*Act 3 Scene 1*

*While* ***TITANIA*** *is asleep onstage,(in the forest)—****BOTTOM****,* ***QUINCE****,* ***FLUTE****,* ***SNUG****,* ***SNOUT****, and* ***STARVELING****—enter.*

**BOTTOM**: Are we all here?

**QUINCE:** Right on time. This is the perfect place to rehearse.

**BOTTOM**: Peter Quince—

**QUINCE**: What is it, Bottom?

**BOTTOM:** This play is a bit R-Rated for my tastes. For example, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, what should we do about that?

**SNOUT:** By God, that will be a problem!

**STARVELING:** We must leave the killing out.

**Bottom:** I have an idea! I will tell the audience that I am not really Pyramus, but Bottom pretending to be Pyramus, that will fix it!

**SNOUT:** What about the lion?

**STARVELING:** Yes, I am afraid of the lion!

**BOTTOM:** I know, we’ll make it so the mask only covers half of his face and say that he is not really a lion, but Snug the joiner

**QUINCE:** Sounds good! Two more things: one, how do we get moonlight into a palace? Pyramus and Thisbe met by moonlight.

**BOTTOM:** Open the window?

**QUINCE:** How about we have someone play the moon. Last problem: we need a wall, that is where Pyramus and Thisbe meet and talk.

**BOTTOM:** Someone should play the wall. We can cover them in plaster and clay and they can hold their fingers in a circle, like this *(He makes the motion*), and Pyramus and Thisbe can whisper through them.

**QUINCE:** Perfect! Let’s rehearse! Pyramus, hide in that bush. (*Bottom hides*)

**PUCK:** Who are these idiots? They are really close to the Fairy Queen’s bed! I will watch and maybe have some fun.

**QUINCE:** Bottom! Your line!

**BOTTOM**:*(as* PYRAMUS*)* Thisbe, flowers with sweet odious smells—

**QUINCE**: “Odors,” you idiot, the word is ODORS!”

**BOTTOM**: *(as* PYRAMUS*)* —odors and smells are like your breath, my dearest Thisbe dear. But what’s that, a voice! Wait here a while. I’ll be right back!

***BOTTOM*** *exits.*

**PUCK:***(to himself)* That’s the worst Pyramus I’ve ever seen.

***PUCK*** *exits.*

**FLUTE**: Am I supposed to talk now?

**QUINCE**: Yes, you are.

**FLUTE**: *(as* THISBE-talks in a high, squeaky voice*)*

Most radiant Pyramus, you are as white as a lily, and the color of a red rose on a splendid rosebush, a very lively young man. You are as reliable as a horse that never gets tired. I’ll meet you, Pyramus, at Ninny’s grave!

**QUINCE**: That’s “Ninus’s grave,” man! And don’t say all of that yet. You’re supposed to say some of it as a reply to Pyramus.

***PUCK*** *enters with* ***BOTTOM****, with a donkey’s head instead of a human head.*

**BOTTOM**: *(as* PYRAMUS*)* If I were handsome, my lovely Thisbe, I would still want only you.

**ALL (but PUCK and BOTTOM):** AHHHHHHH!!!!! MONSTER!!!!! *(all but Puck and Bottom run away)*

*Puck laughs*

**BOTTOM:** Why are you running away? Are you making fun of me?

*Enter Snout*

**SNOUT:** Bottom, you have changed!

**BOTTOM:** You are acting like an ass!

**SNOUT:** Well, you look like one! *(Snout runs away)*

*Exit Puck*

**BOTTOM**: I see what they’re up to. They want to make an ass of me, to scare me if they can. But I won’t leave this spot, no matter what they do. I’ll walk up and down and sing a song, so they’ll know I’m not afraid.

*(singing)-with proper actions to “I’m a little teapot”*

*”I’m a little teapot short and stout*

*Here is my handle here is my spout*

*When I get all steamed up then I shout*

*Tip me over and pour me out!”*

**TITANIA**: *(wakes up and yawns and stretches and then looks over and sees Bottom and gazes at him with ADORING eyes)* What angel is this who’s waking me up from my bed of flowers?

*Bottom stops singing*

**TITANIA**: Please sing again, sweet human. I love to listen to your voice, and I love to look at your amazing body. I can’t help swearing to you that I love you.

**BOTTOM**: I don’t think you’ve got much of a reason to love me. But to tell you the truth, reason and love have very little to do with each other these days.

**TITANIA**: You’re as wise as you are beautiful.

**BOTTOM**: No, that’s not true. But if I were smart enough to get out of this forest, I’d be wise enough to satisfy myself.

**TITANIA**: Don’t bother wishing you could leave this forest, because you’re going to stay here whether you want to or not. I’ll give you fairies as servants. Come here, my little fairy servants…Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed get your little butts over here!

*Four fairies—****PEASEBLOSSOM****,* ***COBWEB****,* ***MOTH****, and* ***MUSTARDSEED****—enter) frolicking and flittering all over the place...or whatever fairies do….*

**TITANIA:** Give this handsome creature whatever he wants!

*(****TITANIA whispers to fairies:*** just make sure you shut him up and get him to my bed!)

*They all exit.*