

Crib Sheet: Pyramus and Thisby**Instructions.**

Double-click on the Smiley button above to fill in the names of the Characters to revise them; (do not attempt to directly edit the names between the square brackets). The keystrokes shown will then start a dialogue for the named person.

Keystroke	Person	Keystroke	Person
CTRL+Shift+1	[PROLOGUE]	CTRL+1	[PERSON 11]
CTRL+Shift+2	[WALL]	CTRL+2	[PERSON 12]
CTRL+Shift+3	[PYRAMUS]	CTRL+3	[PERSON 13]
CTRL+Shift+4	[THISBY]	CTRL+4	[PERSON 14]
CTRL+Shift+5	[LION]	CTRL+5	[PERSON 15]
CTRL+Shift+6	[MOONSHINE]	CTRL+6	[PERSON 16]
CTRL+Shift+7	[MOON]	CTRL+7	[PERSON 17]
CTRL+Shift+8	[PERSON 8]	CTRL+8	[PERSON 18]
CTRL+Shift+9	[PERSON 9]	CTRL+9	[PERSON 19]
CTRL+Shift+0	[PERSON 10]	CTRL+0	[PERSON 20]

Paragraph styles can be set quickly with the following keystrokes. These should be pressed just before typing such a paragraph, or later when editing paragraphs. The action will affect which ever paragraph contains the current insertion point.

Keystroke	Paragraph Style	Details
CTRL+SHIFT+A	Heading 1	Main heading on front page
CTRL+SHIFT+B	Heading 2	Sub heading on front page
CTRL+SHIFT+C	Heading 3	Sub headings
CTRL+SHIFT+D	Directions	Stage directions
CTRL+SHIFT+E	Cut-To	End-of-Scene (not Hollywood style)
CTRL+SHIFT+F	Scene	Slug Line = First line of scene
CTRL+SHIFT+G	Location	Sometimes second line of a scene
CTRL+SHIFT+H	Name	The name of a person speaking
CTRL+SHIFT+I	Dialogue	Spoken dialogue
CTRL+SHIFT+J	Normal	Misc left justified (notes?)
CTRL+SHIFT+K	Contact	Authors name & address etc.
CTRL+SHIFT+L	Non-Print	For non-printing notes
CTRL+SHIFT+P	Parenthesis	(OOV), mode of speech etc.

When you have finished filling in the person names I suggest you print this page and place it above your keyboard. **This is page 0; do not delete this page!**

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Pyramus and Thisby
by
William Shakespeare

a script for
Demonstration Purposes.

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FADE IN**EXT THE JUNCTION OF THE GARDENS OF PYRAMUS AND THISBY**

Enter, with a trumpet before them, as in dumb show,
PYRAMUS and THISBY, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION

PROLOGUE

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 Walls 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, PYRAMUS, THISBY, LION, and MOONSHINE

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.

Enter PYRAMUS

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]

PYRAMUS *(continued)*

Thanks, courteous wall. Jove
shield thee well for this! But
what see what see I? No Thisby
do I see. O wicked wall, through
whom I see no bliss, Curs'd he
thy stones for thus deceiving
me!

Enter THISBY

THISBY

O wall, full often hast thou
beard 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!

THISBY

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.

THISBY

And I like Helen, till the Fates
me kill.

PYRAMUS

Not Shafalus to Procrus was so
true.

THISBY

As Shafalus to Procrus, I to
you.

PYRAMUS

O, kiss me through the hole of
this vile wall.

THISBY

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

PYRAMUS

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet
me straightway?

THISBY

Tide life, tide death, I come
without delay.

Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBY

WALL

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

Exit WALL

EXT NINUS' TOMB

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 as 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.

MOONSHINE

This lanthorn doth the horned
moon present Myself the Man i'
th' Moon do seem to be.

MOON

All that I have to say is to
tell you that the lanthorn is
the moon; I, the Man i' th'
Moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-
bush; and this dog, my dog.

Re-enter THISBY

THISBY

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

LION

[Roaring] O-

THISBY runs off

The LION tears THISBY'S Mantle, and exits

Re-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.

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 liv'd, that
lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd
with cheer. Come, tears,
confound; Out, sword, and
wound The pap of Pyramus; Ay,
that left pap, Where heart doth
hop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED :

PYRAMUS (*continued*)

[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]

PYRAMUS (*continued*)

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies]

Re-enter THISBY

THISBY

Asleep, my love? What, dead,
my dove? O Pyramus, arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead,
dead? A tomb Must cover thy
sweet eyes. These lily 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.

[Dies]

FADE OUT