-***

**Bottom: And because of my *telligence*, I can see that there are things in our new song that will never work, [mutters] because Quince wrote it.**

**Flute: Hey! I think the song is great! [Bottom looks at him] Sorry…**

**Bottom: If it were up to me, I would never have chosen to base it off of a Shakespeare play! [beat] Anyway, what about that line where Pyramus draws a sword to kill himself? When they hear that, the men will be scared out of their wits!**

**Snout: He kills himself?!?**

**Quince: Snout, did you even *read* the lyrics?**

**Flute: [trembling and stuttering] I read it and I fear it, I promise you.**

**Snout: Me too.**

**Flute: I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done. I didn’t realize someone *dies*! That’s so violent. People will be very scared. [quietly] I’ll be scared.**

**Bottom: Don’t fear! I have a device to make all well. Before our concert, we will tell everyone that nobody *actually* dies and assure them that our songs are fictional.**

**Quince: That sounds good. But we need something to decorate the stage for our performance.**

**Flute: What about some colourful ceLEBrate lights? Those are cheap *and* great quality! [break for applause]**

**Quince: That should work well. But we need lots of practice before the concert. Come, sit down, every mother’s son, and rehearse your parts. Flute, you can play the maracas, and Snout, you play the harmonica. Bottom, you sing.**

**[beat]**

**Flute: Um...Quince? I don’t actually know how to play the maracas. I can play the flute though.  [is ignored]**

**Quince: Ok guys. Here is the sheet music. And these are the lyrics. Snout and Flute, you can sing backup as well.**

**Flute: Must I speak now?**

**Bottom: No, no. No backup is necessary. I can be a lead singer and the backup.**

**'Cause you were Thisby, I was a scarlet letter**

**And my daddy said, "Stay away from Thisby"**

**[Snug and Flute dancing awkwardly]**

**Quince: Stop! [Flute and Snout stop playing music] Bottom, you have the words all wrong. It’s ‘stay away from *Pyramus’*, not Thisby. Okay, let’s start again from the top. And a one, and a two, and a one two three four! [Emma leaves]**

**Bottom: 'Cause you were Pyramus, I was a scarlet letter**

**And my daddy said, "Stay away from Pyramus"**

**But you were everything to me**

**I was begging you please don't go and I said**

**Pyramus, take me somewhere we can be alone**

**I'll be waiting, all there's left to do is run**

**You'll be the prince and I'll be the other prince**

**It's a love story baby just say "Yes"**

**Puck: What do we have here? [pause] This band sucks! Rock music sucks. Classical music is way better.**

**Quince: No no no! This is all wrong. The maracas are off beat, the tambourine is too loud, and the harmonica is off pitch!**

**Puck: Hmm...I thought the maracas were actually ok. The singing though... not so good.**

**Snout: Quince, maybe I could play something too. I’m very familiar with the motion of hit - I mean playing – the tambourine. [awkward pause]**

**Quince: Sure. Bottom, I think you are doing enough already. [takes tambourine and hands to Snout]**

**Bottom: I already told you, *I* can do it myself! [yanks the tambourine back]**

**Puck: What a self-absorbed prat! I’ll follow you. I’ll lead you about a round**

**Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.**

**Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometime a hound,**

**A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire.**

**And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,**

**Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.**

**Quince: Bottom, go practice in the corner over there while we practice the music.**

**Puck: I was sent by the king of classical music to spread the love of this amazing genre. I can start doing my duty by making this metaphorically deaf man hear the wonders of classical music! How about… I turn him into Beethoven? [skipping around Bottom, magic gives Bottom Beethoven wig] Yes, what a wonderful idea! He’ll become Beethoven! [maniacal laughter] Oh yes!**

**[beat]**

**You know what Beethoven’s favourite fruit is? Ba-na-na-na! [maniacal laughter, skips away]**

**Bottom (with wig): What is this dreadful sound? Is it… Rock music? Disgusting! My delicate taste for music cannot stand such nonsense. Classical music is way sophisticateder. [walks towards stage]**

**Snout: O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee? [runs away]**

**Bottom: [dramatically] I quit the band. I’m tired of wearing all black all the time. T’is finally time for me to show my true colours!**

**[sings] ...And I see my true colors shining through!!!!**

**What a classical classic**

**Puck: Success! Good job Robin. I must be so Telligent. [high five himself] My work here is done.**

**Quince: Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art translated.**

**Bottom: I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me, if they could. Well, I won’t go back. I will never go back!**

**Snout: That thing is so scary.**

**Bottom: [walks down street. humming famous classical piece, hears Für Elise] What’s that beautiful sound?**

**Titania: [playing Für Elise]**

**Bottom: [slowly walks closer to her, sits on piano bench, presses on random notes]**

**Titania: What angel wakes me with the beautiful delicacy of their music? I pray thee, gentle mortal, play again: Mine ear is much enamored of thy note; So is mine eye enthrallèd 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: (flustered) Oh...well, I... How could you, exquisite creature, be in love with such a creature as... me? (giggles) Well, you know, I suppose that sometimes true love causes some level of...insanity. (both giggle)**

**Titania: Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.**

**[both giggle]**

**And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I’ll give thee an assistant to attend on thee. Peaseblossom-Cobweb-Moth-Mustardseed.**

**[Peaseblossom-Cobweb-Moth-Mustardseed appears, Bottom appears to be disappointed that he only gets one assistant]**

**Fairy: Ready, And I. [echoing] And I. And I. Where shall we go?**

**Bottom: What’s with the echoing?**

**Fairy: When one is passionate about their art, they often want to hear it repeatedly, over and over again, and again...**

**Titania: Ok, make sure to treat—um, darling, I don’t think I actually caught your name (awkward laugh).**

**Bottom: They call me BOTTOM!**

**Titania: Make sure to treat *Bottom* as you would an extraordinary musician... like Beethoven!... Our beloved Bottom shall now be known as BEETHOVEN! Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes. For his talent is unrivaled even by Mozart!**

**Fairy: Hail, mortal! [echoing] Hail! Hail! Hail!**

**Bottom: Thank you... What’s your name?**

**Titania: My name is Titania. You may know me as I'm a famous classical pianist.**

**Bottom: Well, thanks Titania. And you, what is your name again?**

**Fairy/attendant: My name is Peaseblossom-Cobweb-Moth-Mustardseed.**

**Bottom: What a wonderful name! I shall desire you of more acquaintance. We are very alike, you see?**

**Fairy/Attendant: Really?**

**Bottom: Of course! The length of your name reminds me of my own endless fame and talent.**

**[Bottom and Titania giggle]**

**Bottom: Standing in the hall of fame (yeah)**

**And the world's gonna know my name (yeah)**

**'Cause I burn with the brightest flame (yeah)**

**[Peaseblossom-Cobweb-Moth-Mustardseed and Titania clap enthusiastically]**

**Titania and fairy: Bravo! Touching! Incredible! etc]**

**[Titania stands up]**

**Titania: Come, wait upon him. Lead him to my bower.**

**The moon methinks looks with a watery eye.**

**And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,**

**Lamenting some enforcèd chastity.**

**Tie up my love’s tongue. Bring him silently.**