

WE BE WITCHING

BY

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Characters

ANDROMEDAE F, 20's. Idealistic ingénue

BELLSAMAY F, 20-50's. Progressive, entrepreneurial; well aware that the digital age is upon us.

STICKS F: 40-70's. Practical, hard-working, early to bed, early to rise.

Setting

A clearing in a dense, gnarly forest

Time

The present; early autumn in the wee hours before dawn.

We Be Witching

At Rise: ANDROMEDAE and BELLSAMAY work near a large cauldron. ANDROMEDAE stands stirring cauldron, chanting and mumbling and making artful gestures now and then. She wears classic witch get-up: black pointy hat and black spidery dress. BELLSAMAY sits nearby tinkering with something we can't identify through her long sleeves and robe. She wears several layers of tattered faded house clothes. It appears to be your classic witch scene.

ANDROMEDAE

(Actor can feel free to improvise or embellish the following:)

Drazzledum frazzledum foilsum frass.

Lickety splickety gargoyle grass.

Hoomah

poomah

screieeeeeeeek!

Ooj Ooj ... oojamaba .. aah ..uh ..

(drifts off in a daze for a moment ... then gets back on track.)

Scare-dy-pooch fair-lee-moo caribou tongue

Lardipoke Artichoke elephant dung

Schlepti klepti

Keeky Sneaky

Freaky Greek-y

Babbling bats an' base-y-ball hats

An' sputterin' mutterin' women with cats

An' –

STICKS

(Enters carrying a few long heavy tree limbs, a basket of berries, roots, or other organic materials. She wears clothing similar to BELLSAMAY's, only the worse for toiling in the forest all day. To ANDROMEDAE)

Ah, quit it with the hexes, will ya, youngin'? I can't understan' nary a word yar sayin'.

ANDROMEDAE

I apologize, M'lady. Is it distracting?

BELLSAMAY

Child, it ain't the distraction, it's the pointlessness. Hexes don't work any better'n crazy glue. Never did.

ANDROMEDAE

Then what werest thou waving thy fancy fingers o'er that spotted lemur last morn' for?

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BELLSAMAY

That were a curse. Not a hex. And he didn't stay a lemur fer long, I'll tell ye.

ANDROMEDAE

Ah, your hex worked, then?

BELLSAMAY

No. I had to resort to my .50 caliber semi.

ANDROMEDAE

What be the difference 'tween a curse and a hex?

STICKS

Ah, ye've both lots ta learn. *(To BELLSAMAY)* Ya let the youngin' sit here babblin' gibberish w'out sayin' nigh a word ta her?

BELLSAMAY

(Still fiddling with her hidden contraption)

Andromedae needs te learn fer 'rself there, Sticks. As we did. She's only joined us nary a week ago.

STICKS

Ah. Well.

(Pause as she starts organizing what she has brought – writing a list with a large leaf and a piece of charcoal.)

ANDROMEDAE

How comes the house, Ms. Sticks?

STICKS

Slowly, youngin'. Slowly. But ya wait 'til it be built – it'll be the prettiest witch house outside o' Scotland. It'll be havin' the loverliest wrap-around porch, and matchin' window dressings. And the lushest herb garden ya've e'er smelt in yar life.

ANDROMEDAE

Ooh Ms. Sticks, that be soundin' devilishly divine.

BELLSAMAY

(Busy with whatever's in her hands)

How's a window dressin' go 'bout matchin' a porch, is what I'd be int'ested te know.

STICKS

If yar not out in the gnarly grove a-choppin' an' a hackin' wi' me, Bellsamay, I should think y've got nothin' ta say 'bout the matter.

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BELLSAMAY

I must admit I don' 'xactly sees the need for a house; seems we been fine where the two of us ha' been far decades. Don' see why that should change.

ANDROMEDAE

I rather like th'idea o' livin' in a lovely house. The cave's damp.

BELLSAMAY

An' a *lovely* house, to boot? What in the devil's breath're people goin' te say 'bout us: witches livin' in a lovely house like Rapunsel or some such frilly nonsense! 'T'ain't proper.

ANDROMEDAE

Rapunsel lives in a tow'r, not a house, Ms. Bellsamay. Just up the path over yon.

BELLSAMAY

Aye, but a *pretty* tow'r, ain' it? That ol' hag keeps 'em stones polished so bright, I don' see what else she's time te do all day.

(Back to focusing on her occupation, which is still hidden from us.)

STICKS

(Still writing, but regarding ANDROMEDAE's cauldron)

What're ya mixin' thar?

ANDROMEDAE

It be a secret potion to turn my wayward lover into a hideous monstrous beast.

STICKS

Well there went yar secret, eh.

ANDROMEDAE

Well, I know thou aren't goin' to tell 'im.

STICKS

Who be yar lover?

ANDROMEDAE

Athanius.

BELLSAMAY *(Shocked)*

Athanius?!

ANDROMEDAE

Aye.

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BELLSAMAY

Why, that two-faced double-crosser!

ANDROMEDAE

It was you?

BELLSAMAY

I'll -- ! I'll skin him! I'll shred his appendages til ye can't discern him from a jellyfish!

ANDROMADAE

(Referring to potion she's preparing)

That'd be quite unnecessary, Ms. Bellsamay, rest-ye assured.

BELLSAMAY

That so? Well I'll second it, then!

STICKS

Aiding and abetting, eh, Bellsamay? I s'pose he has it comin' to 'im, then?

BELLSAMAY

I'll say!

STICKS

What're ya puttin' in it?

ANDROMEDAE

A vile and putrid array of ingredients, Ms. Sticks. Two eyes of –

BELLSAMAY

(Back to what she's working on; taking her frustration out on it)

Ye blarsted piece o' marmot brains, I'll dip ye in a pot of boilin' oil afore I'm through with ye. *Work!*

ANDROMEDAE *(To STICKS)*

Two eyes of newt, several hairs from a blind bat's wing, five –

STICKS

How many hairs?

(Pause)

ANDROMEDAE

I can't say for certain.

STICKS

Ye can't say? What, are ye strippin' a bat senseless and throwin' in hairs hither and thither without a thought ta yer technique? Ya think ten hairs is qualitatively equivalent t'eleven?

ANDROMEDAE

Seest thou, Ms. Sticks, they be so teeny tiny in size that I lost my count o' them. Think thou I should start over?

STICKS

It makes no difference, I'm just testing you. What 're a couple of blind bats' hairs a goin' ta do? Hair is inanimate string o' amino acid tissue. And farthermore, all bats 're blind, ya silly thing. You needs become more familiar with the ways o' the creatures of darkness. How d'you expect the darkness to have any respect for ya, otherwise?

ANDROMEDAE

Oh. I s'pose I should have put more thought into it. I only thought bat hairs sounded rather fancy.

STICKS

That's what it is nowadays, eh? All frills an' fancy. You young witches today think ya can smash t'gether a buncha multi-syllabled ingredients an' mumble some unintelligible babblings, and 'xpect somethin' ta happen.

BELLSAMAY

Ye shouldn't be so hard on her, Sticks. She be tryin'. An' all the while, she be defendin' our honor.

ANDROMEDAE

I do try, thank thee for saying so, Ms. Bellsamay. (*To STICKS*) Shall I remove the bat hairs?

STICKS

Bellsamay, what say ya? Shall she remove the bat hairs?

BELLSAMAY

Mmmh

(Concentrating on what's in her hands; oblivious to STICKS' question.)

STICKS

(Sees it's useless to seek BELLSAMAY's help at the moment.)

Ah, she be losin' harsel in her techno world, as usual. Well, methinks bat hairs won't make a difference one way or t'other. What else d'ya drop in?

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ANDROMEDAE

As I said, two eyes of newt, five –

STICKS

What be a newt, then?

ANDROMEDAE

Ah – begging thy pardon?

STICKS

What be a newt?

ANDROMEDAE

Why, Ms. Sticks?

STICKS

Well, ya tell me ya stuck two newt eyes in that thar cauldron. And I'd just be interested in knowin' whether ya've got the slightest idea what a newt is.

ANDROMEDAE

I – certainly, I know what a newt is. It's – it's a forest critter that climbs in the trees – no, or perhaps underneath the ground. Or – ah. ...

STICKS

Ah ye can't tell a newt from a tattered ol' barn owl, much less g' out in the forest an' find one yerself.

ANDROMEDAE

Well blast, Ms. Sticks, I know what a newt's eyes are at least, they're the parts a newt sees out of, and I don' see the relevance anyhow.

BELLSAMAY

(To what's in her hands)

Ah, blast ye t'heaven an' back agin!

ANDROMEDAE

Ms. Bellsamay, thou knowest I don't 'ppreciate cursing.

BELLSAMAY *(Goading her)*

Heaven heaven heaven *heaven heaven!!*

ANDROMEDAE

(Realizing protestations are futile)

Eyes of newt are standard, Ms. Sticks. They be in all the recipes. I got some from the general store up the road.

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STICKS

An' how're they preserved?

ANDROMEDAE

Preserved?

STICKS

Yes, how are these decayin' slabs o' salamander carcasses preserved? Formaldehyde? This day'n age ya've got no excuse not to seal tight yar organic matter 'gainst th'elements. They do keep these organs sanitary far their customers?

ANDROMEDAE

Well, Ms. Sticks, I can' precisely say.

STICKS

Surely you enquired.

ANDROMEDAE

Not quite, I was in a wee hurry –

STICKS

Do you mean ya went and bought a bunch o' rotting lizard organs off a perfect stranger an' are now dumpin' 'em into a stew ta feed to yar wayward lover ta turn him into a beast? Child, all that concoction'll likely do is give 'im a nasty spell of indigestion!

ANDROMEDAE

What?! But ... look, Ms. Sticks, it says right here –
(*opening a book to show her*)

STICKS

Ah, that's just like you youngin's these days. All by the book. All standards. No soul. No originality. No *practicality*. (To *BELLSAMAY*) And yar hardly setting an admirable example thar, my Dearie, I must say. With yar electronic catalogues, sendin' away far the latest techno gadget that ya think's gonna solve yar entire worldly problems at the press of a button –

BELLSAMAY (*Jubilant*)

Ah! Hah! It works! Look, it be working! It be *working*!
(*We finally see what's in her hands: a black electronic box.*
She unches buttons)

One-zero-zero-two-seven.

ANDROMEDAE

What hast thou got there, Ms. Bellsamay?

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BELLSAMAY

It be the latest in GPS technology! And the blasted devil-cursed thing finally works! It's utterly amazing Sticks, ye must get yerself one. It tells y'everything. At this very moment in time Bobby-Ray Gehrig be walkin' inna Tom's Restaurant at the corner of 112th and Broadway.

ANDROMEDAE

112th and Broadway. (*Thinks*) Be that secret code for the cedar'd pathway backaways around the lily pond?

BELLSAMAY

Nay, it be a street corner in New York City. Heh heh heh! The man thinks he can 'scape from me among millions 'o other foolish mortals. Well he be wrong.

STICKS

He be the one who grossly overcharged us far the tupperware set?

BELLSAMAY

Aye, 'at's him, the shark!

(Pushes buttons gleefully, dancing about.)

I adhered a tracking device to his sleeve when I passed him this morning by th' interstate, an' now I kin follow him wherever he goes!

ANDROMEDAE

How didst thou get to the interstate an' back again in so little time? Fliest thou on a broom?

(STICKS and BELLSAMAY look at her oddly.)

BELLSAMAY

A broom ... ? – Nay, I sped back an' forth like a bat outa hell on my new Honda motorbike.

ANDROMEDAE

Hast thou a Honda motorbike?

STICKS (*Significantly*)

Yes, Bellsamay, has thou a Honda motorbike?

(Pause. BELLSAMAY looks wary.)

Ya wouldn' ha' happened t'ave paid far this thar GPS contraption via the same method with which ye paid far that hideous noisy belchin' bicycle, now would ye have, Bellsamay?

BELLSAMAY

Ah – I, well ...

STICKS

I knew it! I knew I hadn't merely misplaced them turnip bulbs agin! Honey Bee, by the time ya've got enough gadgets ta keep yarself occupied, we'll have no garden *left*!

BELLSAMAY

Well, yer a fine one te talk – cuttin' down fifty pine trees ta make a window dressin', and scornin' my practical purchases th'might actually git us somethin' useful. We must prioritize. The digital age is upon us ages agone; we don' want the civilized world a-gettin' the lead of us, do we? Now this here GPS contraption will give us an unprecedented edge o'er the woodland creatures, th'entire fur-ball lot o' them. See you, I press this button and enter the precise coordinates o' the swing bridge, an' ...

(punches buttons, waits)

There! Sixty-two snail's paces to the Northeast o' Toad Rock, which is twenty-seven leopard leaps due South from that there Baobab tree (*points*), which stands precisely four steps to the right of my present location. Ye could 'ccomplish it blindfolded!

ANDROMEDAE

Do Baobab trees grow at this latitude?

STICKS

Ah, inanity. (*To ANDROMEDAE*) You're all dreamy hocus pocus, and (*To BELLSAMAY*) you're techno mumbo jumbo. Good sensible hard work's the only thing that'll get y'anything in this gnarly dark world.

BELLSAMAY

What, sweatin' in the garden fer ten hours so's we kin eat tomatoes and beets 'nstead of spiders? Hackin' down healthy pine trees so's we can have a house, like those crackpot miserable suburbanite mortals? Fer yer information, Stickle Dear, spiders 're an excellent source o' protein. An' I like our cave, I'm in no stormy hurry te leave it. It be cozy – not so drafty as a flimsy little house o' pine's bound te turn out bein', and

(pause, as she realizes this is contentious territory)

that bat *don*' have rabies, Sticks.

STICKS

That bat sure certainly be havin' rabies, as sure as yer crazy, he has rabies. How'd you 'xplain Tigger, otherwise?

BELLSAMAY

Sticks, Tigger were nigh eighteen years old come the last full moon; it were simply her time to go.

STICKS

Tigger were as wily an' willful a tree sloth as any mortal or monster'd e'er seen, an' her precious li'l life were taken from her by that rabid bat. So long's I live I'll be after that blind demon. I won't sleep a night 'til he be deep fried in badger lard an' devoured down

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STICKS (cont'd)

to the wing tips by the lot of us. And we won't be livin' in the same cave with him a moment longer 'n we have to!

BELLSAMAY

Well now ye see Sticks, look at this.

(Displaying her GPS system)

We kin catch all the bats we durn desire, with this here GPS contraption. All that leaves doing is attachin' li'l trackin' devices to the bats, an' then we'll know always where they be an'll be able to bag 'em whenever we like.

ANDROMEDAE

Bellsamay, if'st thou didst manage to catch 'em in order to put on the tracking devices, then why'st thou need the tracking devices to begin with?

(Pause. BELLSAMAY looks dumbfounded.)

STICKS

He, he, the wee li'l one's got something thar.

ANDROMEDAE

Can this contraption control flying brooms, even?

BELLSAMAY

(Recovering from embarrassment but not sure how to react to ANDROMEDAE's latest question.)

Flyin' brooms? Ah – if'n it could find one, surely.

ANDROMEDAE

I have been hoping to begin my practicing. P'haps that could give me a helping start.

STICKS

On what?

ANDROMEDAE

On my broom-flying practicing. I want so badly to figger out how ta do it. *(Dejected)* I guess I'm a slower learner 'an I thought.

(BELLSAMAY and STICKS look at each other, perplexed.)

STICKS

D' ye say ye want te fly on a broom?

ANDROMEDAE

Yes, of course.

(Pause)

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BELLSAMAY

Ye don't mean a broom with a wooden stick and straw at the bottom that ye use te sweep the cat-o-nine tails outa the bathtub with?

ANDROMEDAE

Aye, precisely that. (*Pause*)

STICKS

Why?

ANDROMEDAE

Why, it be my young ingenue witch's dream! (*Pause*)

STICKS

How would one go about flyin' on a broom?

ANDROMEDAE

It be in all the stories.

BELLSAMAY

Stories?

STICKS

Oh, ha' you been readin' the local newspaper agin, youngin'? Ya know ya can't believe a blasted black word they print, don't ya?

BELLSAMAY

Last week it was bein' Elvis back from the dead again. They had a dream of an actor posin' fer the picture.

STICKS

Ah Elvis 'specially – it's been done ta death.

ANDROMEDAE

Nay, it be not in the newspapers, it be in *all* the stories. What kind of a world be'st ye two livin' in?

STICKS

What kind o' world 're we s'posed ta be livin' in?

ANDROMEDAE

Well I do apologize for permitting my language to grow careless, but it be sometimes that ye two do seemest to be utterly out o' touch with thine own craft.

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BELLSAMAY

Well a'right, humor us – how be it that they fly upon brooms in these stories a' yers?

ANDROMEDAE

How in blazes should I know? I haven't e'en been indoctrinated yet. I only know that's what witches do. Everybody knows that's what witches do. They fly on brooms.

STICKS

What the Devil's Spitfire Grill would anyone this side of Sanity desire te fly on a blasted broom far?

BELLSAMAY

Ye'd get splinters up yer arse before half tryin'.

ANDROMEDAE

Here. I'll show you.

(Reaches into her bag.)

STICKS

Here we go with the fancy book-learnin' agin.

ANDROMEDAE

(Retrieves a book and flips through.)

There! See-est?!

(BELLSAMAY and STICKS crowd over to look.)

STICKS *(Confounded)*

Well I'll be a salamander's wrinkle. Look at that, will ya.

BELLSAMAY

How d'ye s'pose she 'complishes it?

STICKS

You think it's one of those optical illusions? They kin do wonders with drawings nowadays, ya know.

BELLSAMAY

May it be she's rigged transparent strings from the tree branches.

STICKS

Yes ... May it be.

BELLSAMAY

Or perhaps the stick's a-hollowed out and a rocket's stuck up inside it.

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STICKS

Yes ... D' ya see smoke comin' from outa the end?
(BELLSAMAY and STICKS peer hard.)

BELLSAMAY

I see no smoke, but it be dark in the picture.

STICKS

Perhaps she's bein' lifted from above. Ya see the roof over yon – perhaps she has a cohort a-standin' up thar helpin' her.

BELLSAMAY

Yes ... That could work, I imagine. Or perhaps –

ANDROMEDAE

Nay, nay, you benighted crones! She be flyin' on the broom a'cause she be a witch!
(Pause)

BELLSAMAY

Well ne'er have I a-flown on a broom.

STICKS

Me neither, me.

BELLSAMAY

It'd be dreadful uncomfortable fer yer private parts.

STICKS

Surely, and the draft would likely near kill ya with pneumonia come the end of October.

BELLSAMAY

It be a brisk enough ride on my motorbike.

ANDROMEDAE

What sorry excuses for witches be ye, who don't-est fly on brooms, don't-est use newt eyes! You don' even *dress* properly, for the lovagod!

STICKS

No self-respectin' witch has the lovagod in her, at any rate.

ANDROMEDAE

It's an *expression*.

BELLSAMAY

How 're we s'posed te dress?

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ANDROMEDAE

You're s'posed to wear pointy hats and black spidery gowns, like me.

STICKS

Pointy hats like that?

ANDROMEDAE

Aye, like this.

STICKS

What the devil far?

ANDROMEDAE

Blast, I'm s'posed to be learnin' from *you*!

BELLSAMAY

(Referring to ANDROMEDAE's hat and dress)

I thought that were just an unusual personal stylistic choice. Like those "t-h" vocabulary words she makes up.

STICKS

Perhaps ye've created some unrealistic expectations far yarself, little one. If'n alls you want's ta stew up decayin' newt eyes an' fly about with a wooden stick shoved up your arse an' wear a pointy hat on that confused li'l noggin o' yourn, maybe you've come lookin' in the wrong place.

(Pause.)

BELLSAMAY

Well if we're on the subject o' gripin', Sticks, I certainly din' clamber on board here near twelve decades ago t'end up hammerin' pine branches t'gether te build pretty houses an' plant pretty gardens an' eat raw beets. Hard work ain' an end in itself, Sticks. I ain' a' gon' te live in no pretty tow'r nor no pretty house nor *nothin'* 'at's pretty. I've got my dignity.

STICKS

What be wrong with a thing bein' pretty, lord above?!

ANDROMEDAE

There thou goest with the cursin' again! An' I'll tell you both: I didn't join this coven to ride about on a greasy motorbike an' spy on people in New York City with a state-o'-the-art GPS system. If I ha' wanted to do that, I could ha' stayed in Westchester wi' my WASP family and gone to work for Random House.

BELLSAMAY *(Louder)*

Yer blarsting my contraption w'out e'en givin' it a flyin' chance, far God's sakes!

(Everyone's yelling now)

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ANDROMEDAE

Stop thy swearin'!

BELLSAMAY

Well stop yar denunciations o' my GPS contraption or send yerself straight te St. Peter hisself!

STICKS

Both a ya quit yar yellin', ya're making a scene!

ANDROMEDAE (*To BELLSAMAY*)

Stop cursin', or the devil take thee!

BELLSAMAY

The devil's took me years ago, ye daft wood nymph!

STICKS

Ya'll wake the neighbors!

BELLSAMAY

We ain't got any neighbors!

STICKS

Ya keep this up an' we never will be havin' neighbors!

ANDROMEDAE

Who wants neighbors, thou unschooled termagant!

BELLSAMAY

Ah, Jesus!

ANDROMEDAE

(That last swear was the last straw. Beside herself; pointing fingers at both of them)

Clipper Snipper gloo, hellen skellen, narst!

(On the "narst", she puts extra punch into her finger-pointing, clearly expecting that a sudden spell will be cast upon BELLSAMAY and STICKS.)

(All freeze. BELLSAMAY and STICKS are startled; ANDROMEDAE thinks she has achieved something. Gradually as they all look around at each other, it is clear that nothing has happened. ANDROMEDAE looks at her fingers, confused and disappointed.)

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(Long pause.)

STICKS

Thank you, Andromedae, that was timely, whatever it was. We're all gettin' outa hand.

(Pause)

Andromedae, I 'pologize far tellin' ya what ta put into yar soup.

ANDROMEDAE

Thank you Ms. Sticks.

BELLSAMAY *(Quietly)*

Andromedae, I 'pologize fer swearin'. (*ANDROMEDAE nods. To STICKS*) An' I far pokin' fun at yer house.

STICKS *(To BELLSAMAY)*

Ah, that's fine Bellsamay. I be sorry far denouncing yar GPS contraption an' yar motorbicycle.

BELLSAMAY

Fine Sticks, 'at's arright.

STICKS

So. Are we goin' ta figger out how 'ta get along here? After all, I be a-buildin' only one roof far all of us entirely. We're all be livin' together for quite some time.

(Pause)

BELLSAMAY

Here be a suggestion. How 'bout a collaboration on equal terms to 'ccomplish a common goal?

ANDROMEDAE

A common goal?

BELLSAMAY

Certainly, yes. Listen to ourselves, let us now. All of us want the same thing – te be content in our witchin'. 'T'ain't an easy business; it's the little things kin make it better. I want te catch bats with my spankin' GPS navigation contraption. Sticks wants te toil her arse away choppin' pine trees 'til she's built herself a Frank Lloyd Wright imitation. Andromedae wants te fly about the sky with a broom up her arse. All these things, 't seems, may likely take more'n electricity, perseverance, an' hard work to 'ccomplish. ... They just might take a tad bit o' magic.

STICKS

Magic?

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ANDROMEDAE

Magic!!

BELLSAMAY

Magic.

(Pause)

STICKS

Well that's a strategy we ha'en't considered.

BELLSAMAY

I admit I be a wee skeptical.

(Pause)

ANDROMEDAE

Well, have either o' ye ever honestly *tried* usin' an eye of a newt?

BELLSAMAY

Fer what?

ANDROMEDAE

For anything.

STICKS

No, I admit I haven't. I s'pose we've got ta start somewhere.

(Pause)

ANDROMEDAE

I don' s'pose either of ye knows how to catch a newt?

STICKS

Nay. *(Pause.)* But I'll bring 'long the net I painstakingly sewed out of a batch o' silk worms last August. An' my heavy club that I cleaved an' carved an' sanded from the branch of an ol' Hemlock tree under the light o' a new moon, later on tha' same week.

BELLSAMAY

Sounds like a fine plan, there, Sticks. An' in case we fin' ourselves in need of an alternate course of action, I'll bring 'long my sparkling GPS contraption.

ANDROMEDAE

An' I'll bring my magical wand!

(Displays a glittery stick.)

STICKS

Whar'd ye get that?

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ANDROMEDAE

Macy's. Half price.

STICKS

It be magical?

ANDROMEDAE (*Shrugs hopefully*)

Maybe!

BELLSAMAY

Ah, the optimism of youth.

STICKS

Seems we've a-covered all bases, then.

ANDROMEDAE

Aye, it seems so!

BELLSAMAY

So. Now it only remains to discover which witch works worst!

(ANDROMEDAE, BELLSAMAY, STICKS scurry off excitedly: BELLSAMAY fiddling with her GPS contraption, STICKS fiercely and purposefully wielding her net and club, and ANDROMEDAE gleefully prancing around with her spangly wand. All are so distracted by excitement that they run off in three separate directions.

(Pause.

(They return, find each other, and Exit together this time – Offstage through audience.)

END OF PLAY