

(Student 3 drops the script and continues on with his part. He drops himself on top of Student 1.)

STU. 3 (M).

And, to *unk* in it, should you burden love —

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

(The two boys start wrestling.)

STU. 1 (H).

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

STU. 3 (M).

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking and you beat love down.

(He is the victor of the wrestling match.)

Come, we burn daylight, ho.

(He hoists Student 1 up in a fireman's carry.)

STU. 1 (R).

Nay, and we mean well in going to this masque,

But 'tis no wit to go.

(Student 1 reaches down the back of Student 3's pants and gives him a wedgie, forcing Student 3 to let him go.)

STU. 3 (M).

Why, may one ask?

(Student 1 grabs the script and runs to show it to Student 3.)

STU. 1 (R).

I dreamt a dream tonight!

STU. 3 (M).

And so did I.

STU. 1 (R).

Well what was yours?

STU. 3 (M).

That dreamers often lie.

(Student 3 pushes Student 1 to the ground and takes the script from him.)

STU. 1 (R).

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

(Student 3 sees the next passage in the play.)

STU. 3 (M).

O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

(The sound of a woman's laughter. Student 3 drops the book and the boys look around terrified. As the laughter subsides, Student 2 points at

the book. Student 3 picks it up and reads, looking for some answer in the text to who this creature is that's fallen into their midst.)

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stone

On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atoms

Over men's noses as they lie asleep.

(The sound of a woman's laughter again. Then she begins to sing a haunting tune. Students 1, 2, & 4 are terrified and hide, pray, cover their ears, etc. This "demon" that is now haunting them is clearly punishment for them having broken the rules this night. Student 3 is mesmerized by the song/voice. He reads from the book, trying to convince the others she is not someone they need to be afraid of.)

Her chariot is an empty hazelnut

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers;

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

Her traces of the smallest spider web,

Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

(He goes to Student 1 and shows him the text.)

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

(Student 1 begins to read along with him, and the others really start to listen and become more comfortable.)

STU. 3/1.

Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

(Student 3 playfully teases Student 1, as the "lover" of the group, with the following text.)

STU. 3.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

(Student 3 grabs Student 1, dips him, clamps a hand over his mouth, and kisses him. The others laugh and begin taunting him with the old childhood song.)

START

STU. 2/4. K-I-S-S-I-N-G first comes love then comes marriage.
Then comes junior in the baby carriage ...

(Student 3 tries to make a run for it, but Students 2 & 4 block his way and make kissing sounds. The taunting continues through the following.)

STU. 3.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscados, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.

This is she — !

STOP

(Trying to escape the taunting, Student 3 makes a run for it. Student 1 grabs him and tries to calm him.)

STU. 1 (R).

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.

Thou talk'st of nothing.

STU. 3 (M).

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence
Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

(Students 2 & 4 approach, attempting an apology.)

STU. 2.

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves ...

(Student 4 offers up the script, hoping the evening can continue.)

STU. 4.

Strike, drum?

(Student 3 drops to the floor and begins drumming and chanting.)

Students 2 & 4 join in. Then Student 1 silences them by whipping the cloth. He backs away and announces:)

STU. 1. Juliet's bedchamber. *(Thrilled with the idea of finding out what happens in girls' bedrooms, Students 2, 3, & 4 set up Juliet's bedroom.)*

STU. 3. Enter Lady Capulet. *(Student 3 strikes a very stereotypical "feminine" pose.)*

STU. 4. Enter Nurse. *(Student 4 strikes a very stereotypical "feminine" pose.)*

STU. 3 (LC).

Nurse, where's my daughter?

(He strikes another pose.)

Call her forth to me.

(Student 4 strikes another pose.)

STU. 4 (N).

Now by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come.

(Students 3 & 4 get sillier and sillier with their "playing" of women. Meanwhile, Student 1 gives Student 2 the red piece of fabric, which transforms him into Juliet.)

STU. 3 (LC).

Juliet?!

STU. 4 (N).

What, lamb. What, ladybird.

STU. 3 (LC).

Juliet?!!!

STU. 4 (N).

God forbid. Where's this girl?

STU. 3 (LC).

Juliet!

STU. 4 (N).

What, Juliet!

(They laugh. Student 2 "enters" as Juliet [J] without any attempt at playing "a girl." This is not a game to him.)

STU. 2 (J).

How now, who calls?

(Students 2 & 3 stop laughing.)

STU. 4.

Your mother.

(Student 2 sits and spreads the fabric out like a wide quilt. Students 3 & 4 join him and sit with the cloth on their laps, and all three