

**Midsummer Nightmare II** is a longer version than the previously released *Midsummer Nightmare*. This second version includes the 'play within a play' - *Pyramus and Thisby* – and thus has a larger cast than its predecessor.

This play was written for a **cast of 17**. As this involves 'doubling up' by the principal characters – from dream to nightmare version, the cast can easily be extended to **21 plus** – i.e. without doubling up – as comprehensively explained in the production notes.

For details or clarification, please feel free to email me on [sue@plays-r-ussell.com](mailto:sue@plays-r-ussell.com) and/or visit my website [www.plays-r-ussell.com](http://www.plays-r-ussell.com)

**Estimated length of play: 50 minutes**

**Midsummer Nightmare II** (including *Pyramus and Thisby* play) **Sample text**

Quince: Pyramus! Thisby! Kindly demonstrate for us how you use this worthy Wall!

(Bottom and Flute stand on either side of Snout's Wall, and make exaggerated whispering noises through the hole)

Theseus: (Appreciatively) Amazing!

Hippolyta: (Sarcastically) Awesome!

Bottom: You wait til you see us kissing!

(Flute falls over backwards)

Flute: Er, I don't think that will be necessary!

(Bottom pouting, making ridiculous 'smirching' noises through the Wall)

Quince: Bottom! Maybe we should let the audience use just a *little* of their imaginations?!

Bottom: (Sulkily) OK, OK. I guess I shouldn't give them too much too early on! I don't want to overwhelm them!

Theseus: Quite so! The ladies can only take so much! Moving on ..

(Bottom and Flute back to the Wall)

Bottom: Thisby, my love!

Flute: (High pitched) Pyramus, my *love* love!

(To Quince, in normal gruff voice) How am I doing?

Quince: Don't stop! Remember – feminine!

(Flute flounces round to the other side of the Wall, Wall trying to block him)

Bottom: Get back! Stay on your side, remember?!

(Flute scuttles back to his side)

Flute: (Squeaking) Here I am again!

(Pauses, trying to remember his words)

Er, em. Ill met by moonlight?

Quince: Cut! Cut! We've already had that line!

Hippolyta: Oh dear! It would seem we are still attending the rehearsal!

Flute: No! No! Dear lady! This is as real as it gets!

Hippolyta: Really?

Flute: Truly! Now, ... ah yes! ...that was it!.... Pyramus, I will meet you at Ninny's tomb!

Quince: (Exploding) Ninus' tomb, you nincompoop! How many *more* times do I need to tell you?!

Flute: (Flouncing off stage in a huff) Well, if you're going to be like that ...!!

Quince: Come back! Come back! Keep to the script!

Theseus: (Incredulously) Script? You mean, there *is* one?!

Quince: (Coughing) Players! Next scene!

(Snug rushes back onto the stage, roaring. All women scream)

Quince: Cut! Cut! What are you doing here? Wait for Thisby!

(Snug crawls off stage, sulkily)

Thisby: Ah! What a beautiful night!

(Starveling swinging lantern in front of her face)

How I long to see Pyramus!

(Calling)

Pyramus! Pyramus! Wherefore art thou, Pyramus?

Bottom: Over here, fair Juliet! I mean, Thisby!

(Quince, clutching his head in his hands) No! No! No! Not yet! Where's that wretched lion? You come on *after* him, remember?

(Bottom exits, Snug rushes on roaring at the top of his lungs – ending in a coughing heap on the ground)

Snug: (Gasping) My inhaler! Who's got my inhaler!

Quince: Oh for pity's sake! Whoever heard of an asthmatic lion?!

(Everyone falls about laughing)

Theseus: (To Hippolyta) Have you ever had such entertainment?

Hippolyta: Of this kind? No!

(Quince passes Snug an inhaler, which he proceeds to use, noisily – breathing eventually returns to normal)

Quince: (Sighing) Ready?

Snug: (Still gasping a little) I think so.

(Tries a few pitiful meowing type 'roars')

Quince: Is that the best you can do? For shame! You wouldn't scare a mouse!

Flute: (Screaming) Mouse? Did someone say mouse? I'm outta here!

(Drops veil behind, which Snug picks up, applies a little tomato ketchup, and then drops back on the ground, before exiting)

(Everyone looks around expectantly)

Quince: Bottom? Now!

(Bottom rushes on and scoops up 'bloodied' veil)

Bottom: Thisby!

(Throws himself around stage, with agonized wailing)

Ah me! Ah my! Thisby? What has happened to you?

(Quince grabs Flute before he has a chance to race back onto stage, hissing "Wait!")

My part is over!

Hippolyta: (Muttering) One down, 5 to go!