

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

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Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena and Hermia

HELENA.

Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?

HERMIA.

I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA.

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate
This you should pity rather than despise.

HERMIA.

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA.

Ay, do! persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up.

HERMIA.

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?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA.

“Puppet”? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
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.

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia.
Let me go.

HERMIA.

Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

HELENA.

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HERMIA.

What, with Lysander?

HELENA.

With Demetrius.

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

HERMIA.

“Little” again? Nothing but “low” and “little”?

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 amaz'd, and know not what to say.