

HEXADEC

“#76ABA2: FAIRY WING“

RELEASE DATE: 12/16/2020

SOUND DESIGNERS:

- Fred Greenhalgh: <https://finalrune.com/>
- Cole Burkhardt: <https://coleburkhardt.carrd.co/>
- James T. Green: <https://www.jamestgreen.com/>
- Wil Williams: <https://hughouse.productions/>

ACTORS:

- Titania: Miracle Fonmanu, <https://twitter.com/ThatFoxyVO>
- Fairy 1: Sarah Rachel Evins, <https://www.instagram.com/sarahrachelpoetry/>, sarahevinsviola.com
- Fairy 2: Shade Oyemakinwa, <https://twitter.com/LMOcreates>, <https://crownprincessproductions.wordpress.com/>
- Lysander: Vyn Vox, <https://twitter.com/VynVoxVa>
- Oberon: Ivuoma Okoro, <https://twitter.com/IvuomaOkoro>
- Hermia: Giancarlo Herrera, <https://twitter.com/Gianster98>, gianherrera.com
- Puck: Elena Fernández Collins, <https://twitter.com/ShoMarq>, <https://elenafernandezcollins.com/>

TRANSCRIPT:

Wil: Hi, this one's going to be a little different, but isn't that what *HEXADEC*'s for? On Wednesday, October 28th, I was very lucky and fortunate and grateful to run a three hour sound design intensive workshop with Podcast Movement 2020 Virtual.

Wil: During this workshop, I had kind of a crazy idea. I wanted to take a bunch of sound designers who I love and respect and give them all the same audio and have them sound design live for the people who signed up for our workshop. That way, not only would you be seeing the audio actually worked on in different DAWs -- a DAW, if you don't know, is a Digital Audio Workspace, so the software that we use to do sound design! I also really liked the idea that we could all learn from each other and see each other's amazing work, and that we did! It was incredible, and I am, again, very very grateful to have shared the space with some of the people I look up to the most.

Wil: What you'll be hearing today is our different takes on the audio. So, why Fairy Wing? Well, in order to give us something to sound design that would be free to use, we eventually landed on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is a Shakespeare play, so if you're not familiar, hey! It's okay!

Wil: Here's a little summary: A fairy queen walks in. She gets sleepy. She says, "Sing me to sleep!" Her fairies do. Then, after she falls asleep, in comes her husband, a real jackass, and he puts a magical droplet on her eyes so that she will fall in love with the first thing she sees when she wakes up, and he hopes that that will be an "ugly wretched thing". Spoilers: It is! Then, as he leaves, in come two Athenians. They are fleeing to be in love and be away from their controlling families -- very Shakespeare. As they flirt and joke, they fall asleep, and in comes another fairy - the attendant of the husband, who I guess I should say is a king... he's really just a jackass, so I don't like acknowledging his nobility. This last fairy, Puck, is a bit of a trickster and he has the same magic droplet to put on the eyes of an Athenian. Now, in the play he gets this really wrong and things go kind of wild.

Wil: You don't really need to know the context, this is just an experiment in sound. And, actually, our first piece will kind of help you along the way.

Wil: Before introducing that piece, I want to talk about our casting process and I'd like to tell you about all of our actors. For our casting of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we wanted to open it up specifically to actors of color, and we were also, uh... Gender Anarchists, as is the Hug House way.

Wil: Our actors, in order of appearance are Miracle Fonmanu as Titania, Sarah Rachel Evins as Fairy 1, Shade Oyemakinwa as Fairy 2, Vyn Vox as Lysander, Ivuoma Okoro as Oberon, Giancarlo Herrera as Hermia, and Elena Fernández Collins as Puck.

Wil: You can find information on all of these actors on our website and in the show notes. They are... amazing. Also, even though this was for a workshop, yes, they were all compensated. They were also incredible. We sent out a kind of buckwild casting call and we had this thing cast in 20 minutes. It was *incredible*. So, much love to all of our actors.

Wil: There will also be information and links to the work of all of the sound designer panelists that joined me for the workshop.

Wil: First we have the piece sound designed by Fred Greenhalgh. Fred Greenhalgh is the founder of Final Rune Academy and Final Rune Productions. That's right! Fred is a teacher and also *incredible*. He has been doing this forever. Fred works on projects like *The Dark Tome* and *Of Fae & Fiends*. You can find his work at FinalRune.com. That's F-I-N-A-L-R-U-N-E.com. And again, that will be linked in the show notes and on the website.

Wil: Without further ado, here is Fred's take on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, Scene II

[music plays; it sounds sparkly and magic, light with a sense of mystery.]

Fred as Narrator: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, Scene II. Our story takes place in a wood near Athens. Enter Titania, Queen of the Fairies with her attendants.

Titania:[speaking in an echoey and authoritative voice]

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song,
Then for the third part of a minute hence:

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rermice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep.
Then to your offices and let me rest.

Fairy 1: [voice echoing]

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Fairy 1 & Fairy 2: [singing together, but apart. Fairy 1's lines play a few moments before Fairy 2's, making the second's sound like an eerie echo]

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

Fairy 1: [voice echoing]

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offense.

Fairy 1 & Fairy 2: [again singing together, but apart. Fairy 1's lines play a few moments before Fairy 2's, making the second's sound like an eerie echo]

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

Fairy 2: [voice echoing]

Hence, away; now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

Fred as Narrator: With their Queen safely sleeping, all but one fairy guard exit. Enter Oberon, a strange King of the Fairies, invisible. He carries with him a magical love potion that will, on sleeping eyelids laid, make man or woman madly dote upon the next live creature that it sees.

[mysterious bells twinkling in the background]

Oberon: What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye, that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Fred as Narrator: Oberon exists. Enter Lysander and Hermia, two lovers who have fled from Athens. It's getting dark, so they don't notice a sleeping Titania as they stop to rest after their long journey.

Lysander: Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood,
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way.
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia: Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lysander: One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Hermia: Nay, good Lysander. For my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lysander: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath —
So, then, two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bedroom me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Hermia: Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
Lie further off in human modesty.
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.
So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.

Lysander: Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty.
Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest.

Hermia: With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!

Fred as Narrator: Perhaps with a bit of reluctance, Lysander lies down away from Hermia. As the lovers sleep, enters the trickster Puck, also with a magic love potion. Puck is on the look for an Athenian couple, Demetrius and Helena, to make right Demetrius having cruelly rejected Helena. Little does Puck know, there are two young Athenian couples wandering about in the woods. Things are about to get interesting.

Puck: [voice echoing]
Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.

Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
This is he my master said
Despisèd the Athenian maid.

And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

[a sudden and deep magical sound rings out]

When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So, awake when I am gone.
For I must now to Oberon.

[laughs evilly as dramatic music plays and cuts out, leaving the echoing laughter]

Wil: Next, we have the work as produced by Cole Burkhardt. Cole Burkhardt is an *incredible* producer and incredible voice actor. You might know his work from shows like *The Godhead*, *Incidental* and *Unplaced*. He's also the writer and direct of *Null/Void*, which is amazing. You can find his work at [coleburkhardt](http://coleburkhardt.com) (that's C-O-L-E-B-U-R-K-H-A-R-D-T) dot C-A-R-R-D (that's carrd with two R's) dot C-O [coleburkhardt.carrd.co].

Wil: Here's his take on the audio.

[crickets chirping in a quiet space, then enter footsteps crunching through leaves; sounds of a forest continue to play in the background throughout]

Titania: [speaking while light twinkling sounds play]

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song,
Then for the third part of a minute hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rermice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep.
Then to your offices and let me rest.

Fairy 1: [voice echoing]

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Fairy 1 & Fairy 2: [singing together, but apart; the two melodies sing the same words, but at times sound discordant and others in harmony]

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

Fairy 1: [voice echoing, speaking over the earlier song]

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offense.

Fairy 2: [voice echoing]

Hence, away; now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

Oberon: [walking in, footsteps crunching in leaves]

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye, that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[gentle melodic piano music begins playing]

Lysander: Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood,
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way.
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia: Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lysander: One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Hermia: Nay, good Lysander. For my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lysander: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath —
So, then, two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bedroom me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Hermia: Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
Lie further off in human modesty.
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.
So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.

Lysander: Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty.
Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest.

Hermia: With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!

Puck: [walking in, footsteps crunching in the leaves]
Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none

On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.

Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
Ah, this is he my master said
Despisèd the Athenian maid.

And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So, awake when I am gone.
For I must now to Oberon.

[laughs as the audio fades out]

Wil: Finally, we have the audio as put together by James T. Green. James T. Green is a senior producer at Transmitter. He's also the creator as U+1F6OC, which is an experimental audio project, newsletter, it's just-- it's just incredible. The things that James does with audio is out of this world. You can find his work at JamesTGreen.com.

[upbeat medieval-style music plays jauntily to lead in the scene, continuing to play quietly behind the speakers and coming back louder between speaking lines]

Titania:

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song,
Then for the third part of a minute hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with reremice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep.
Then to your offices and let me rest.

[sounds of the forest are heard in the background]

Fairy 1:

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.

Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Fairy 1 & Fairy 2: [singing together, but apart. Fairy 2's lines play a few moments before Fairy 1's, making the second's sound like an eerie echo]

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

Fairy 1:

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offense.

Fairy 1 & Fairy 2: [singing together, but apart. Fairy 2's lines play a few moments before Fairy 1's, making the second's sound like an eerie echo]

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.
[fading out to a bubbling echo]

Fairy 2:

Hence, away; now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

[the plucking of a solo stringed instrument plays, building to be a bit more mysterious as Oberon speaks]

Oberon:

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye, that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Lysander: Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood,
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way.
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia: Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lysander: One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Hermia: Nay, good Lysander. For my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lysander: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath —
So, then, two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bedroom me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Hermia: Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
Lie further off in human modesty.
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.
So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.

Lysander: Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty.
Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest.

Hermia: With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!

[a mysterious wind picks up as an eerie bass note plays in undertone]

Puck: Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.

Who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear.

Ah, this is he my master said

Despisèd the Athenian maid.

And here the maiden, sleeping sound

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul, she durst not lie

Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wakest, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.

So, awake when I am gone.

For I must now to Oberon.

[echoing laughter as the audio fades out]

Wil: And finally, here's the audio by me! This is Wil Williams, I'm the CEO of Hug House Productions, the collective that creates *HEXADEC*... hi, it's me! If you enjoy this, you'll also probably enjoy *VALENCE*, another Hug House Productions work. It is our first long-running, serialized fiction podcast. I'm the showrunner, I'm doing the sound design for season 2, so if you like this you can check that out! You can find that at VALENCEpod.com.

Wil: Okay, here it is, enjoy.

[a sharp winged sound whooshes by]

Titania: [voice sounding multiplied, the sound of fairy wings fluttering rapidly can be heard]

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song,

Then for the third part of a minute hence:

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,

Some war with rermice for their leathern wings

To make my small elves coats, and some keep back

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep.

Then to your offices and let me rest.

[forest sounds can be heard in the background]

Fairy 1:

You spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.

Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,

Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Fairy 1 & Fairy 2: [singing together, but apart. Fairy 2's lines play a few moments before Fairy 1's, making the second's sound like an eerie echo]

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

Fairy 1:

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offense.

Fairy 1 & Fairy 2: [singing together, but apart. Fairy 2's lines play a few moments before Fairy 1's, making the second's sound like an eerie echo]

Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

Fairy 2:

Hence, away; now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

Oberon: [walking in, footsteps crunching; the sound of a bottle being unstoppered and magic sparkling]

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye, that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[footsteps of Lysander and Hermia walking in; quiet mystical music plays in the background]

Lysander: Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood,
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way.

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia: Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lysander: One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Hermia: Nay, good Lysander. For my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lysander: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath —
So, then, two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bedroom me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Hermia: Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
Lie further off in human modesty.
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.
So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.

Lysander: Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty.
Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest.

Hermia: With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!

[forest sounds continue, then the comical whooshing sound is heard again as Puck enters the scene and more whimsical music picks up]

Puck: Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.

Who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
Ah, this is he my master said
Despisèd the Athenian maid.

And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

[magical sparkling sound plays]

When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So, awake when I am gone.
For I must now to Oberon.

[music comes to a dramatic end with the whooshing sound once more as the forest sounds fade out]

Wil: *HEXADEC* is produced by Hug House Productions. You can find more at HugHouse.Productions. The showrunner for *HEXADEC* is Katie Youmans. This episode was edited and produced by me, Wil Williams.