



Proudly Presents

**THE NORTHWEST CHAPTER OF  
THE MISSISSIPPI COON CLUB  
PROUDLY PRESENTS  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR'S  
*A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM***

**WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS**

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**Characters:**

**Cletus**, President of the NW Chapter of the Mississippi Coon Club

**Wylie**, the Club's Secretary

**Norbert**, Vice-President of the Club

**Hank**, the Treasurer of the Club

**Wilmer**, the Thespian of the Club

**Cletus:** All right. All right. Settle down and have a seat. I hereby call this meeting of the Northwest Chapter of the Mississippi Coon Club to order. Wylie, could you please tell us the first and only order of business tonight?

**Wylie:** (*Reads from his notes.*) The first and only order of business tonight is the disastrous attempt of our club to dabble in something as difficult as drama, because it was a stupid idea for us to even consider and especially because none of us has had any dramatic training to speak of, except Wilmer, who portrayed the role of Carrot in his first-grade PTA play, sir!

**Cletus:** Thank you, Wylie. I see that the majority of our members are absent tonight.

**Norbert:** Cletus, as Vice-President of the Coon Club and in charge of membership, I am sad to announce that Slim, Wimpy, Tyler, George, Chuck, and Thumper, have all transferred their membership to the *Northeast* Chapter of the Mississippi Coon Hunters Association.

**Cletus:** I see. Well, Norbert, that doesn't surprise me. Hank, as Treasurer, could you please remind us *why* we put on this little fundraiser in the first place?

**Hank:** Sure thing, Cletus. We were broke.

**Cletus:** *Because?*

**Hank:** We didn't have any money.

**Cletus:** And *why* didn't we have any money?

**Hank:** We spent all of our funds.

**Cletus:** *On?*

**Hank:** Beer.

**Cletus:** *And...?*

**Hank:** *Funions.*

**Cletus:** *Why???*

**Hank:** Because we all agreed if we bought *Funions* instead of chips, we wouldn't have to spend money on dip.

**Cletus:** Norbert? Whose brilliant idea was it to put on a *play* to raise money?

**Norbert:** That would be my idea, Cletus.

**Cletus:** And would you refresh our memories as to *why* you thought putting on a *play* would bring us the needed funds to replenish our bank account?

**Norbert:** Well, the elementary school put on a play this fall. My daughter, Twila, was one of the leads. They did an original play entitled, *Fruit Salad is a Salad Made with Fruit*. Twila played a kiwi. The teacher said that the play raised enough money for them to buy new playground equipment. I just saw how professional everyone was up there on that stage. Well, golly, those little kids made it look easy! At the end of the play, everybody was standing up and clapping. I just figured if a bunch of kindergarteners could make a ton of money as Talking Fruit, I thought maybe we could really cash in by putting on a *classic!*

**Cletus:** Norbert, tell us this. What gave you the hair-brained idea that *us* tackling *William Shakespeare* would be the most appropriate vehicle for the *talent* you see before you in this room?

**Norbert:** Well, I had heard that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was a comedy, and no one seems to understand Shakespeare anyway. I just thought that meant no one in the audience would know if we messed up!

**Wylie:** Hey! Would you guys hold up! As Club Secretary, it is my job to take *notes* at these meetings. You guys are talking 90 miles an hour! You guys might not know this, but I have to *process* all of this information. Then, I have to let it go through my *brain*. After that, I have to start writing all of this stuff down, penicil to Big Chief Writing Tablet. And on top of all of that, I have to remember what you guys *said*, as I'm writing down something *else* you said two minutes ago! If you think taking notes is *easy*, then all of you are *as bad* at judging the difficulties of professional secretarial skills... as you are at *acting!*

**Cletus:** Well, alright, what have you written down so far? Maybe we can help you catch up.