

BEWITCHED

Full-Length Play

by
Craig Sodaro



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ACT I

SCENE ONE

The stage of the Witchgrove High School auditorium, played before the curtain.

AT RISE: Red or blue lights focus on center of stage where LIZZIE, HOLLY, and AMITY, dressed as witches, stand around smoking cauldron. Thunder.

LIZZIE: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

HOLLY: Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

AMITY: Harpier cries, "'Tis time! 'Tis time!"

LIZZY: **(GIRLS circle cauldron.)** Round about the cauldron go; In the poisoned entrails throw. Toad, that under cold stone Days and nights has thirty-one Sweltered venom sleeping got Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

AMITY: **(unsure of her lines)** Fillet of fenny snake, In the cauldron boil and bake. Eye of dog and toe of newt... wool of tongue and bat of dog?

LOREEN: **(enters left holding script)** Miss O'Neill! That's not right! Amity's screwing it all up again!

LIZZY: She was close!

LOREEN: No, she wasn't! It goes "eye of newt and toe of frog...wool of bat... and tongue of dog!" I don't get it, Amity...we've been working on MacBeth since -

LILY: **(moves up from audience)** Loreen? Why don't you go check on the costumes for the next scene. Make sure Ronald is wearing his crown straight.

LOREEN: Oh, that boy! He can't get ANYthing right!

(LOREEN charges right almost knocking over JERROD who enters right carrying a light. SHE halts, looks lovingly at him, then runs off right.)

JERROD: Ms O'Neill, is this the right light for behind the castle window?

LILY: Let me see...

(LILY moves to light and takes it from JERROD, who moves to GIRLS.)

LIZZIE: Hi, Jerrod.

JERROD: Hi, Lizzy, Holly. Cool costumes.

HOLLY: Thanks.

JERROD: Who's your third weird sister?

LIZZIE: The new kid... Amity.

JERROD: Oh, yeah! You guys live in the old Bascomb place. Seen any ghosts yet?

AMITY: I don't believe in that kind of thing.

JERROD: You will after a couple of weeks in THAT place. Something like fifteen people have died in that house and a whole lot more -

HOLLY: Jerrod, get lost.

JERROD: You ever see anything, call me. I've always wanted to see a ghost!

LILY: **(moves back to JERROD)** This is the right light, Jerrod, but put a blue gel on it. It'll look a whole lot spookier.

JERROD: I thought red would emphasize the theme of blood running through out the play.

LILY: But let's use the blue.

JERROD: You're the teacher! **(exits right)**

LILY: Now, girls, are we ready to try this again?

LIZZY: Sure. Why not?

HOLLY: For the three thousandth time!

LILY: Ready, Amity?

AMITY: I... I guess.... **(suddenly runs off left)**

LILY: Amity?!

HOLLY: What's wrong with her now?

LIZZIE: Leave her alone. She's just got the new kid jitters.

HOLLY: She doesn't have to be jittery... Witchgrove is as friendly as any place can be!

LIZZIE: Oh, sure...is that why they hanged everybody as witches back whenever?

LILY: All right, girls, let's get back to work. If we only have two witches, we only have two witches.

LIZZIE: Hey...Loreen knows the part! She can play the third witch.

HOLLY: Yeah! She doesn't even have to practice.

LIZZIE and HOLLY: **(as lights fade)** Double, Double toil and trouble... Fire burn and cauldron bubble!

(Lights out.)

SCENE TWO

SETTING: The living room of Bascomb House which now in addition serves as the waiting room for Dr. Pickett's office. Entrance center leads to outside. Wing entrance down right leads to office and other areas of the house. Wing entrancedown left leads to kitchen, dining room, and other areas of the house. Desk down right for receptionand nurse. Couch, chair, table grouping at center. Fireplace at left. Bookcase left of fireplace. Window up left. Bookcase or file cabinets up right behind desk. There should be room behind the file cabinets. The atmosphere of the house is one of darkness and gloom.

AT RISE: CANDIDA stands at center writing notes and making sketches. HARVEY enters right.

HARVEY: Mrs. Appleton?

CANDIDA: Dr. Pickett, I can't tell you how much I love this place.

HARVEY: Thanks. Mrs. Walters will be out in a minute. Nurse Nagy's finishing the dressing.

CANDIDA: I've told that woman a thousand times she shouldn't be pitting her peaches with an old knife like that! It's a wonder she didn't cut her whole hand off.

HARVEY: She only needed four stitches.

CANDIDA: But at her age she ought to be buying canned peaches.

HARVEY: And allow all those beautiful peaches in her yard to go to waste? I think canning keeps her young.

CANDIDA: One day I'll have to drive her over so you can sew her head back on! But tell me, Doctor...are you really serious about not selling?

HARVEY: We just moved in! Why would I want to sell?

CANDIDA: Because Bascomb House really belongs to all the people of Witchgrove.

HARVEY: No, it doesn't! It belongs to my daughter and me.

CANDIDA: I don't mean literally, but figuratively. It's the oldest house in town...and when I think of the history this place has seen! Why...if these walls could talk -

HARVEY: There'd be no shutting them up, hmmm?

CANDIDA: Precisely. The intrigue! The family squabbles! The murders! The witchcraft!

HARVEY: Sounds like an episode of the Jerry Springer Show.

CANDIDA: Oh, Mr. Springer couldn't even begin to handle the adventures - or should I say misadventures - of those who lives within these walls. It's all too depraved for words!

And as the chairman of the Witchgrove Historical Society, I can be prepared to make you an offer as soon as our board of directors meets.

HARVEY: I'm sorry, Mrs. Appleton...I'm not interested.

CANDIDA: But, Doctor...it's almost as if you stole this place.

HARVEY: It WAS a steal. It was a seventeenth century fixer-upper. I think I've finally got the plumbing working. **(We hear a banging on the pipes.)** I spoke too soon. And the electricians have almost finished rewiring the place.

CANDIDA: All done to National Registry standards, I hope.

HARVEY: We use the same light bulbs George Washington used.

CANDIDA: You're joshing me!

HARVEY: And I'm not selling. Besides...if the historical society wanted Bascomb House so badly, why didn't you buy it when it was up for sale last?

CANDIDA: We didn't have enough for a downpayment then. But after our annual Witchgrove pageant "Which Way Witchgrove?" and the money we made on our last historical bake sale, we've got three thousand dollars.

HARVEY: That would put a downpayment on that wall.

CANDIDA: Not if the seller were a civic minded young man who realized -

(MRS. WALTERS, wearing a bandage on her hand enters right followed by NURSE NAGY.)

MRS. WALTERS: You wrapped it up too tight!

NURSE: **(patronizingly)** We wouldn't want any dirt to get in there and infect your wound, now would we?

MRS. WALTERS: I don't know, would we? Doc, loosen this dad-burned thing up!

NURSE: Dr. Pickett, the dressing is perfectly -

HARVEY: **(loosening the dressing)** Oh, it's a wee bit tight. Here, Mrs. Walters... does that feel better?

MRS. WALTERS: You can play with my dressings any time you like, Doc.

CANDIDA: Are you ready Beulah?

MRS. WALTERS: Maybe I oughta stay and get that physical you've been wanting me to get.

CANDIDA: We're going to Dr. James in Elverton for that.

MRS. WALTERS: But he's just an old fogey!

NURSE: It is, however, after office hours, Mrs. Walters.

MRS. WALTERS: Dad-burn it!

CANDIDA: Come along. We've got to clean all those peaches up in your kitchen.

MRS. WALTERS: You didn't do it while I was in there getting sewed up like a turkey?!

CANDIDA: I waited right here and took some notes on this house and drew a few sketches because one of these days

Dr. Pickett's going to sell and the historical society has to be ready! Now, come along.

HARVEY: Stop back in a week to ten days to get those stitches out, Mrs. Walters.

MRS. WALTERS: I'm sure glad we got a Doc in town. I don't want him selling that soon!

CANDIDA: Come along. Good day, Dr. Pickett and Nurse Nagy.

HARVEY: Bye!

(CANDIDA exits center with MRS. WALTER.)

NURSE: The old bats!

HARVEY: Arlene!

NURSE: She doesn't even have insurance!

HARVEY: But she promised me three jars of peaches.

NURSE: Harvey... Harvey... Harvey... how many times do I have to remind you... this is the twenty-first century.

HARVEY: I know... I know.

NURSE: **(putting her arms around him)** And if we're ever to make a cozy corner in it, you'll just have to start thinking in terms of horseless carriages, aeroplanes, and co-pays.

HARVEY: I'd be hopelessly mired in another century without you.

NURSE: No...you'd just have a hopeless mess in this office! And really, Harvey...setting up your practice in a spooky old dump like this. I know it was a bargain, but -

HARVEY: I like it.

NURSE: Oh, you're just trying to convince yourself. How could anybody like such a gloomy old barn. I mean you can smell the...the...

HARVEY: History?

NURSE: I was going to say dryrot. It's a wonder I've got it fixed up so it's at least a bit presentable for your patients -

HARVEY: I really do appreciate everything you do, Arlene.

NURSE: I'm ready any time you are, Harvey.

HARVEY: For what?

NURSE: You know very well. I mean...neither of us is getting any younger...

(NURSE has her arms around HARVEY and they are about to kiss when AMITY bursts through center entrance.)

AMITY: Dad?!

HARVEY: Hi, honey! Have a good day at school? **(AMITY drops her books and exits left quickly. HARVEY follows her off left. NURSE puts on lipstick and fixes her hair while HE'S gone.)** Amity? Is something wrong?! **(We hear a door slam. HARVEY enters left.)** I guess something's wrong. Oh, no! Arlene, will you do me a big favor?

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