



BATTLE OF THE BARDS 2024

SHAKESPEARE4ALL

AUDITION SCRIPTS: ENSEMBLE

Audition Video Guidelines 試鏡視頻指引

1. Please submit a short video in English of between 5-15 minutes, including a short introduction of yourself in English, the character you are playing, the piece you have chosen, why you would like to join the Battle of the Bards, and then the audition piece.
請準備一段長約5-15分鐘的英文短片，短片需包括簡短的自我介紹，所揀選的選段，角色，為什麼參加詩人遊戰，以及選段的試鏡演出。
2. The selections offer a variety of pieces and students may select any script regardless of gender. Choose a script that will best showcase your abilities with the intention of no alterations. If alterations are needed, please inform Shakespeare4All for approval or consultation.
香港小莎翁提供多項作品選段以供選擇，學生可不分性別自由選擇適合他們的選段進行試鏡演出。參賽者不得擅自更改劇本，並須按提供之選段一字不漏原文演出。
3. Please send your video to battleofthebards.s4a@gmail.com in either .MP4 or .MOV format on or before 31st March 2024.
請在2024年3月31日或之前以MP4或.MOV格式將視頻發送至 battleofthebards.s4a@gmail.com
4. Please indicate the contestant's name, age and competition applying in your email.
請您在電子郵件中顯示參賽者的姓名，歲數及參賽項目。
5. There will be Q&A Zoom Sessions held by Shakespeare4All to answer questions and give advice for the application. Please refer to the website for dates and to register. You can also contact Shakespeare4All via email with questions.,
香港小莎翁將舉辦網上Zoom資訊會以解答及提供意見給各參賽者。有關資訊會日期，詳情及登記方式，請查閱網站。您亦可透過電郵聯絡香港小莎翁查詢。
6. Announcement of Finalists 5th April 2024. If selected to compete in the finals, there will be feedback given from the judges.
決賽名單將於2024年4月5日公佈。如成功被挑選躋身決賽，將得到評判提供表演建議。

ENSEMBLE SCRIPTS

THEATRE PIECE: A Midsummer Night's Dream, (Act 5, Scene 1)

Characters:

Note: One Actor can play more than 1 character

- Quince
- Bottom - As Pyramus
- Flute - As Thisbe
- Snug - as a Lion
- Starveling - As Moon
- Snout - as the Wall
- Theseus
- Hippolyta
- Demetrius

(Lysander has been removed from this scene)

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 Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, 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 lanthorn, 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 Thisby, 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 Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, 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.

[Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine]

THESEUS

I wonder if the lion be to speak.

DEMETRIUS

No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

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 Thisby
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast 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.

THESEUS

Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEMETRIUS

It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

[Enter Pyramus]

THESEUS

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

PYRAMUS

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!

[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!

THESEUS

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

PYRAMUS

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 Thisbe]

THISBE

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.

PYRAMUS

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

THISBE

My love thou art, my love I think.

PYRAMUS

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

THISBE

And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

PYRAMUS

Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

THISBE

As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

PYRAMUS

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

THISBE

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

PYRAMUS

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THISBE

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

[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe]

WALL

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

[Exit]

THESEUS

Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

DEMETRIUS

No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear
without warning.

HIPPOLYTA

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THESEUS

The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst
are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIPPOLYTA

It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THESEUS

If we imagine no worse of them than they of
themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here
come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

[Enter Lion and Moonshine]

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, one 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.

THESEUS

A very gentle beast, of a good conscience.

DEMETRIUS

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYSANDER

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THESEUS

True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEMETRIUS

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his
discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

THESEUS

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour;
for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:
leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

MOONSHINE

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;--

DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horns on his head.

THESEUS

He is no crescent, and his horns are
invisible within the circumference.

MOONSHINE

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

THESEUS

This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

DEMETRIUS

He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

HIPPOLYTA

I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

THESEUS

It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

DEMETRIUS

Proceed, Moon.

MOONSHINE

All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEMETRIUS

Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

[Enter Thisbe]

THISBE

This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

LION

[Roaring]

[Thisbe runs off]

DEMETRIUS

Well roared, Lion.

THESEUS

Well run, Thisbe.

HIPPOLYTA

Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit]

THESEUS

Well moused, Lion.

DEMETRIUS

And so the lion vanished.

And then came Pyramus.

[Enter Pyramus]

PYRAMUS

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

THESEUS

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would
go near to make a man look sad.

HIPPOLYTA

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYRAMUS

O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
Stabs himself
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon take thy flight:
Exit Moonshine
Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies]

DEMETRIUS

Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

THESEUS

With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and
prove an ass.

HIPPOLYTA

How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes
back and finds her lover?

THESEUS

She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and
her passion ends the play.

[Re-enter Thisbe]

HIPPOLYTA

Methinks she should not use a long one for such a
Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

DEMETRIUS

A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which
Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us;
she for a woman, God bless us.

THISBE

Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These My lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
Stabs herself
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.