

# **PUCK AND THE MUSHY, GUSHY LOVE POTION**

**BASED ON “A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM” BY  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

**By Pat MacEnulty**

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***PUBLISHED BY***

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC  
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406  
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

**PUCK AND THE MUSHY, GUSHY LOVE POTION**

**By Pat MacEnulty**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(7 MEN, 5 WOMEN, 6-8 EITHER)*

THESEUS (M).....Duke of Athens (22 lines)

HIPPOLYTA (F) .....Queen of the Amazons, bride of THESEUS  
(17 lines)

AGEA (F) .....An Athenian noblewoman (11 lines)

HERMIA (F).....AGEA's daughter (39 lines)

LYSANDER (M).....HERMIA's suitor (33 lines)

HELENA (F).....Friend of HERMIA (29 lines)

DEMETRIUS (M) .....Another of HERMIA's suitors (29 lines)

OBERON (M).....King of the FAIRIES (30 lines)

TITANIA (F) .....Queen of the FAIRIES (20 lines)

PUCK (M/F) .....Trickster FAIRY (37 lines)

**TITANIA'S FAIRIES**

COBWEB (M/F).....(6 lines)

MUSTARD SEED (M/F) .(9 lines)

BLOSSOM (M/F).....(7 lines)

SWEET PEA (M/F).....(10 lines)

*\*Optional: Two non-speaking FAIRIES to carry TITANIA's train, an entourage of FAIRIES for OBERON*

CHANGELING (M/F).....An orphaned human child (No lines)

QUINCE (M) .....A local actor and plumber (21 lines)

SNORE (M) .....A local actor and laborer (*15 lines*)

BOTTOM (M) .....A local actor and mail carrier (*33 lines*)

### SYNOPSIS

In this adaptation of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," four young people get mixed up in love when a mischievous fairy named Puck drops a magic potion into their eyes. For Titania, the queen of the fairies, the situation is even worse. She falls in love with a donkey! But all ends well just in time for a royal wedding.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 1**

*A street in Athens. THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA enter.*

**THESEUS:** Now, fair Hippolyta, our wedding hour draws near. Four happy days bring another moon. But oh, methinks, how slow this old moon wanes.

**HIPPOLYTA:** Four days will quickly steep themselves in night, four nights will quickly dream away the time and then the moon, like to a silver bow new bent in heaven, will behold the night of our marriage vows.

**THESEUS:** Hippolyta, I wooed you with my sword and won your love, doing you injuries. But when we marry, we shall have pomp, triumph, and reveling.

**HIPPOLYTA:** About that battle you think you won with me...

*Enter AGEA, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.*

**AGEA:** Greetings, Theseus, our renowned Duke.

**THESEUS:** Greetings to you, Lady Agea. What's the news?

**AGEA:** Bad, bad, bad news. I come with complaint against my daughter, Hermia. Come here, Demetrius. My noble lord, this man has consented to marry her. Come here, Lysander. And this man, my noble lord, has bewitched her.

**LYSANDER:** But she loves me.

**AGEA:** That's because you have given her rhymes and exchanged little tokens of love with her. You have by moonlight sung at her window—mushy, gushy love songs. With cunning, you have stolen my daughter's heart, giving her little bracelets and flowers and knickknacks. You have turned her against her parents and against our wish.

**HIPPOLYTA:** And what wish would that be?

**AGEA:** That she will marry Demetrius. But since she will not, I beg the ancient privilege of Athens, which is...she will either marry the man I choose OR SHE WILL DIE!

**THESEUS:** What say you, Hermia? Demetrius is a good fellow.

*HIPPOLYTA shoves THESEUS. She disagrees.*

**HERMIA:** But I like Lysander.

**THESEUS:** But your parents like Demetrius.

**HERMIA:** Then my parents may marry Demetrius.

**AGEA:** You...!

**THESEUS:** If you will not do your mother's will, then you have only two choices: to be executed or to live forever in a convent, chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.

**HERMIA:** So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, before I will marry Demetrius.

**THESEUS:** Take time to pause, and by the next new moon, my very own wedding day, upon that day either prepare to die for disobedience to your parents' will, or else to wed Demetrius, or else to live a life of solitude away from all company, from all friends, from all shopping malls.

**HERMIA:** No shopping?

**DEMETRIUS:** Relent, Sweet Hermia. And you, Lysander, let go of this crazed passion. Hermia should be my wife.

*DEMETRIUS throws an arm around HERMIA, knocking her down.*

**LYSANDER:** You have her mother's love, Demetrius. But I have Hermia's.

**AGEA:** Scornful Lysander! Let's away, Demetrius. She'll change her mind, or else she'll die or live her life isolated in a convent. Personally, I'd choose death.

*DEMETRIUS and AGEA leave. HERMIA rises, shaking head.*

**THESEUS:** Fair Hermia, you must fit your fancies to your mother's will, or else the law of Athens sentences you to death or lonely exile. There's nothing I can do.

*HIPPOLYTA takes her sword and holds it out.*

**HIPPOLYTA:** I could cut off the head of Demetrius.

**THESEUS:** My love, women do not cut off heads in Athens. Come, we have a wedding to plan. Have a nice day, Hermia. You too, Lysander.

*THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA exit.*

**LYSANDER:** How now, my love. Why is your cheek so pale? How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

**HERMIA:** Why do you think? My own mother wants to have me executed or exiled if I don't do her will!

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**LYSANDER:** Aye, me. From everything I've ever heard or read, the course of true love never did run smooth. Remember that story about Pyro and Frisbee? How Pyro thought a lion had killed his beloved Frisbee and so he killed himself? But really Frisbee wasn't dead at all? So when she found him dead by his own sword, she then joined him.

*HIPPOLYTA enters for a quick aside.*

**HIPPOLYTA:** I never liked that story.

*HIPPOLYTA leaves.*

**HERMIA:** If true lovers have always been crossed, then let us be patient. Because it is a customary cross as normal in love as thoughts and dreams and sighs and wishes and tears.

**LYSANDER:** Hermia, listen to me. I have a rich, widowed aunt who has no child. Her house is seven leagues from Athens, and she loves me as her only son. There, gentle Hermia, may I marry you. And to that place, the Athenian police cannot pursue us.

*HERMIA is excited and fearful, looks around to make sure no one is listening.*

**LYSANDER:** If you love me, then steal out from your father's house tomorrow night and in the wood, a league outside of town where I did meet you once with Helena, there will I wait for you.

**HERMIA:** My good Lysander! I swear by Cupid's strongest bow, by his best arrow with the golden head, by that which knits souls and prospers love, by all the vows that ever men have broke and more than women have spoke, in that place you have appointed me, tomorrow truly will I meet with you.

**LYSANDER:** Until then, my love, I will dream of you.

*LYSANDER exits and HELENA enters.*

**HERMIA:** Godspeed, fair Helena!

**HELENA:** Fair Helena? You call me fair? That fair again unsay. Demetrius loves your fair. Sickness is catching. Oh, were fortune so, your fairness would I catch, fair Hermia, before I go. My ears should catch your voice, my eye your eye. My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. Oh, teach me how you look and with what art you have captured Demetrius' heart?

**HERMIA:** I frown at him and scowl, and yet he loves me still.

**HELENA:** Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill.

**HERMIA:** I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

**HELENA:** Oh, that my blessings could such affection move.

**HERMIA:** The more I hate, the more he follows me.

**HELENA:** The more I love, the more he hates me.

**HERMIA:** His stupidity is no fault of mine.

**HELENA:** None but your beauty. I wish that fault were mine.

**HERMIA:** Take comfort. He no more shall see my face. Lysander and myself will fly this place.

**HELENA:** No! Where will you go?

**HERMIA:** In the wood, where often you and I upon the primrose beds did lie, there my Lysander and I shall meet and leave Athens to seek new friends. Farewell, sweet playfellow. Pray for us, and good luck with stubborn Demetrius. I must go now. Helena, good-bye.

*HERMIA exits.*

**HELENA:** How happy some people can be! Throughout all of Athens, I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so. Before he even looked at Hermia, he used to swear that he belonged to me. Well, I'll show him just who he has given his heart to now. I'll tell him of her plan. Maybe that way I can get back my man.

*HELENA exits. QUINCE, BOTTOM and SNORE enter.*

**QUINCE:** All right now, is everybody all here?

*BOTTOM looks himself over.*

**BOTTOM:** I'm all here. Top to "bottom"! Ha, ha, ha.

**SNORE:** (*Snores.*) What? Oh, yes. Here.

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**QUINCE:** As you know, we've been given a great honor! We're to perform a play for Theseus, the Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, the Queen of the Amazons, on their wedding day.

**BOTTOM:** And what is the play about?

**QUINCE:** (*Frowning.*) It's a very sad (*Smiling.*) comedy. Now, answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the mail carrier.

**BOTTOM:** That would be me. What's my part?

**QUINCE:** You shall play the part of Pyro, a lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

**BOTTOM:** I'd rather be a tyrant. A vicious, mean tyrant. I could do that really well. Listen, listen to my lofty speech:

The raging rocks and shivering shocks;  
Shall break the locks of prison gates;  
And Apollo's chariot shall shine from far;  
And make and mar the foolish fates.

**SNORE:** Oh, I can do much better than that. Listen to this one. "To be or not to be. That is the... That is the... That is the?" Oh well, never mind. Who do I get to be?

**QUINCE:** Snore, you must be Frisbee. She is the lady Pyro must love.

**SNORE:** I don't want to be a lady. I want to be a knight or a horse or a lion.

**BOTTOM:** I can play both parts. See? (*Deep voice.*) "Frisbee, oh, Frisbee!" (*High voice.*) "How now, my love? Wherefore art thou Pyro?"

**QUINCE:** No, no, you, Bottom, you are Pyro, and you, Snore, you are Frisbee. And I will play the lion.

**BOTTOM:** I can play the lion, too. I'll play him very sweet. And his roar will sound like a little kitty cat. Roar-purr. Roar-purr.

**QUINCE:** No, no, no, no. You are Pyro. Snore is Frisbee. And I am the lion. Now, I beg you, I request you, I desire you to learn your lines. We will meet in the woods, a mile outside the town by moonlight to rehearse the play. For if we meet in the city, then everyone will see us and spoil the whole thing.

**BOTTOM:** We will meet at the Duke's Oak. Hold or cut drawstrings.

**SNORE:** Is that like "fish or cut bait"?

**BOTTOM:** How do I know? Shakespeare wrote that line 400 and something years ago!

**ACT ONE, SCENE 2**

*A clearing in the woods. Evening. PUCK enters from one side. FAIRIES enter from other side.*

**PUCK:** How now, spirit, whither wander you?

**SWEET PEA:** Over hill, over dale. Through brush, through briar.

**BLOSSOM:** Over park, over pale, through flood, through fire.

**MUSTARD SEED:** We do wander everywhere. Swifter than the moon.

**COBWEB:** And we serve the fairy queen.

**SWEET PEA:** Farewell, bumpkin. We'll be gone. Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

**PUCK:** The king is keeping his revels here tonight. Make sure the queen comes not within his sight. Those two can't meet without a fight over that little one who has become the queen's pride and joy.

**SWEET PEA:** Either I mistake your shape and features quite...

**BLOSSOM:** Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite...

**MUSTARD SEED:** Called...

**COBWEB:** Puck.

**PUCK:** You're quite right. I am the wanderer of the night. Jester for King Oberon of the fairies. And I make him smile when I trick the dog into chasing its own tail.

**SWEET PEA:** Or when you hide a person's sock so that never can he find two that match.

**BLOSSOM:** Or when you call the child in from play speaking in her mother's voice, when really her mother was busy cleaning the house...

**COBWEB:** Or yakking on the phone.

**MUSTARD SEED:** I've heard that you sour the milk and melt the ice cream.

**PUCK:** I am a talented fellow, I must admit. One time, I pretended to be a chair and when the school teacher tried to sit down, I moved away and she fell right on her...on her...on her you know what. I swear, a merrier hour was never wasted there.

*Trumpets blow.*

**PUCK:** But make room, fairies. Here comes King Oberon.

**SWEET PEA:** Oh no, and here comes our queen, Titania.

**MUSTARD SEED:** There will be a fight now.

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*TITANIA with two FAIRIES (optional) holding her train and her CHANGELING enter from one side. OBERON and his FAIRIES enter from the other.*

**OBERON:** Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

**TITANIA:** Are you jealous, Oberon? Fairies, let's go. I can't stand the sight of him.

**OBERON:** Wait, you headstrong creature. Am I not your king?

**TITANIA:** Yes, and I am your queen. Be gone.

**OBERON:** Why should Titania cross her Oberon? I only want the little human child to wait on me.

**TITANIA:** You will not get my favored pet for your page—no matter how you rage.

*The two of them tug of war with the child until finally TITANIA wins.*

**OBERON:** How long within this wood do you intend to stay?

**TITANIA:** Till after Theseus' wedding to Hippolyta. He thinks he won her by defeating her in battle. If he only knew... But never mind, if you will patiently dance in our round and see our moonlight revels, go with us. If not, then I will leave you now.

**OBERON:** Give me the child and I will go with you.

**TITANIA:** Not for the whole fairy kingdom. Fairies, away. I think I'll get sick if I longer stay.

*TITANIA, the CHANGELING and her FAIRIES leave.*

**OBERON:** Well, go thy way. You shall not go far before I pay you back. Come here, Puck.

**PUCK:** I am here.

**OBERON:** Do you remember that night we saw Cupid, the little god of love, flying through the night sky?

**PUCK:** I remember it very well. I watched as he loosed his arrow of love smartly from its bow so that it might pierce a thousand hearts.

**OBERON:** Yes, I saw that, too, but I also saw where the bolt of Cupid fell. It fell upon a little milk-white flower and turned it bright purple with love's potion. The maidens call it "love-in-idleness." Can you get it for me?

**PUCK:** I'll travel around the world in half an hour and I'll have the flower in my power. What do you plan to do with it?

**OBERON:** When Titania falls asleep, you shall put some on her eyelids. When she awakens, the first thing she looks upon, be it on lion, bear, bull, or monkey, she will pursue with the soul of love.

**PUCK:** I like it.

*Voice of DEMETRIUS calling for HERMIA.*

**PUCK:** Who comes here? Humans!

**OBERON:** Quick, Puck, make me invisible to their eyes. And now, you hurry. Get the flower for me.

*DEMETRIUS enters, followed by HELENA.*

**DEMETRIUS:** Where are Lysander and fair Hermia? The one I'll slay, the other slays me. You told me they were here in these woods, but here I am and where are they? Oh, get lost, Helena. I love you not.

**HELENA:** But you draw me, you hardhearted magnet. If you stop attracting me, I'll stop following you.

**DEMETRIUS:** Read my lips. I do not and I cannot love you. I am sick when I do look on you.

**HELENA:** And I am sick when I do not look on you.

**DEMETRIUS:** I'll run from you and hide in bushes and leave you to the mercy of the wild beasts.

**HELENA:** There is no beast, not lion or bear, that has a heart as hard and cold as yours. But run as fast as you like, I will be right behind you.

**DEMETRIUS:** I will not stay. Let me go!

*He starts to run off. The FAIRIES appear.*

**OBERON:** Fare you well, young lady. Before he leaves this grove, he will chase after you and seek your love.

*PUCK enters and lies down, holding up the flower.*

**OBERON:** Welcome back, my wandering Puck. You've done well.

*OBERON takes the flower. PUCK sits up and holds a spray bottle up.*

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**PUCK:** I've put the juice in here. I call it my mushy, gushy love potion.

**OBERON:** I know a bank where the soft breeze blows and the nodding violet grows. A bank covered with sweet roses and azaleas. There sleeps Titania under a blanket made of a snake skin, wide enough to wrap a fairy in. With this flower, I will touch her eyes. But you, Puck. You must take the rest of your love potion and find these two humans. The sweet lady loves a disdainful youth. Put some of your potion in his eyes, but make sure she is near so that she is the first thing he sees.

**PUCK:** How will I know him?

**OBERON:** He'll be dressed in the fashion of Athens. When you are done, meet me right back here.

**PUCK:** Fear not, my king. Your servant shall accomplish the mission.

*PUCK and OBERON go their separate ways. AGEA enters, looking for HERMIA. Perhaps PUCK comes by and plays a little trick on her. Then both exit. Next, THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA enter, sword fighting. It's close, but THESEUS has the upper hand.*

**THESEUS:** You fight well, Queen of the Amazons, but not as well as I.

**HIPPOLYTA:** It's true, you seem to be stronger than I am. Or else you would not have been able to win my hand in marriage.

*THESEUS knocks the sword from her right hand. HIPPOLYTA shrugs. They walk off hand in hand.*

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