

SHAKESPEARENCE!

Midsummer Night's Dream

Act III, Scene 2: Fight Part 2

Helena, Hermia, Lysander & Demetrius

HERMIA

[she attaches herself to Lysander]

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER

[to Hermia]

Away, you HOBBY HORSE!

DEMETRIUS

You are a tame man, go!

LYSANDER

[to Hermia]

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose, or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

HERMIA

Why are you grown so rude? what change is this? Sweet love,--

LYSANDER

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out! Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

HERMIA

Do you not jest?

HELENA

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS

I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead? Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. *[back to Hermia]* Ay, 'tis no jest that I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA

[to Helena] O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom! You thief of love!

HELENA

Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue? Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you PUPPET,
you!

HERMIA

Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game. How low am I, thou painted maypole?
speak; How low am I? I am not yet so low but that my nails can reach unto thine
eyes!

HELENA

I pray you gentlemen, let her not hurt me: You perhaps may think, because she is
something lower than myself, that I can match her.

HERMIA

LOWER! hark, again!

HELENA

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

LYSANDER

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS

No, sir! She shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd! And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'! Let me come to her.

LYSANDER

Get you gone, you DWARF; You minimus! You bead! You acorn!

DEMETRIUS

Let her alone: speak not of Helena; Take not her part.

LYSANDER

Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right, of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS

Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS, struggling]

HELENA

I will not trust you, I, nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray, my legs are longer though, to run away!

[Exit]

HERMIA

I am amazed, and know not what to say! *[Exit]*