

**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.

<b>Keystroke</b>	<b>Person</b>	<b>Keystroke</b>	<b>Person</b>
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.

<b>Keystroke</b>	<b>Paragraph Style</b>	<b>Details</b>
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**